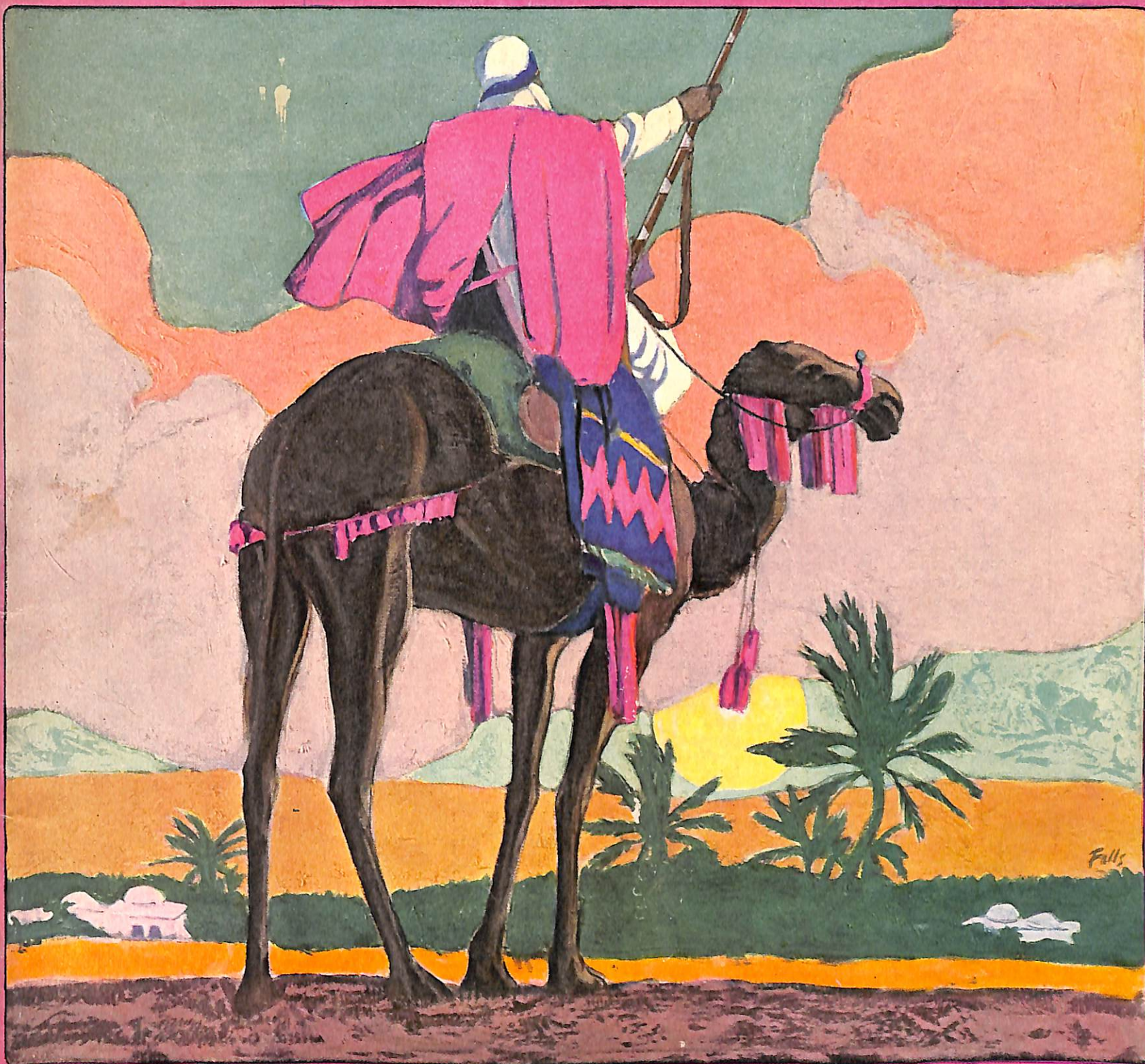


JUNE
1927

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



CATTY BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE
LERROY SCOTT OLIVER MOROSCO
PHYLLIS DUGANNE SEWELL FORD
BOZEMAN BULGER and others



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JUNE, 1927



They Jeered at Me— But I Made Them Applaud Me Three Weeks Later!

I HAD never been called on to speak before but I thought of course I could do as well as the rest of the bunch. When the chairman asked me to say a few words I told him I wasn't a speaker, but he said, "Oh, it's easy, you won't have a bit of trouble. Just talk naturally."

The minute I was on my feet I began to realize that speaking was a lot more difficult than I had expected. I had made a few notes of what I wanted to say, and had gone over my speech at home several times, but somehow I couldn't seem to get started. Everyone appeared to be bored and hostile. Suddenly I noticed two of the members whispering and laughing. For an instant I almost lost control of myself and wanted to sink out of that room like a whipped cur. But I pulled myself together and made a fresh attempt to get started when someone in the audience said, "Louder and funnier!" Everyone laughed. I stammered a few words and sat down!

And that was the way it always was—I was always trying to impress others with my ability—in business, in social life—in club work—and always failing miserably. I was just background for the rest—I was given all the hard committee jobs, but none of the glory, none of the honor. Why couldn't I talk easily and fluently like other men talked? Why couldn't I put my ideas across clearly and forcefully, winning approval and applause? Often I saw men who were not half so thorough nor so hard working as I promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk

cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

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THE SHRINE

JUNE 1927 MAGAZINE VOL. II NO. 6



HOW DO THEY DO IT? By William Slavens McNutt



TECHNIQUE can be taught. So can elocution. But all the elocution teachers in the world cannot make a dodo deliver Lincoln's Gettysburg address, nor could the fact that Lincoln was awkward, self-schooled and

handicapped by a shrill raucous voice prevent the Gettysburg address from being a masterpiece of eloquence." William Slavens McNutt explodes some old success formulae and substitutes something much more original. Read "How Do They Do It?" in the July issue.

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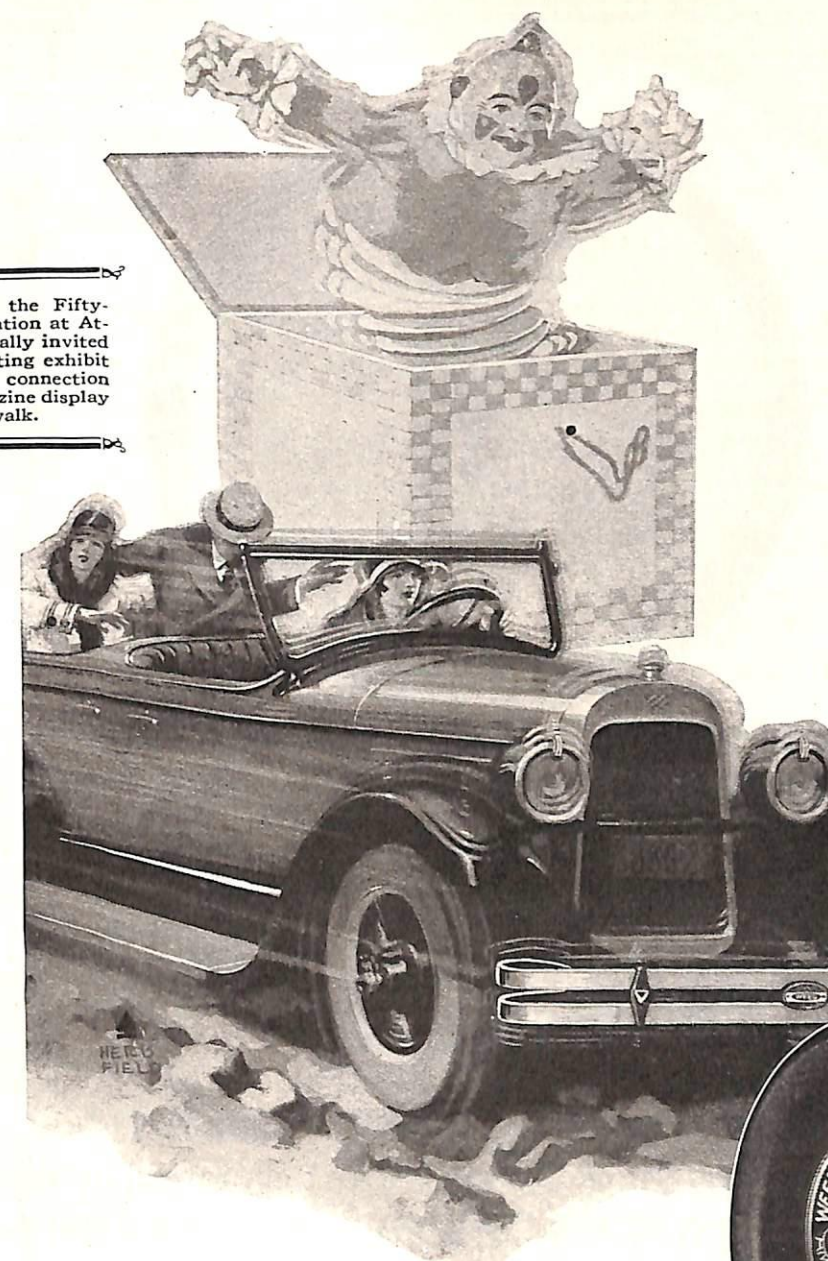
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JUNE, 1927

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Shriners who attend the Fifty-Third Annual Convention at Atlantic City are cordially invited to see a very interesting exhibit of Weed Levelizers in connection with the Shrine Magazine display on the Boardwalk.

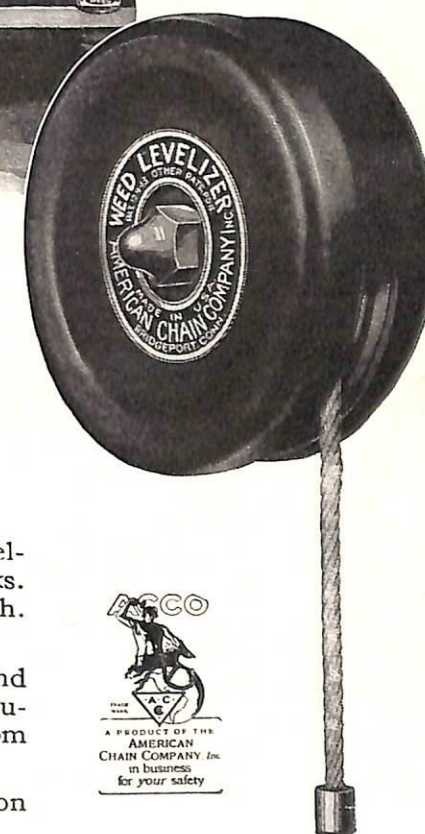


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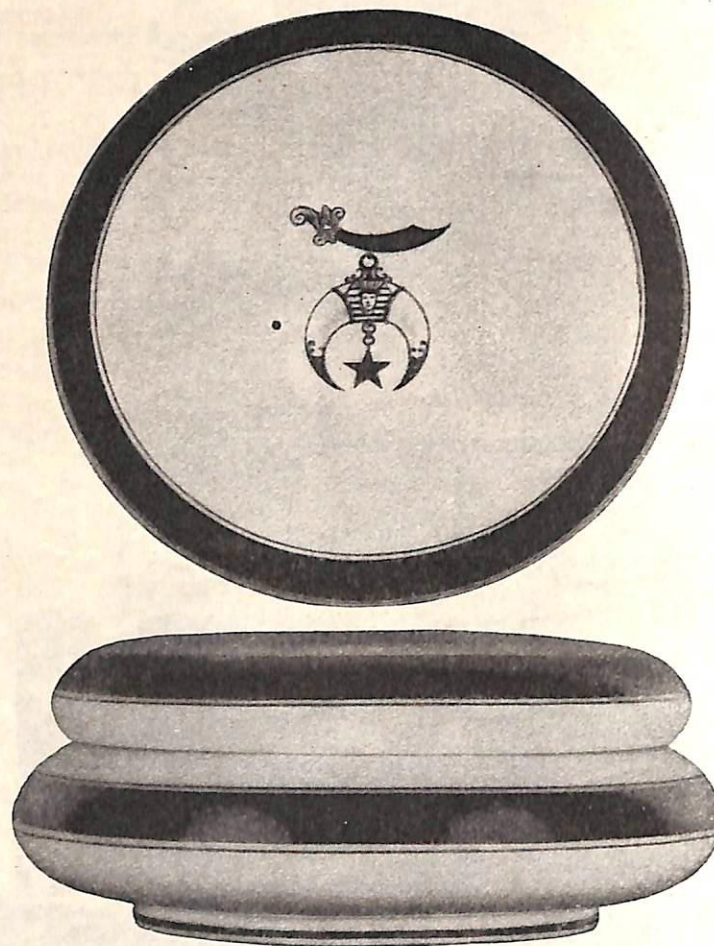
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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1927

THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PAGE

To the Temples and the Nobility:

¶ Herein I send to you my final message through your Magazine as your Imperial Potentate. It is with mingled joy and sadness I pen this last message, nor can I say whether more of sadness or of joy.

¶ No higher honor or greater privilege can come to a member of the Order than that of serving as your Imperial Potentate, visiting the Nobility and communing with the highest type of American Manhood. Yet, as ever, something is never received for nothing, and the burden upon the shoulders of an Imperial Potentate is one he must always be glad to see pass from him to another.

¶ For your kind consideration, hearty cooperation, royal welcomes, unbounded hospitality and numberless tokens of regard and friendship, I can never adequately express my appreciation.

¶ Of the trials and tribulations, the cares and worries, let us not now speak. Suffice it to say that they have been always with us. Nor have we been spared mistakes, errors and failures. May I ask your charitable consideration thereof?

¶ My dearest wish and most ardent desire is to express to you, at least in some small measure, in this last message, the deep and abiding love I bear to you all—collectively and individually. I want my last words to you to be those of Love and Friendship. And would that no tinge of regret should dim its radiant fire. Yet, I must express regret. I regret that I am not superhuman and cannot multiply myself by ten. Neither do I possess a Magic Carpet nor Seven League Boots. I regret that I could not be on the Atlantic one day and the Pacific the next; in Canada's snows one evening and Florida's sunshine at dawning, yet all this has been asked—yea, almost demanded of me. If I have failed to visit your Temple or declined your invitation, please bear this in mind, remembering the vastness of the jurisdiction of the Imperial Council and the fact that the Imperial Potentate is but human. I have tried to serve you and the interest of the Order as a whole to the very best of my ability.

¶ And now, the great occasion of the month and of the year—the Imperial Council Session—is upon us.

¶ This is the time when our banners are flung to the breezes and we parade before the whole world. Let us remember that the eyes of all the world are upon us and let us show to all who shall look, by our conduct and conversation, that we are truly The Nobility. May the great and powerful behold, admire and approve. May the poor and lowly be gladdened by the open hand, the cheerful word, the friendly smile and rejoice in Shrine generosity and goodness. May you each come to the Imperial Council with open minds and charitable hearts, prepared to think, to labor, and to legislate for all that is to the best interest of all the Temples and all Shriners.

¶ The scepter of power and authority shall soon pass into other and better hands. May you give to him that loyalty, that zeal, that cooperation and love you have given to me. More or better I cannot ask for him.

Yours in the faith,

Alfred B. ...
IMPERIAL POTENTATE



CATTY

Illustrations by
David Robinson



BEASLEY had a headache. He told me so. He told everyone so. Everyone who would listen. He told with thirst-inspiring frankness just how and where he acquired his malady, and just what amendatory clause of the Constitution of our fair country was dented that his head might be made to ache.

All these glum yet subtly swankful confessions of Beasley's were voiced in the one place and at the one time above all others likely to be least soothing to a head that throbs. The place was Madison Square Garden, in New York—a resort which is neither a Garden nor nowadays is within a mile of Madison Square. Apart from those petty flaws, its name is right aptly chosen.

The time was the third and racketiest day of the annual Westminster Club dogshow.

The show was in the Garden's cheerless basement; a vast space without a ray of natural light. From the low ceiling, on this climax day of the show, echoed and re-echoed and reverberated the earnest efforts of some two thousand pedigreed dogs to bark themselves to death.

Having sought vainly to tell the story of his headache and its mode of accumulation to a man whose dog had just then been placed fifth in a class of five and who turned away with wan non-interest from the narrative, Beasley sauntered over to the collie section where I was at anchor.

"C'mon outside," he begged me. "I gotta headache. This noise seems to soothe me less and less as the glad hours twinkle past. Let's go get a breath of non-dog air and a walk and then maybe a half-portion of double-price food somewheres."

But outside in the grimy gray February sunlessness and grimier and grayer February slush, Beasley proved finicky in the matter of finding a place to eat. After his last night's revels, his interest in food was academic, at best.

Not realizing this, he thought the fault was with the exteriors of the various restaurants we came to. Thus we walked long and far; and at the last he decided the food-habit was senseless and expensive and that he would not humor it until the morrow at earliest. But as we walked, he talked; which is Beasley's way. I do not claim, as do some, that Beasley is the man who invented speech. But I do know he is its most lavish consumer, among all my acquaintance.

"Dogshows aren't what they used to be," commented Beasley. "And as time goes on I'm not even sure they ever were. The least uninteresting one of 'em I ever went to was out in Midwestburg. That was back in the dark ages, twenty-odd years ago. Yessir, that sure was some show. And not on account of the dogs, either. They hadn't hardly anything to do with it."

Beasley paused; in a way that was meant to be tantalizing. I was not tantalized. But when Beasley feels a story coming on, mere lack of interest from his hearer has no more power to check him than a beholder's yawn could halt a cyclone.

It was out in Midwestburg, just like I said, (began

Beasley) and it sure was some show. I was living out there in those days. It was the sportfullest burg I ever infested. Likewise it was the seething birthplace of all the politics that ever happened.

The Midwestburg Kennel Club's annual dogshow was the big sporting event of the year. It used to be held in the Gatling Battery's little Armory. Then the Armory was sold for a warehouse when the Battery disbanded; and the bench show committee hit on the idea of hiring the Guild Hall for the next dogshow. The Guild Hall was a ramshackle two-story building with a hall on each floor. A good enough place to hold a Convention; but all the dogs in the state could be benched on the ground floor alone and still leave space for twice as many.

Sid Lasser was chairman of the show committee that year, and he was superintendent of the show itself. He had worked into the double job because he was likewise running for City Attorney; and he wanted the vote of the sports element. He figured if he could make that the all-fired best show ever pulled off in Midwestburg and if he could get a newspaper boost for so doing, it would help him a heap in the election.

Sid was some worried over his own chances of election; because Huron Prout, the county boss, didn't seem to cotton to him. Huron hadn't come out flatfooted for the other nominee. But he showed signs. Likewise Prout's wife didn't care for the idea of Sid's calling on her husband's one ewe niece three times a week.

This niece was Kay Rennel; she lived with the Prouts in their three-hundred-thousand-dollar white marble mausoleum on the Wyckoff Road, just out of town.

Kay hadn't anything to do at the Prouts', except run the entire housekeeping and help Huron with his speeches and entertain political friends of his that Mrs. Prout didn't think was worth her own while,

(Mrs. Prout's grenadier voice boomed out. "That's my cat! You stole him from my house last night, and now I find him here under a false name!")

and act as valetess for the family's Persian cat, and be social secretary for Mrs. Prout, and keep the books on Prout's private enterprises that he didn't want his office to know about. When all that was done, Kay sometimes had the rest of her day to herself; though only sometimes. I don't need to tell you she didn't get any pay. She was one of the Prouts' objects of charity.

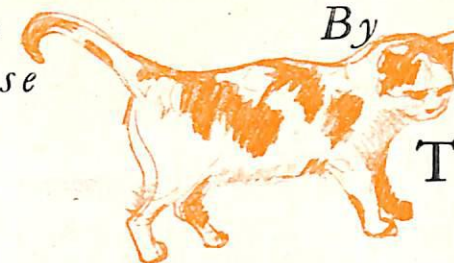
I don't wonder she used to look forward to Sid Lasser's calls. His sympathy and the way he fumed at all the unpaid work she had to do, was a sort of balm for the poor tired girl. Besides she liked him a lot.

But we were gabbling about that dogshow, weren't we?

Sid Lasser hated to think that the only hall he could rent for the dogshow was so big that the dogs would seem lost in it. That couldn't be helped, of course. But the committee

(It was a great moment when the neighborhood women whose cats were "missing" arrived at the Catshow

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE



had had to hire the whole building. The big upstairs hall would be standing empty and useless and eating its head off, and the Kennel Club had to pay for it and get nothing from it in return.

Sid was talking to Kay Rennel about it, one evening when he was calling there, about a month before the show.

As he's talking, Mrs. Prout's worshiped old gray ragbag of a Persian cat, Massoud, comes mincing into the room. Maybe that's what gives Kay her idea. Anyhow, she suggests, like she has an inspiration:

"Why don't you hold the dogshow downstairs; and use the upper hall, at the same time, for a catshow? Don't you see, Sid? Every woman in town would want to go to a catshow. There's never been a catshow within three hundred miles of

here. It'd be a novelty. People would crowd to it. Besides, all cat-owners would want to take their own cats there. They'd all think their cats couldn't help winning a prize. They'd

"But—but I don't know anything about how to run a catshow," objects Sid, though the idea has begun to sink hooks into him. "None of the committee do."

"If nobody knows how to run one," she decides, "then nobody'll know if it's run wrong. There's that to comfort you. Have numbered cages for the cats, the way you do for the lap-dogs. Then think up a few prizes that you can offer for the best cat. Think up a set of rules, too. Nobody will know they aren't authorized. Charge fifty cents extra for admission to the upper hall; and an entry fee of fifty cents for every cat that's to be shown. You'll double the usual dogshow profits."

A few minutes more wise talk like this had Lasser sold on the idea, down to his toenails.

He sold the committee on the scheme, even easier than Kay Rennel had sold him on it.

Out comes the Midwestburg Argus with an enthusiastic story, wrote by Sid himself, announcing the brand new feature to be added to the annual dogshow; and naming some of the cash prizes to be offered for different kinds of cats.

There was to be a ten-dollar goldpiece for the biggest tom-cat owned in Midwestburg, another for the finest Persian cat (this was a sop for Mrs. Prout) and another for the cat from farthest away, and another for the largest family of kittens and another for the best cat or kitten owned by a child; and so on.

Then the committee sat back, grinning expectant, and waiting for the entries to come in. The entries came in, all right—seventeen of them. Only seventeen cats, out of the whole state and city, were booked to be exhibited! And the committee had provided cages for about four hundred!

Seventeen cats rattling around in that enormous hall would be worse than no cats. The whole grand scheme was worse than a failure. It was a joke. It was a joke that was more'n likely to laugh Sid Lasser out of his chances of getting elected as City Attorney or for anything else; after all the newspaper splurge he had stirred up over the wonderful catshow.

There's a committee meeting called for that night. On the way to it, Sid stops by at the mausoleum to see can he get any kind of comfort from Kay Rennel for the ordeal he's got to face. He gets it. He gets it a-plenty.

Up till then he had been sore because Mrs. Prout wouldn't trust her precious Massoud at the show; and because there



David Robinson

wasn't another Persian cat in the county to compete for the Persian prize. But when he leaves Kay, to go to the committee meeting, Sid is so happy that he stops on his way to the door and pats Massoud, real loving. He gets a swift sideswipe that rakes his hand and his wrist.

At the committee meeting, Sid gets up and makes his speech before the other members can frame the kick they've brought along.

"We sent out premium lists," he begins, "for four hundred cats. We've got only seventeen entries. So much for so much. In the Bible when folks didn't come to a feast they was invited to, the host gave orders to fill up with raffraff and to 'go out into the highways and byways and compel them to come in.' Well, friends, those are the orders I'm going to give tonight; and this catshow is going to be the biggest thing ever pulled off in Midwestburg, after all."

While the committee still sat gawping, he turned to the secretary, Ham Fogle, who was foreman of the distributing department of the Argus.

"Ham," he asks, "How many of your newsboys would like to earn an extra dollar or so and how many of 'em can you count on to keep their mouths shut about it?"

"There's thirty-two newsboys, regulars and extras, who handle the Argus," says Fogle. "That answers both your questions."

"Good!" grunts Sid. "Likewise it takes away the last hitch. Ham, pass the word among your boys that I'll be up in the top room at Guild Hall, the night before the show, and that I'll pay twenty-five cents apiece for each and every cat they can pick up, around the streets, and bring there to me."

"Hold on!" objects Fogle. "I didn't say they'd like to earn extra money by stealing."

"I don't want those cats stolen," Sid interrupts. "I want them borrowed; for the space of twenty-four hours. During that time they'll be lodged comfortably and fed well and treated kindly. At the end of twenty-four hours they'll be allowed to return to their homes; none the worse. There's mighty few cats in this town or any other town that don't go on a twenty-four hour jaunt, every now and then. So no owners will be scared or unhappy. Besides they ought to be glad their cats are in such respectable society while they're away."

"What's all this blither about, anyhow?" grumbles old Cap'n Baldy Tod, who used to follow the sea—on the Midwestburg canal. "We're in a hole; all from taking your wall-eyed tip about organizing a catshow. What's the joke?"

"The joke, Cap'n," says Sid, "is that I'm going to lift us all out of that same hole you speak about; and set us on an exceeding high mountain; (which also is Scriptural). Our catshow is going to be a time-dater. It'll make the dogshow, on the floor below it, look like a rainy Thursday. Here's the idea—and I'll confess at the start that it isn't all my own. I was helped."

"If ever you folks have wandered around Midwestburg, nights, you'll know there's something more'n twelve million cats at large. Well, I aim to utilize those cats; for the good of humanity and at no hurt to them nor to their owners."

"As fast as each cat is brought in, the boy who brings her will put her in one of the cages; till the four hundred cages are all full. Then I'll suspend payment and get busy docketing the cages for the next day's show."

"Tonight I am going to get to work on a show-catalog, to sell to the visitors at twenty-five cents. The catalog will tell where each cat comes from—and I don't mind telling you they'll have come from as many places as my imagination and my A. B. C. Guide can think up."

"Nobody will be the worse for it. The public will see a magnificent exhibition. The seventeen genuinely-entered cats will get all the best prizes. I'll see to that. I appoint Ham Fogle, herewith, as Judge for the catshow. He—"

"Me?" burbles Ham, who had begun to fall under the spell of the gorgeous idea, along with the rest of the committee. "Me? But I don't know the first thing

about cats. I don't even know one of 'em from another. I—"

"All you got to do, Ham," explained Sid, "is to study the catalog mighty careful, beforehand (like more'n one dogshow judge does, on the sly) and remember, from the numbers, what cats are to get what prizes. Then you saunter up and down the aisles, when the time comes; examining each cat and dealing out the prizes. It's dead easy. Then, that evening, when the show closes, the newsboys can tote the cats back to where they found 'em, and the cats can find their own way home."

"There's another angle to this, too. We can offer big cash prizes—ten dollars to twenty-five—for cats that have certain qualities and perfections



that these picked-up cats will be supposed to have. Ham Fogle can award those prizes to them. Naturally that part of it won't cost a cent, because we won't have to pay out the actual prize money. Folks can think we're mailing the cash to the cats' owners in the distant cities where they live."

"The papers will jump at the chance to print stuff about our show, when they hear how much local money is involved and how far some of the cats are being sent here from."

"Wait!" spoke up Fogle. "There's a catch in this, as big as a poisoned whale. S'pose Mrs. John Jones traipses along through the catshow, admiring the exhibits. S'pose she gets to a cage with a number on it that the catalog says is the number of Mrs. Sarah Smith's cat of such-and-such an address in Detroit. Well, s'pose Mrs. John Jones happens to recognize said exotic feline as her own darling Tabby or Tommy, that's been missing since last night. Hey? What'll happen?"

"What'll happen?" retorted Baldy Tod, in fine scorn. "Well, Ham, here's what'll happen: The committee or the superintendent will inform her real polite that she is mistaken in a chance likeness. Then, next day, she'll know, past all doubt she was mistaken. For her darling Tabby or Tommy will be waiting outside her front door, along with the morning's milk. Cats are cats, Ham. They aren't like dogs. You can't swear in court that anyone of 'em isn't another one of 'em. They won't come to their master, generally, on call, like a dog. They're non-swear-to-able, cats are. I'll say Sid has a grand idee!"

The Chamber of Commerce had a special meeting, on the

strength of the newspaper yarns. The Chamber's chairman pointed out that this catshow was putting Midwestburg on the map.

Sid's chances for City Attorney were so bright you could see to shave by them.

Even Huron Prout couldn't stand against such a wave of popularity as swept over Sid. As county boss, the old fox was too wise to oppose any candidate who was doing so much just then for Midwestburg.

Prout made ready to throw his infloence—valued at a ton of votes—for the public-spirited youth. This eased Sid of a big worry. In his heart he had known he couldn't stand a Chinaman's chance of election if the Big Boss said No.

Sid was earning a tolerable income for a very young lawyer. This City Attorney job would give



"Well, for Pete's sake," roared Baldy, "if the newspapers want to photograph the 'Biggest and Heaviest Tomcat' why don't you let them, instead of pestering me?" "I can't," quavers Regan, "he's in the cupboard having kittens!"

him enough pay to lift Kay Rennel out of the Prout mausoleum. He told her so; and she consented to be lifted.

The night before the show was sure wakeful and full of inhuman interest to Sid. The Argus newsboys were at their best; and he was there in the big half-lit upper hall to receive the cats as they were brought in.

Sid Lasser hadn't ever made a close study of cat life. To him, it always had seemed that every street and alleyway had cats in it. He saw them everywhere he looked, and they lulled him into blasphemous insomnia at night. So he had been honest in saying he believed the boys could go out and annex enough stray cats in an hour to fill all the four hundred cages.

As a matter of fact, the boys couldn't do anything of the kind; cats being like taxicabs when you want them in a hurry.

Yet, with a real commendable regularity, boy after boy trooped in with cat after cat. The collecting took pretty near all night.

The boys didn't explain their hunting methods, and Sid wasn't interested enough to ask. So he couldn't know that the open-street-and-alley supply had been exhausted early in

the evening. The cat seekers had had to stop going "into the highways and byways and compel them to come in," and they had begun going into areas and porches and kitchens and compelling them to come out.

Sid was so tired out by the time the work was done and the hour was so near getting-up time, that he went home for a bit of sleep; and left word for a couple of the other committeemen to do the sorting and numbering and benching, according to the catalog.

He overslept; and he woke so late that he had to hop on his motorcycle and hustle to the show without any breakfast.

By the time Sid had cycled at illegal speed to the Guild Hall, the doors were open for the two-floors exhibition. The crowds were pouring in.

It was a record crowd for such an early hour. The papers had touted that catshow and had fanned civic pride with it till it seemed as if every good citizen considered it his or her dooty—oftenest hers—to rally to that patriotic feline exposition.

A dogshow superintendent always has his hands full, at easiest. It was three hours before Sid Lasser could get away from his cubbyhole office in a corner of the downstairs hall, and take a look at the catshow, above.

He knew there couldn't be much trouble up there; because there were only seventeen owners, in all, who had made genuine entries, and there were prizes for all seventeen. So he had felt safe in leaving Cap'n Baldy Tod on the job up there, as Assistant Superintendent; with Ham Fogle as Judge.

The place was still jammed when Sid got there. The judging was over. All the women and little girls in town were moving from cage to cage reading the inscriptions and the award tickets. Sid smiled, happily. Then he went to Baldy Tod's impromptu office at the end of the second floor hall.

Baldy was wiping his sweatsome head and talking to himself in a way he'd have shot anybody else for talking to him. At sight of Sid, he rolls back his prehensile upper lip, like he's a horse trying to bite someone.

"Next time," growls Baldy, "I'll take a nice safe position over a dynamite blast when I'm looking for a sinecure job."

"What's wrong?" asks Sid.

"What isn't?" snaps Baldy. "There've been six different women in here, swearing that such-and-such cats in the show are their own precious pets. I handed out the con talk we rehearsed. But it didn't go anywhere near so convincing in real life as it went at the rehearsal. Gee, but I've had a time of it! There'd have been more women storming the office here if I hadn't posted Bud Regan just outside to say the same spiel for me. I only got what horned past Bud. But they sure was in abundance. I'm going home."

"You were the man who sat on Ham Fogle's head, last month," Sid reminds him, "when Ham prophesied just this thing. You said it was a cinch to stave 'em off by telling 'em—"

"It was a cinch, last month," snarls Baldy, "but it's anything but cinchsome today. Lord, but it must be hell to be a Mormon! These dames—"

His assistant, Bud Regan, sticks his head into the room. "Baldy," says he, all wobbly, "the camera man from the Argus wants to take a flashlight photo of the cat that Ham awarded the goldpiece to, as 'Biggest And Heaviest Tomcat In the Show.' He—"

"Well, for Pete's sake let him get the photo, then," orders Baldy. "Let him photograph the cat if he's a mind to. Let him take a dozen photos. It'll be good advertising. It ain't every 'Biggest And Heaviest Tomcat' that gets to having his photo taken. Let—"

"We can't," quavers Regan. "You see, as soon as the prize

was awarded; I took the 'Biggest And Heaviest Tomcat' out of his cage and shut him in a cupboard. He—"

"Well, take him out of his cupboard, then!" roars Baldy, in the voice he learned on the quarterdeck of his canal boat in the old days. "Take him out and carry him to the camera. He—"

"I can't!" roars back Regan. "He's having kittens."

Baldy had hopped to his feet. Now he slumps back into his chair and crouches there, looking like a sick raccoon. He's through. There isn't any bright answer.

"Tell the Argus cameraman," commands Sid, strangling just a little, "that the Rules forbid the photographing of any cat without the written permission of its owner. Tell him this Biggest And Heaviest Tomcat comes from"—riffing his catalog—"from—oh, yes, here it is: from 'the Celestialview Imperial Catteries, Albuquerque, New Mexico; owners, Colonel & Mrs. Guy Mannerling.' Tell him we'll wire the Mannerlings at once, and ask them for a hurry-up answer, collect."

"Sid!"

Kay Rennel was in the doorway, all excited and with eyes two sizes too big for her pretty face. She's beckoning to Sid, some hectic; and she catches his arm and leads him away.

"Oh, darling!" she gasps. "Why did you do such a thing?"

"Do what?" he asks, all shot up by her unhappiness and excitement. "If you mean, why did I put this catshow on, I did it because the cleverest and darlinest girl in the state told me how it could be done. And I'm mighty grateful to you. There's been a few hitches and mixups, but the show itself is the biggest success ever, and we'll—"

"I'm not talking about that," breaks in Kay. "I mean, why did you ever let those boys catch Massoud and bring him here?"

"Massoud?" babbles Sid, who has no sort of memory for names. "What's a massoud?"

"I'm afraid you're due to find out what it is, before the day is over," says Kay, all shaky. "I'm talking about Massoud, Mrs. Prout's beautiful Persian cat. He's—"

"What! !!" Sid fairly gorges the word.

"Massoud got out on the lawn, last evening," goes on Kay, "and he ran up a tree. He often does. It's no use to coax him to come down. He comes down when he gets ready and then he mews at the front door to be let in. But when it got late, and he didn't come back, we all had to go out and look for him. He wasn't in the tree or anywhere at all. Then five minutes ago, I saw him here in a big cage, with a bigger label in stencil that said he is the Persian cat that took first prize for two years at the New York catshow and that he was imported from the Shah's own catteries in Teheran when he was little; and that he belongs to Judge Dietrick Van der Alstyne of Newport and Tuxedo," wailed Kay. "And it's Massoud. And Mrs. Prout will be here any minute. She told me to come on ahead; and she said she'd stop at uncle's office and bring him along to see the catshow on their way to the Civic League luncheon. Oh, Sid, what are we going to do?"

Sid was thinking; and thinking overtime with both lobes of his brain. He knew well what this would mean: Mrs. Prout would recognize her cat; the cat that was a sort of fetish to her; the cat she wasted all the cuddling on

that ought to have been spent on the children she'd never had. She would recognize her cat. Huron Prout would recognize Massoud, too.

The minute the county boss and his wife should recognize their stolen cat, every other cat owner who had been entertaining unjust suspicions would voice those suspicions in the form of certainties. The whole miserable fake would be exposed.

Folks don't care to vote for a man who has just been caught faking. Local newspapers aren't overkind to candidates that have wilfully fooled them and made fools of the editors. Huron Prout's furious wife and Huron Prout's own mixed indignation and political commonsense would make the Big Boss swing his influence away from Sid Lasser's candidacy.

Good-by then to the City Attorneyship, and good-by to marrying Kay Rennel during the next year or more! Good-by, too, to his being able to see her again at the Prout Mausoleum!

"In the first place," decrees Sid, finding his voice from down around his patent garters, "in the first place, remember you didn't know the first thing about this fake, dear. Remember that; and keep on remembering it. Be just as mad at me as the Prouts will be. I'll play a lone hand with this."

"If you think I am going to let you carry all the blame," she begins, fierce, "if you think I'm not going to take my share of it and that I'm not going to tell them it was all my own idea, and that I begged you to—"

"I want you to keep shut about it all," he insists. "It's the only way you can help me. And now, there's a bare chance I may be able to get to Massoud's cage and hide him somewhere before the Prouts get here. I can have Baldy Tod say the poor cat is sick. He's told yarns, today, that would make this one seem pallid. Come along."

He butted through the crowd, head down; and he made for the big central cage where Kay told him Massoud was. The crowd was thickest there; though it was already beginning to thin out for the lunch hour.

Just as Sid got the lock unfastened, he heard Mrs. Prout's grenadier voice behind him. She was saying to her husband:

"Mrs. Delayn tells me there is a splendid Persian cat on exhibition here. It came all the way from Newport. Think of that, Huron! If I had guessed there would be any such animal in this show, I'd have entered poor dear Massoud in it. Oh, I do hope

Massoud has got home by this time! I'm so worried over—"

Her booming voice merged into a sound something like a turkey might make if you was to pull his tailfeathers just as he starts to gobble. Sid didn't need to turn around, to know she had seen Massoud. Huron Prout sees the cat at the same time. Sid has only enough presence of mind left to lock the cage again and stick the key, unobtrusive, in his pocket.

Then the storm burst.

For five minutes, both the Prouts talked; she louder and deeper than her husband; but both real explosive. Whenever Sid can get in an edgewised word he tells 'em over and over again that there is some little resemblance to be sure. At last Mrs. Prout wheels on him, as he says it for the ninth time.

"Some little resemblance!" she booms. "Young man, do you mean to tell me I don't know my own cat? Massoud

was stolen from my home, last night. Today, I find him here, under a false name and—"

"What have you got to say for yourself?" demands Huron Prout, his best oratorical voice rolling fine and noble out over the thick-packed crowd.

"I have to say, first of all," answers Sid, looking at his watch, and trying to shove Kay behind him as she struggles frantic to get to the front and to own up and to shovel the blame off'n him, "I have to say that this show closes as usual from 1 to 2 P. M.; so the cats may be fed and exercised. Mr. Fogle, will you please tell the special policeman to clear the hall?"

"I asked you," orates Huron Prout, as Ham Fogle scuttles off to get the cop to clear the place, "I asked you what you had to say for yourself."

"Yes, Mr. Prout," replies Sid, deadly cool, "I heard you. And I was sorry to hear you. I can understand a woman, who has lost her pet cat, declaring that some cat in a show is hers. That has happened, again and again, at every catshow I ever attended. But I didn't think a man of the world, like yourself, would endorse such a preposterous claim. Surely you must know how absurd it is to imagine that a cat sent halfway across the continent from a famous cattery can be the same one that you saw at your own home only last evening. Also—"

"That is my cat, Massoud!" butts in Mrs. Prout. "I would know him anywhere. Come, Kittykittykitty!"

By rare luck, Kittykittykitty had had experiences during the past twelve hours that turned him sour and misanthropic. Maybe he thought Mrs. Prout was responsible for his being in this noisy and common place and he decided to discipline her.

Anyhow, he didn't make any move to come over to her; and when she reached a loving finger between the wires to pat him, he raked her, something terrible, with his claws. Sid Lasser could have kissed the measly cat.

"You see," he says, to the wavering Prout.

"That's my cat!" shrills Mrs. Prout, from both sides of her finger. "You stole him from my house, Sidney Lasser, and you brought him here and you fixed up this lying placard about him! Unlock that cage instantly and let me take him home! If there is a law in the land—"

"There is," says Sid, as hard as granite and as cold, "there is. A law covering criminal libel and malicious slander, Mrs. Prout. Your husband realizes that, even if you do not. For his sake, I shall be sorry to have to invoke it, to clear myself of these public charges you've made."

The room was pretty near empty, thanks to the cop and the committee. But a bunch of people were still standing open-mouthed around Sid and the Prouts.

Old Huron is half-purple and half-white. He don't know whether to back his wife up in her sizzling line of talk or to take water. He knows if Sid isn't guilty there's liable to be all sorts of muss over her jawing of the young feller. Folks has been kicking, anyhow, that Mrs. Prout is upstage and cranky with her husband's constitoonents; and it hasn't done Huron any good in politics. A set of cracks, like she's making now, will do him plenty of harm if she can't back 'em.

Sid's ice-quiet manner makes Huron more afraid there's been a mistake than if Sid had gone up in the air. So, he cuts in on Mrs. Prout's next mouthful of invective, by saying:

(The city attorney job would give Sid enough pay to lift Kay Rennel out of the Prout Mausoleum. He told her so, and she consented to be lifted.)

"If Lasser's guilty of this theft, we'll know what to do and so'll the law. Till it's proved, just be quiet. We—"

"Massoud may be at home, right now," speaks up Kay, all sudden and breathless. "None of us have been there since early this morning. Let me drive back and find out. Then—"

"We'll all drive back," says Prout, pleased to find a way to edge out of the corner his wife has got him and herself into. "The Civic League Luncheon isn't for half an hour. Meantime, Lasser, I warn you if our cat is not at home we shall come back here and insist on examining this cat carefully for two scars on his neck that Massoud got when he tried to go through a barbed wire fence."

"How careless of me not to think!" squeals Mrs. Prout. "Open that cage door, Sid Lasser, and we'll look, right now."

"Certainly," agrees Lasser, as cool as ever, while poor Kay pretty near cries. "And if you find the scars, you can put the case in the hands of the police. But, it is only fair to remind you that if the marks are *not* on his neck, it is I who shall lodge the complaint, and not you. To call a man a thief, publicly—to accuse him of lying—to charge that I have engineered a wilful fake in connection with a show that I have been entrusted to superintend—well, if you don't realize what that amounts to in the eyes of the law, your husband will tell you. Now, then, we'll open the cage. Bear witness, all of you, that I am doing this under protest and at Mrs. Prout's demand."

He fishes out the key. Huron Prout grabs his wife by the arm.

"We'll look for Massoud at home, first," says he. "We'll be back here in half an hour, Lasser."

"Make it an hour," corrects Sid. "This show is closed from 1 to 2."

[Continued on page 76]

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MYSTERY

“The Ugly Duckling rejuvenates to confound his enemy and win the woman he loves



“She sprang away from him. ‘Oh—Oh!’ she panted. ‘How dare you say that—after what you’ve—’”

H *What Has Gone Before —*

HOW many more years are you planning to keep me under suspicion? I demand that you arrest me and put me on trial for the murder of Mrs. Dodge and Murray Randolph. Either prove me guilty or give me my chance in life!” It was young Larry Kane challenging the veteran prosecutor Jackson, who for the last three years had been carrying on a fruitless inquest into one of the most sensational murder mysteries Long Island had known for a generation.

Mrs. Dodge, the beautiful and youthful wife of the rich and handsome Arnoldo Dodge, and Murray Randolph, noted more for his gallantries than for his practice of law, were found shot to death in Randolph’s cottage. All evidence proclaimed it a “love crime.” The bulk of suspicion pointed at Larry Kane and Peter Buchanan. As Larry had discovered the murder it was believed that in jealous rage he had mistaken the mother, Mrs. Dodge, for her daughter, Maida, with whom he was in love. The resemblance between the two was striking.

But Peter Buchanan was by far the most interesting figure in the case. A clever lawyer he had just been convicted of blackmailing and been sentenced to five years in jail. It was

while he was free on bail that the murder was committed Ugly to the point of repulsion and handicapped by an inferiority complex, he had loved the murdered woman in his youth, only to see her won by his more favored step-brother, Arnoldo Dodge, who had always hated and outwitted Peter. It was this known love for Mrs. Dodge that brought Peter under suspicion—even though he had married the coldly beautiful Beatrice Leyton, who had divorced him as he lay in a prison hospital helpless from the mysterious “accident” which immediately followed the murder. A year later Beatrice married the “bereaved” Arnoldo Dodge.

While Larry Kane was “exploding” in the district attorney’s office he received a message from Maida Dodge that Peter Buchanan had been brought to live in Locust Lodge, renamed Mystery House, the scene of the murder. His physician explained that living in the environment of the old crime might help Peter to recover from paralysis.

Larry was certain that Peter was either guilty or could tell something about the murder, but his hopes were blasted when he, accompanied by Maida, Arnoldo and his wife Beatrice, went to visit Peter and found him unable to speak or move.

HOUSE

By LEROY SCOTT

Illustrations by C. D. Williams



“You have the best reason a woman can have for faith in a man’s intentions—because I love you!” he said.

As they were leaving, Arnoldo stayed behind to taunt Peter with his helplessness and his ugliness, but as the door closed on Arnoldo, Peter jumped from bed crying exultantly to himself: “I have already begun to beat you, Arnoldo!”

Dr. Grayson and Peter had been working for months on plans and schemes to solve the murder mystery. Peter, certain of his brother’s guilt (with the possibility of Beatrice as accomplice) planned his own death to take place later and, disguised as Peter’s friend, Henry Delacroix, from South America, he prepared for the ordeal of facing the two who knew him most intimately—his former wife, Beatrice, and his step-brother, Arnoldo Dodge.

Dr. Grayson’s skill had worked such wonders in Peter that he was completely rejuvenated, made over into another person, whom no one could possibly recognize.

“I’ll put myself across as Delacroix,” he cried. “And when I clear up this mystery and so clear my name, I’ll make Maida Dodge love me as I love her!”

ON A late afternoon in July, seven weeks later, Dr. Grayson and Peter Buchanan, now become Henry Delacroix, were in Dr. Grayson’s car headed for Sound Crest, where Dr. Grayson had been invited to bring his new patient for tea.

The coming of Peter Buchanan to Green Manors had been a local sensation, provoking much gossip over the old mystery,

but the presence of the helpless, voiceless paralytic in Mystery House was now an established and accepted element in the community’s life. The coming of Mr. Henry Delacroix the week before, and his taking possession of the little cottage next to Mystery House, had excited almost no comment at all.

That is, there had been no comment on the coming of Mr. Delacroix until the true purpose of his coming leaked out through a slip made by Dr. Grayson. Then indeed was there curiosity. That carefully planned betrayal of the purpose of the stranger was behind the invitation which was now taking doctor and patient to Sound Crest.

“Think they’ll not know me, doctor?” asked Peter.

Dr. Grayson removed his driver’s eyes from the roadway ahead and critically surveyed the man who had been Peter Buchanan; and who had supposedly been lying all these weeks in his guarded, unvisited and invalid’s room in Mystery House, whereas in reality there had been secret transportation, and he had spent the time in Dr. Grayson’s private hospital in New York in the wonder-working hands of specialists who were Dr. Grayson’s most trusted friends.

“You certainly look a different man, Peter.”

“And my voice, doctor?” Peter continued anxiously.

“Not at all your old voice. That plate Dr. Philips put in mutes the resonance and changes the quality of your voice entirely. It’s a good job all around. The rest is all going to depend upon how well you can act that different person from

"It was kindness being more than kind, asking me, a stranger, to call, Mrs. Dodge," said the handsome stranger. As he stood before them there wasn't the faintest trace of Peter Buchanan of the heavy, slouching figure, and the grotesque head.



your real self, Peter Buchanan's old friend, Henry Delacroix." "Can I put myself over in the part, that's it!" breathed Peter. "If I make a slip in my part, and it becomes known Peter Buchanan has recovered the full use of his faculties, that will mean the swift end of Peter Buchanan. There will be a second attempt at my murder."

There were no more words between the two, and the rest of the short ride to Sound Crest Peter was racked with such fear, doubt and suspense as he had never before dreamed could shake one's soul. But as the car, having swung into the drive, halted before the well-remembered house and he stepped out, and in so doing stepped out upon the stage of his new life before his expected and expectant audience, Peter felt all his faculties and all the drive of his mastering purpose surge back into him, and felt his veins flowing with cool, audacious confidence.

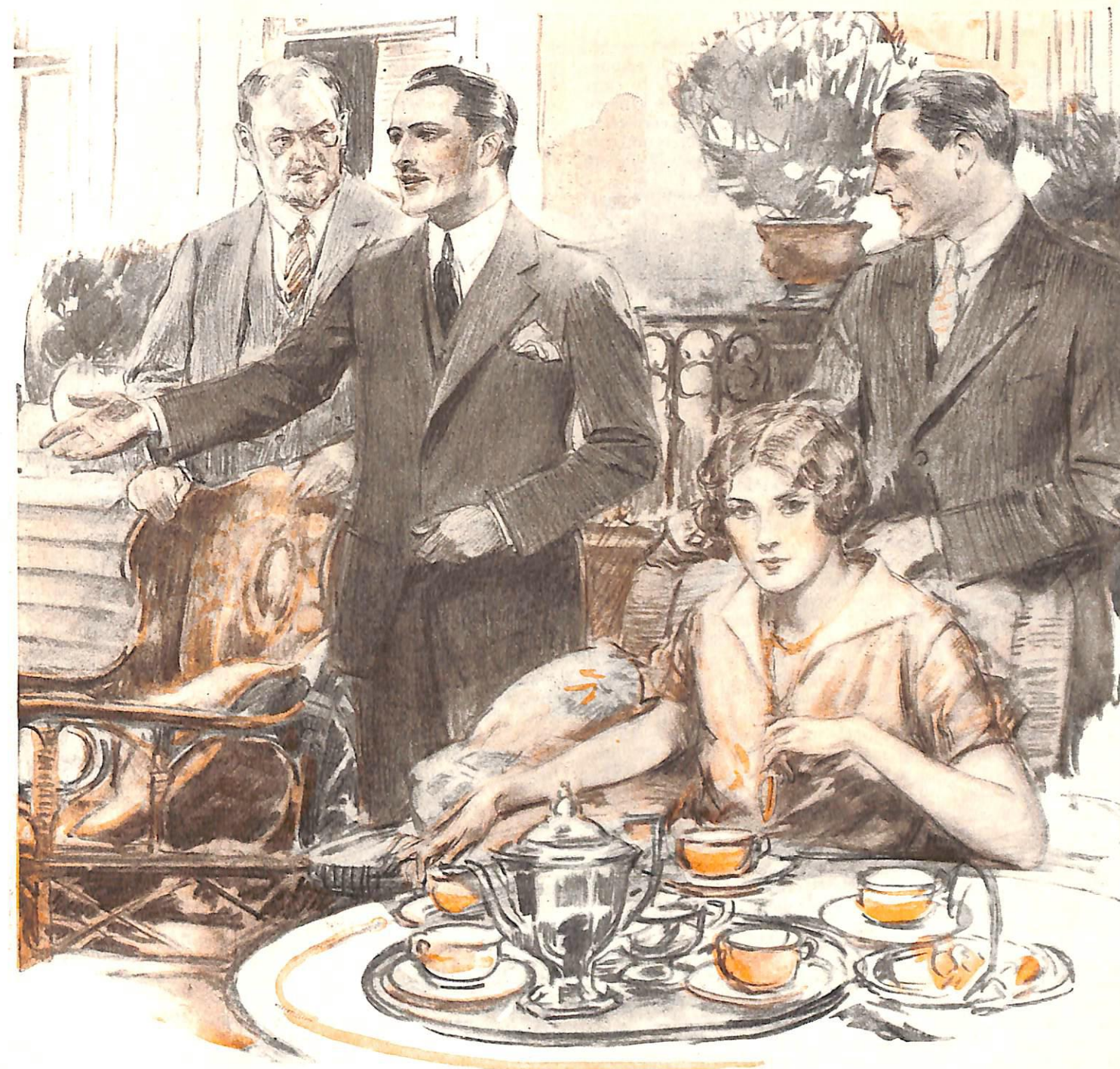
He mounted the dozen steps that led up to the flag-paved, cypress-shadowed terrace that fronted the old stone mansion. Here a table was laid for tea, and here awaited the four whose presence he had asked Dr. Grayson to make sure of: Beatrice and Arnaldo and Maida Dodge, and young Larry Kane. They rose from their wicker chairs, and Peter acknowledged Dr. Grayson's introduction to the quartette with an almost theatrical grace and graciousness, conscious all the while that the

four were eyeing him with a curiosity too consuming to be masked.

What the four saw had no faintest trace of Peter Buchanan of the heavy, slouching figure, of the grotesque head and the hesitant, apologetic manner. They saw a slender, erect, strikingly handsome man apparently in his very early thirties, lithe and suave and electrically vital; with wavy dark hair that clung close to his head, with a very smart little mustache; with a dark skin which, aided by his name, proclaimed him undeniably Latin. He was smartly tailored—was indeed almost a fop—and he carried himself with a polished ease, with a smiling sophisticated audacity that suggested the polished cosmopolitan.

"It was kindness being more than kind, your asking me, a stranger, to call, Mrs. Dodge," the darkly handsome Peter said with a flourish of phrasing that seemed natural in him, as he raised from Beatrice's hand which he had kissed with continental gallantry—Peter, who, as his old self, had had no social graces and no glib small talk or large easy compliments. He looked Beatrice in the eyes with frank continental admiration. "And what a charming, charming place Sound Crest is!" he enthused.

In the moment that he thus stood eye to eye with Beatrice, Peter had his first exultant surprise, though a very minor one to be sure. Beatrice was tall, modishly tall; and in the days



when she had been his wife, he had regarded himself as definitely shorter than she. Now he perceived that the level of his eyes was a good two inches above her own. That old feeling, he now saw in a flash, was an illusion created by his fat; and that old illusion, and all other illusions begotten by it which had made him feel insignificant beside the cool Beatrice, departed that moment.

Beatrice smiled at their visitor's exuberance. "Your generous words, Mr. Delacroix, turn the paste of our poor formal courtesy into glowing jewels," she said in that cool equable voice whose perfect calm he had never known to be disturbed by either anger or pleasure. "Won't you please have this chair at my right that I was saving for you. Tea will be served immediately."

"Pardon me, Mr. Delacroix," Arnaldo Dodge put in suavely, before anyone else could speak, when all were in their wicker chairs, "I would not make our courtesy any the less, but, to be frank, there was a motive in addition to courtesy that prompted our asking Dr. Grayson to bring you to call. I believe nothing is ever lost by directness, so I will at once say that our additional motive is the rumor which we heard to the effect that, in the interests of my unfortunate stepbrother, your friend Peter Buchanan, you intend to begin a new investigation of those old murders of several years ago. May I ask if rumor correctly reports your intention?"

Peter gravely returned his brother's gaze. He had hit upon this rumor as the surest means of bringing him the invitation to Sound Crest and as the quickest and most certain way to bring the talk to the all-central subject of those old mystery murders.

"Such is my intention, Mr. Dodge."

"May I presume to ask why?"

"Certainly, Mr. Dodge. I think the reasons for such a course are fairly obvious. Peter Buchanan was my best friend. We were business associates; in fact he gave me the start that enabled me to win such success as has been my portion. Therefore—"

"Pardon again, Mr. Delacroix. But you cannot be the Mr. Delacroix who was connected with my brother in some rubber investments in South America?"

"The same."

"But that Mr. Delacroix was reported dead some two or three years ago."

"I'm very happy to be able to tell you that that old report is very inexact," smiled Peter. The report was exact enough; Delacroix had been drowned, but his body had not been recovered; so Peter felt safe in assuming an identity that was real and verifiable. "I had been connected with rubber plantations for ten years," Peter informed him, "and I was fed up with rubber, and the tropics had burned me to a cinder; so

as the easiest way out, I just walked from beneath responsibilities without an explanation. I was in Paris ready to start on a loafing three year trip around the world when I heard that report of my drowning, and I didn't bother to correct it. There seemed no reason why I should, since Peter and my few other real friends knew the truth. That was before Peter's misfortunes had begun to pile upon him."

"I judge that you are French, Mr. Delacroix," pursued Dodge.

"Louisiana French, Mr. Dodge; as American families go, mine is really a very old American family. To continue what I was saying about my proposed investigation—when I came here and found Peter Buchanan not only a helpless invalid, but found this dark cloud of suspicion hanging about him, I felt that the least I could do for such an old and good friend was to start a new and vigorous attempt to solve that old mystery. If that mystery were cleared away, it might give my old friend back his good name."

"SAY, I hope you start that investigation, and make it a real one!" exclaimed the hitherto silent Larry Kane.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" excitedly breathed Maida Dodge. "Please do it, Mr. Delacroix—oh, please do it!"

"Maida!" her father rebuked her sharply. "If you please, permit me to handle this affair!"

He turned his haughty penetrating gaze again upon Peter.

"You of course realize that this affair into which you propose to thrust yourself is an affair which concerns me and my family in a most intimate and painful manner. It is my very definite desire, Mr. Delacroix, that you start no investigation."

"What? You do not want the mystery of those murders solved?" cried Peter, in seeming surprise.

"Yes—if the mystery could be solved. But already all has been done that can be done. Your attempt could have no result beyond reviving and once more dragging through the newspapers a most painful scandal. It is best that matters be left as they are."

"From that am I to infer that you believe your brother Peter Buchanan guilty?"

"I am not Peter's judge. But you must know that his reputation was bad. And to be perfectly frank, Peter always was a coward and a weakling."

"Yes," agreed Peter softly, slowly nodding his head, "now that I look back on Peter as I knew him I can also see that Peter was a coward. And a weakling."

Dr. Grayson had been fairly holding his breath as he watched Peter here in the heart of his own family—fencing audaciously—making swift thrusts at old sore spots—dancing daringly on the very precipice of self-exposure—smiling blandly all the while.

Peter's eyes flashed back to Beatrice. "Pardon me, Mrs. Dodge—my concern for my poor helpless friend must be my excuse for my seeming impertinence—but you were once married to Peter. You saw him in ways that the rest of us could not. What is your opinion of Peter?"

Only with an effort did Dr. Grayson hold back a gasp at this last audacity. But if Peter had hoped to startle Beatrice into some betraying word or gesture by his question, he was disappointed. Her black eyes met his with their cool imperturbable directness.

"I have no opinion, Mr. Delacroix. I cannot say that I ever knew Peter."

"But you were his wife for two years!"

She lifted her perfect shoulders. "Women have been known to marry for other reasons than understanding their husbands, Mr. Delacroix."

"Ah, but with a woman so beautiful as you, there could have been only one reason with Peter!"

"You mean that Peter loved me? I don't think he ever did, Mr. Delacroix. I've often wondered just why Peter ever did marry me."

There was something thrilling to Peter in this discussion of himself with his former wife. This fencing with her, this trying to get beneath the guard of one whose guard he had never known to be penetrated, was excitement he could not resist.

"Then Peter, in a way, was a mystery to you?"

"Yes."

"Another mystery—what a world of mysteries!" Then as if struck by a sudden thought he glanced off in the direction where Peter Buchanan was supposed to be, then swiftly his

eyes came back to hers. "And to Peter, lying there in Mystery House—I dare say, Mrs. Dodge, you're also a mystery to him. Mystery House!" he caught himself up sharply. "Did it ever occur to you, Mrs. Dodge, that that house is a symbol of us all?"

"I do not quite understand, Mr. Delacroix."

"Mystery House! You are a mystery house—I am a mystery house—we are all mystery houses! We know only a little of what has actually happened within us—we know less of what is now happening—we know nothing at all of what is going to happen in the future. We are the greatest of mystery houses, all of us!"

"I perceive that you are a philosopher, Mr. Delacroix—or else a very great spoofer."

"Since my idea is serious I prefer being thought a philosopher."

Arnoldo Dodge had been growing impatient at this seemingly irrelevant talk between his handsome wife and this glib handsome stranger. He now reinserted himself into the conversation.

"To keep to our concrete mystery, Mr. Delacroix—am I to understand that you agree to refrain from trying to dig up the bones of that old mystery?"

"Ah, to be sure, that old mystery! You just spoke of it as a family affair, Mr. Dodge." Again Peter's bright smile flashed back to Beatrice, and again he was at his fencing. "A family affair!" he exclaimed lightly, with the impish audacity that seemed a chief quality of his nature. "I have been thinking much upon that very point myself. Have you ever considered, Mrs. Dodge, what a very large part of our classical drama has been founded upon these bloody family affairs? Half of Shakespeare, I'd say offhand!"

"Hamlet, for example?" Beatrice coolly stood up to him, as if challenging his boldest thrust. "If our own family tragedy suggests Hamlet, then Mr. Dodge and I might be said to offer parallels to the guilty king and the guilty queen-mother."

"Beatrice!" protested Dodge, but his sharp disapproval did not for a moment disturb her poise and brilliant surface.

"Yes, Hamlet," Peter caught her up, and let his inventive fancy race on—in all this seeming chatter probing, probing, to locate some fragment of the truth. "Did you ever think that Hamlet is really just a murder mystery story, dressed up in splendid poetry? Consider. The story opens with the former king having just met his death. Death is suspected to have been brought about by most foul murder, and the king's brother and the king's widow are the chief suspects. Then comes the ghost scene, confirming this suspicion. But there is no proof. How get the evidence—that's the big problem, that's the spring to the rest of the action. Yes, from start to finish, Hamlet is a detective story."

"With Hamlet as the detective," supplied Beatrice.

"Exactly—with Hamlet as the detective!"

"And the detective device by which Hamlet finally solves the mystery—I believe he describes it like this:

"The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

"A very sound detective device, I believe, even to this day."

"It's too bad that our local mystery does not have a Detective Hamlet on the job. If our case did have a Hamlet, what might he not discover by setting a trap wherein to catch my conscience!"

Peter eyed her sharply. She was indeed a cool one, to meet his daring thrusts with equal daring—to bandy light words with him that might lie perilously close to the exact truth.

ARNOLDO DODGE stood up, leaning heavily on a cane. He was plainly very angry.

"Permit me to remark, Beatrice," he said frowningly, "that jesting with such a subject is in extremely doubtful taste. Mr. Delacroix, you have not yet answered my question."

Peter also stood up and faced his grand duke of a brother. He realized that Dodge wished the visit terminated. That accorded with Peter's inclination.

"About my proposed investigation? I shall give the matter further consideration, bearing in mind all you have said, and give you my answer later. You must understand that of course I cannot forget my poor friend Peter Buchanan and my great obligations to him."

Arnoldo Dodge flushed hotly at [Continued on page 64]



PAUPER to MILLIONAIRE

—and Back Again

By Oliver Morosco



[The second of two articles on the Life-Story
of Oliver Morosco who won fame and fortune
from the theater

THE premiere of "Peg o' My Heart" naturally had to be on the West Coast in conformity with my usual custom. We made it a real production. Wainscoting, stair, railing and all of the set-pieces were of solid wood, not the usual stage make-believe. Also I squandered huge sums on tapestries and other accessories.

We opened a twelve-week run on a Sunday night. Laurette Taylor had earned her stardom. We took the road en route to New York but I was dissatisfied with the last act. It was too long and did not "click." Manners, temperamental as a girl, refused to change it until we got to New Haven and he fell in with some of his college friends. Then, mellowed and exuberant, he listened to my plaint and replied:

"You're right'n rain, Ollie, old dear; should've changed the bally thing before."

I made him sign a statement that the changes were his and were not to be discussed again. Then we put them into effect.

John Cort had been my guest at the Los Angeles opening and had asked for "Peg" to open his Forty-eighth Street Theater in New York. In exchange for this courtesy I had offered him a quarter interest in the show for a nominal sum. But he had winked knowingly at me, saying:

"Nothing doing, m'son. A Los Angeles success doesn't mean a Broadway knock-out. Gamble by yourself and see how you like it."

I truly felt that I was gambling on the day of our opening for the carpets were yet to be laid, lights had not been connected and the water and lighting circuits had not been inspected. It was chaos! I personally put up box curtains, set the stage and conducted the final rehearsal by candle-light. At seven that evening I leaped into a taxi, donned evening clothes at the Astor and rushed back, drinking a cup of coffee in the cab as my sole substitute for a meal that day.

I was met in the lobby by Peter McCourt, an old timer in the theater game and reputed to be a wiseacre. He gave the final blow.

"Ollie," he said, "I've been in the show business since before you were born. I saw the rehearsal and I might as well tell you you've 'booked a flop' so far as New York is concerned."

Too dispirited even to answer I walked

away and sat down in a dark corner. After the curtain rose I went as far as the lobby, but made no attempt to see the show. During the second act a wave of applause swept out to me. I hurried into the auditorium and looked over the audience. Men and women were standing all over the place, clapping their hands and cheering. One enthusiast down front was waving his hat wildly.

Despite Cort and McCourt the play was a hit. It ran for two years and brought in a cool million dollars! Over the protest of Manners and Laurette I put four road shows of "Peg" out. Elsa Ryan, the English musical comedy star, headed one company; Marian Dentler another. The following season I put out eight companies and did capacity business even greater than Miss Taylor did at the Cort.

One of the most interesting of my experiences as a maker of theatrical stars came with the advent of Maude Fulton and Billy Rock with their dancing in "The Orchid," the Eddie Foy show at the old Herald Square. The New York dramatic reporters became so charmed with the dynamic little actress that they came to call themselves "The Fulton Fusiliers!" Frank Ward O'Malley and Walter Pritchard Eaton were among the number. All wrote thousands of words about their protégé and did much to "put her over."

Then Miss Fulton wrote "The Brat" and I agreed to produce it even before I had read it. Certain faults appeared however, and I sent it back to her for needed changes. Back came a scathing letter:

"Do you think you are David Belasco or Charles Frohman that you can ruthlessly rewrite my play? If you do—you are not! I will not have it ruined!"

It took her twelve months to decide to make the changes. Then I took the play to New York where it scored heavily at Wallack's Theater. The author-star has been one of my dearest friends ever since.

Meanwhile Elmer Harris had attracted my attention by his clever work in "Your Neighbor's Wife" which I had produced at the Burbank in Los Angeles. We agreed to re-do it but Harris became discouraged and quit. I went ahead and produced the play with Frances White, William Rock, May Boley, Walter Cat-



Oliver Morosco
and his daughter.



Oliver Morosco and his present wife, Selma Paley, at the time of their wedding.



☛ "Canary Cottage," a Morosco musical comedy success that brought fame to Trixie Friganza and Eddie Cantor.

lett, Sydney Grant and Charlotte Greenwood. Selma Paley, now Mrs. Morosco, was the prima donna.

The music was composed by a youngster named Earl Carroll. Yes, he of the Vanities fame. This marked his start in theatrical things. He received three percent of the receipts for his labors.

Al Goodman, then known as Al Mathews, was my orchestra leader at fifty dollars weekly. Now he is Al Jolson's conductor at a salary of not less than five hundred dollars weekly. We called the piece "So Long Letty."

The play ran for three years before I took it to New York, a precedent in this respect. The only similar instance I recall is Harry Frazee's "No, No, Nanette." Our "Letty" had a fine run at the Shubert Theater. Its cast was the same as the original except for William Rock, Frances White and Selma Paley. Rock and White teamed up in a dancing act and were headliners at the New Amsterdam Roof. Something of a metamorphosis from minor rôles in "Letty!"

Charlotte Greenwood's rise to fame is an interesting sidelight on how such things happen in the world of make-believe. I had seen—and been intrigued by—the elongated comedienne when she appeared with Sydney Grant in a sketch at the Winter Garden. At that time I had a musical show, "The Tick-Tock Man of Oz" and I put Greenwood and Grant on as a team, paying them four hundred and fifty dollars weekly. Soon I transferred Charlotte into "So Long Letty" in which she made her reputation. The next four years found her in the same rôle; repeat performances in various cities brought capacity audiences. She and Walter Catlett quarreled incessantly and at last I replaced him with Hal Skelly. This proved even worse.

"Hal quarrels too rough!" Charlotte complained one day. "Get Walter back. I know everything he'll say—and so I don't have to listen."

So I got Walter back, paying him seven hundred dollars weekly for what he once had done for sixty-five dollars a week! Charlotte now was receiving one thousand dollars every seven days as compared with the four hundred and fifty dollars I had paid for the team of Greenwood and Grant. Next Charlotte "insurgued."

"I will not play 'Letty' another season!" she wailed. "Gimme a new show or have someone pat me on the head with a brick. And it doesn't matter much which it is."

Here Anne Nichols, now world-famed and wealthy as the result of writing and producing "Abie's Irish Rose," enters the picture. I already owned one of her plays, "What's Your Number?" so I sent her to Washington to see if she could map out a new vehicle for Charlotte Greenwood. The result was "Linger Longer Letty," the book by Anne Nichols, lyrics by

Grossman, and music, I believe, by Al Goodman—ex Mathews.

Here I broke my Coast-first production rule. We opened the play at the Fulton Theater where it ran for six months. The two "Letty" shows earned me net profits of three quarters of a million dollars.

In the meantime I had put on "Canary Cottage" in Los Angeles. Here again was an imposing cast—Trixie Friganza, Herbert Corthell, Charles Ruggles and Eddie Cantor. Elmer Harris and I collaborated in making the play and Earl Carroll, of course, wrote the lyrics and music.

And in passing, I want to pay tribute to Earl Carroll; he never forgets his friends. Years later when I was flat broke he turned to his brother and said:

"Jim, make out a check for Ollie for \$1,250; darned if I don't think he needs it."

HE WOULD not listen to my thanks or assurances that I would repay him when my financial roselights returned. That is why I am quick to resent criticism of Earl Carroll, his extravagant publicity stunts and his daring productions.

The same thought holds in my mind for Arthur Hammerstein, son of the immortal Oscar and himself a producer of such hits as "Rose Marie," "The Song of the Flame," "Wildflower," and others. I offered him a play for sale and when it came back there was a check for \$1,000 attached to it. With it was a note: "If you need more, let me know." Harry Frazee was another who, in time of trouble, told his secretary to make out a check for \$650 to "cover Ollie's life insurance premiums."

It was Earl Carroll and myself who started Eddie Cantor starward. Carroll had seen him in a sketch with another unknown at the Orpheum and insisted that I see Cantor with a view to giving him the part of the "peppy" negro in "Canary Cottage." I complied and laughed for twenty minutes at the grotesque antics of the stripling. Then, as now, he had that confidential, half-frightened way of doing outrageous things. It took me but a few minutes to offer him a contract.

He was a distinct hit in "Canary Cottage," but Flo Ziegfeld lured him away from me for the "Follies" with a vastly increased salary. The piece itself cleared up approximately \$350,000 on the road and in the Morosco Theater, New York.

Somehow when I think of those days always the picture of big, genial Jack Lait comes into my mind's eye. I had met him through Paul Armstrong after I had done the latter's "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

"This boy," said Armstrong, "is working on a Chicago newspaper and has done some fine vaudeville pieces. He has a real play in his head and I want you to be the one to produce it."

I agreed tentatively, and a few days later, Lait, with the play still unwritten, came to see me in Los Angeles. His ideas seemed sound and I told him to go ahead with the play. Soon he brought me the manuscript. It was terrible! Except in minor details it was nothing like his outline. I called him in with Armstrong and told them frankly what was the matter.

"Ouch!" ejaculated Lait, and the two friends departed.

I learned later that neither left the house for three days. Lait ate and slept only at intervals, but at the end of the third day he came to me with the revised "Help Wanted." It was a big hit in Los Angeles and I sent it to Chicago, Lait's home town, where it was received with open arms for a thirty-three week run. It played New York to fair business, but later died out on the road.

I already have told how Miss Anne Nichols came into the eye of Broadway through "Linger Longer Letty" and it was through our association that she met William De Lignemare, now her general manager.

Subsequently I took Miss Nichols to California to do her piece, "The Gilded Cage" which later failed in New York under the title of "Love Dreams." On the train she showed me the script of "Abie's Irish Rose," which had been

hawked about New York unsuccessfully. I aided in its re-writing, induced her to cut the first act from three scenes down to the present single scene, and produced it in Los Angeles.

Certain that the piece would score in New York I advanced



☛ Selma Paley, the golden voiced singer who is now Mrs. Oliver Morosco.

funds for Miss Nichols to return, make the necessary arrangements and engage a company.

I provided, willingly, furniture, draperies, carpets, etc. from my own home for the setting. The first Eastern performance at Stamford, Conn., was billed "Oliver Morosco presents," but two nights later "Anne Nichols presents" was pasted over that portion of the billing and it has never been changed.

But enough of my troubles for the moment. Something has brought to mind a remarkable instance of the manner in which talent is distributed by an all-wise Providence, and an interesting evidence I encountered some years ago when a woman working in a menial position in an office building won both the first and second awards in the Harvard Prize-Play Contest.

Prof. George Pierce Baker, an authority on play writing; Winthrop Ames, a Harvard man, and my own humble self had been chosen as the jury of award. We waded through an immense pile of manuscript until but two were left. Each was a worthy effort; we decided finally on one entitled "Mama's Affair," and notified Rachel Barton Butler to appear to claim the award of \$1,000 for first prize.

The second, entitled "Mom," had been submitted under the name of "John Robinson." The letter notifying him he had won second prize was returned, undelivered.

Mrs. Butler asked for a late appointment, and when she appeared she explained, quite unembarrassed, that she was work-



☛ It was Morosco who gave the inimitable Charlotte Greenwood her chance at stardom in the delightful comedy "So Long Letty".

ing and had been unable to obtain leave of absence. It also developed that she once had studied under Professor Baker, but that financial reverses had compelled her to accept menial labor.

We gladly gave her the check for \$1,000 plus \$500 from me for advance royalty, as I wished to produce the play. While this was going on, Winthrop Ames complained about our inability to get in touch with John Robinson. Mrs. Butler gasped and slumped back in her chair. I stared at her in amazement, for her face was scarlet and she seemed terribly disturbed.

"Why—why—" she stammered, "what was it you wanted to know?" Instantly the solution flashed into my mind.

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "So you're 'John Robinson' too, are you?" She nodded weakly.

"I had two plays in mind," she explained, "and I used another name for the poorer one so it would not interfere with the possible success of the better one."

Consequently, the second award of \$500 went to her, with another \$500 from me as the potential producer of her play. I still can see the picture of the nonplused author, clad in dingy garments and with her hands toil-reddened, as she shuffled the checks and tried to realize that \$2,500 had come to her.

The announcement of her identity caused a great stir. Mrs. Butler, emancipated from hard work, found a home in the country and for months she was the honor guest of society folk, women's clubs and dramatic organizations. Her first play went over splendidly at Winthrop Ames' own theater. "Mom," the second play, needed some rewriting. I so informed Mrs. Butler by telephone as I was leaving for one of my rush trips to California, outlining what had to be done. As always Mrs. Butler acquiesced and I departed secure in the knowledge that she would whip the play into shape.

Within two weeks her revised manuscript came to my hands in California and I was actually dissecting it in preparation for making scene plots, etc., when there came a telegram announcing the sudden death of the gifted author.

Irony? Yes, but somehow it makes me feel happy to know that I had something to do with making her know the delights of fame and affluence in those, the last months of her life.

Following the production of several other plays, I turned to the motion picture field, establishing the Oliver Morosco Company and the Palais Picture Company in Los Angeles.

Frank Garbutt, president of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, headed the first, and Charles Eyton, my one-time pugilist porter and



"Lombardi, Limited," the Morosco production that ran for three years on Broadway.

later general manager, managed the second. Such were the kaleidoscopic changes in the amusement world, but I still maintain that Eyton was a most terrible porter.

Famous Players-Lasky became interested in my companies and made me a proposition for consolidation, this coincident with the opening of a new Hatton play, "Upstairs and Down." I had an engagement to meet Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky at ten o'clock, but the critics had treated my show so terribly that I was too dispirited to attempt to concentrate on a million dollar deal.

The critics said my play was vulgar and risqué. Actually it was before its time. Today it hardly would be lively enough to be the vehicle for an amateur performance by pupils at a girls' finishing school. Such has been the transition of our national viewpoint on morals.

Jay Barnes, my publicity agent, met me and we walked in silence out Broadway to One Hundred and Tenth street. There I turned suddenly to him and said:

"Jay, I do not care what the critics say, we have a good play. Take a half page in every New York news-

paper and tell the people just that."

"You're the boss!" he said, and hailed a passing taxicab. The advertisements drew the crowds and the play finally gave me a profit of \$100,000 net. I have no quarrel with the critics though I do bemoan their inclination to write something smart just because it is smart, without thought of the many thousands of dollars producers have put into their plays.

Another of my successes at this period was "The Cinderella Man," by Edward Childs Carpenter. It brought fame to the late Shelley Hull, brother of Henry Hull now playing in support of Lenore Ulric in David Belasco's "Lulu Belle." The lovable Frank Bacon, later star of "Lightnin'" had the rôle of the caretaker.

Somehow the play did not "click" with me and I called on Miss Alice Kauser, Carpenter's agent, to aid me in inducing the author to assent to some needed changes. So perturbed was she with the situation that she rode with me from Washington to Chicago, taking copious notes of the alterations I demanded. She was almost without hope when she left me, but later she wired from New York that she had succeeded in making her unruly principal see the wisdom of my demands. Business went up after that and the play stayed at the Harris Theater for many months.

I now was making my headquarters in New York City where, in addition to my coast interests I had three theaters under my direction: the Little Theater, the Fulton, and the Morosco. I had large realty and theater holdings, as well as sixteen com-



A scene from Anne Nichols' play, "Abie's Irish Rose," which Morosco first produced in Los Angeles.



A scene from "Linger Longer Letty" which starred Charlotte Greenwood. The book was by Anne Nichols and the play was produced by Morosco.

panies on the road, and every item of the lot was a money-maker. Also I had produced two plays in London and the provinces, but Australian gold beckoned and subsequently I sent a number of plays there. Each of them brought me returns.

Fanny and Frederick Hatton—"the family dramatists"—sent me word one day that they had a new play and I hurried to the Algonquin to hear it. It proved to be "Lombardi, Limited," and before they had finished reading the third act I was writing a check for the advance royalty.

I produced it in California with Leo Carrillo, the talented Spanish-Californian, in the leading rôle. He scored a tremendous success though I never felt that he was giving the part all of his talent. Before we opened in New York I sat down with him on a shadowy stage and pleaded for "tears in his voice." Suddenly he came to realize the strength of the supreme moment—and he stood the seasoned Broadwayites "on their heads" on the opening night. The play ran three years in New York and on the road and earned net profits of more than \$300,000. The movie rights also brought a large amount.

Another newspaperman, Thompson Buchanan, brought me good luck when he wrote "Civilian Clothes." The play ran forty weeks in Los Angeles, a year in New York and during its second year on the road I was offered \$25,000 for the picture rights. Buchanan would not agree.

Finally I said, one day, in a moment of irritation:

"Buck, you're a fine writer, but as a business man you're a fine piccolo player!"

"Yeh?" grunted Buchanan. "Well, even a piccolo player knows enough to get decent pay for his music."

"Yes," I rejoined sarcastically, "and I presume you'll get \$50,000 for the movie rights?"

A week later he came to me and said: "Still want to sell 'Civilian Clothes' for \$25,000, Ollie?"

"What offer have you now?" I asked, warned by the twinkle in his eyes.

"Oh, merely \$50,000 from the Famous Players-Lasky Company," he retorted—and he was right. The impractical, dream-author had succeeded where I had known I must fail.

Selma Paley, long prima donna with various of my companies, became Mrs. Oliver Morosco, subsequent to my divorce from my first wife. We had found the home of our future dreams out in Great Neck, Long Island. It was the old Doctor Hassell residence on Station Road and Hicks Lane and with it four acres of land well planted to fruit. I acquired two acres additional, had the home rebuilt and when it all had been done the investment represented \$288,000. The

house was one of the show places of that portion of Long Island. Not alone was it beautiful structurally, but I filled it with beautiful art, antiques and period furnishings.

To this house every week-end for two years I invited scores of my friends and associates to join us there in our holiday merry-making. It was a gay crew we assembled there and I am glad to say now, when I am stripped of home and wealth, that few were the panderers and "yes-men" who gathered there in our home parties. They were happy days, and I am glad that we sold the home because of the inclement winter weather before the Morosco Holding Company fiasco could take it from us.

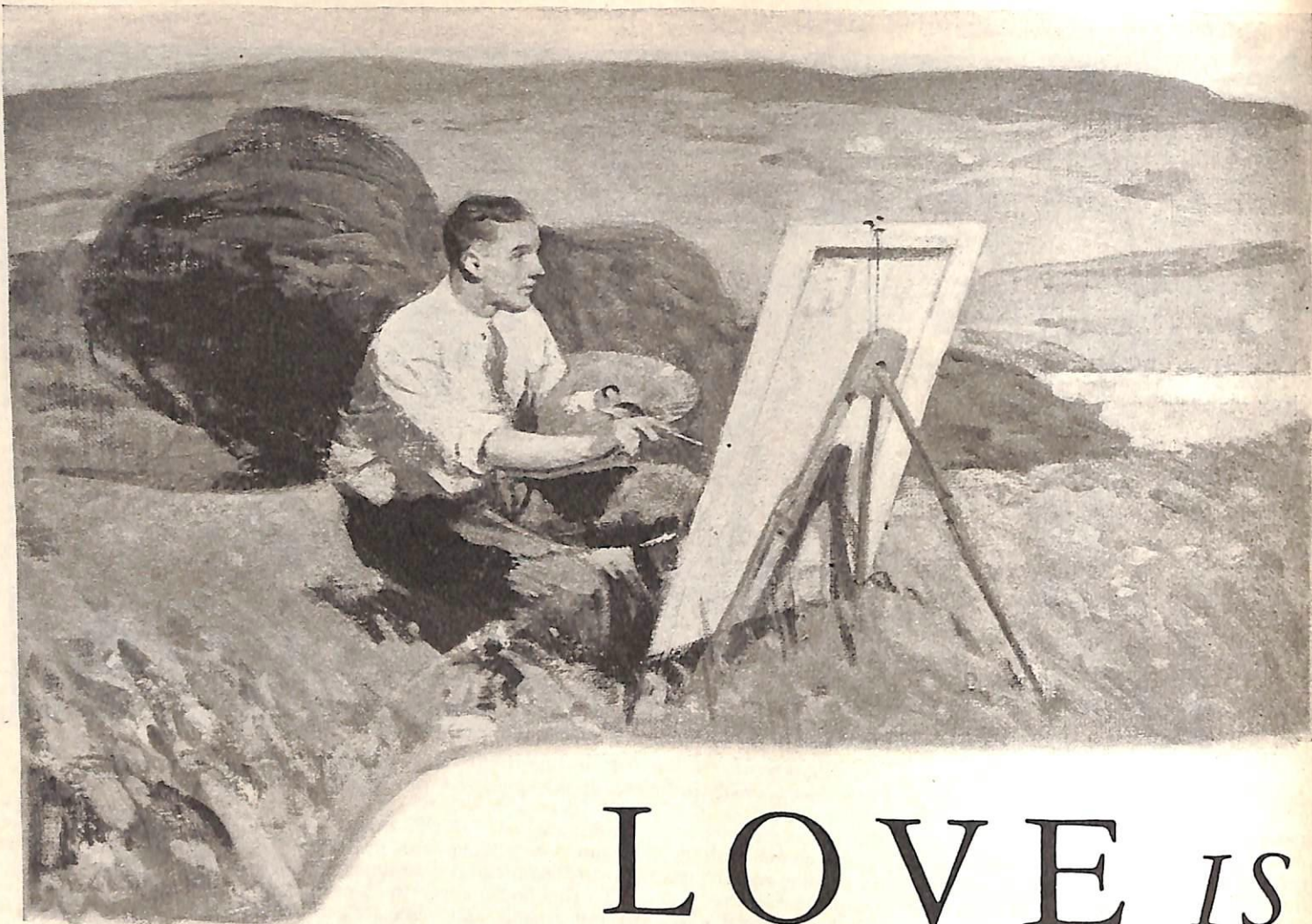
The Morosco Holding Company's affairs have been aired too recently in the newspapers to require retelling. In fact, it would be ungenerous for me to seem to retell my defense after the courts have given me absolution, and after they have sent certain misguided associates of mine to the penitentiary.

Suffice it to say that I listened to the siren song of the promoters. Maybe I was a bit prideful over the development of the name "Oliver Morosco." Certain it is that, when the crash came, I was "in" exactly five and one-half millions of dollars on the deal, and "out" an equal sum when the proceedings were over.

BUT as the black depression passed, something of my old spirit returned and I resolved to battle as I had battled in my youth for a new fortune. Night after night I returned from the city to my tiny new home almost whipped, but always the love and the compassionate belief of my dear wife brought me back to myself.

I struggled mightily to find some means of rehabilitating my fortunes, but always my friends and advisers said: "Wait until the trials are over." So I possessed my soul in such patience as was possible—and one day the verdict against those who had wronged me came. I had but a few pennies in my pocket at the moment; in fact I had to borrow money with which to return to my home and buy provisions for dinner and the next morning's breakfast—but our dinner that night was finer than any banquet I ever attended, or ever hope to attend.

Several days of rest from the terrible strain of the trial rather set me up for my new battle, and it was with a firm determination to succeed that I started out for a series of interviews with the creditors of the defunct company. It seemed that enough could be saved out of [Continued on page 78]



LOVE IS

KATHERINE SNOW was far too preoccupied with gazing out the car window to notice the young man who boarded the train at East Foxport. He sat down across the aisle from her, and after he had arranged his easel, paint-box, and wet canvas to his satisfaction, glanced at her, and then away, to contemplation of the landscape on his own side of the track. At either side it was lovely—New England in early April laughing at those who call it a harsh country. Neal Hunter, in his brief painter's glance at the girl, saw that she was lovely and cool and remote—an early summer visitor, perhaps, or perhaps, like himself, an artist.

She sat quietly, slim hands in suede gloves folded on the lap of her russet jersey traveling frock, red hair almost concealed by a smart brown hat, and her heart, beneath a string of imitation jade beads, beating fast in a confusion of emotions. Katherine Snow was neither summer visitor nor vagrant artist; she was a native, a daughter of this soil, integrally as much a part of the hills and valleys as the purplish rocks which lay upon them. But Kathy, unlike the rocks, had within herself the power of rebellion and the physical ability to remove herself. Her eyes, like the eyes of the young painter, followed the changing scenery, but unlike him, she hated it, loathed the memories which it brought her, one swiftly coming after another.

She was returning to Foxport because her mother was dead and her father had sent for her. That was the reason, and as she sat, immobile, being carried nearer and nearer to her destination, she was trying, unsuccessfully, to identify herself with the situation. Her mother was dead. She had cried when the telegram came, yet all the time she had been uncomfortably conscious of her own identity, untouched, her own life unchanged, by the fact.

Her mother had said that she was hard. Kathy didn't want to be hard. She wanted to be sorry for people, for her mother, especially, who may, incredibly, have regretted leaving that existence which had been hers; sorry for her father, who was left alone. But she knew that her sorrow was less actual than

A Story In Which LOVE and Meanness Part Company

the pity she could feel for characters in a play. At the theater, she could put herself in the places of the actors, with no contradicting reality to interfere with her interpretation of their sufferings. In life, there was always this barrier. How could she comprehend the emotions of people who remained in Foxport, a part of that place and life which, ever since she had been old enough for conscious selection, she hadn't wanted to know? That place where she had ever been unhappy, discontented, even envious?

She was on the ocean side of the train, and as the tracks curved abruptly about a hill, the sweep of the water dazzled her eyes, and the sprawling luxury of the Pierce estate was revealed. A flicker of hatred crossed her face, and as she rose to lift down her cases from the rack, to slip her arms into the sleeves of her loose brown coat, Neal Hunter, collecting his own baggage, saw it and blinked before its intensity.

Bert Snow, her father, was standing on the station platform. She was conscious of the odor of the farm, as he put his arms about her, and his cheek, against hers, was weather-roughened and prickly with beard.

"Well, Kathy!"
"Well, Father!" She was embarrassed at her own strangeness. Was it really only a year since she had left this place and this father, only a year that she had realized life as she intended it to be?

He was smiling, sadly and proudly and pathetically; as he released her and lifted her bags into the cart, he saw the young painter and spoke to him.

"Come back on the train, did you? This is my girl, Katherine, Mr. Hunter."

The hand that clasped Kathy's was firm and smooth and cared-for; the gray eyes were pleasant.



LIKE THAT

Illustrations by Arthur D. Fuller

By
Phyllis Duganne

"Riding up with us?" Bert Snow asked him.
"If you don't mind taking my junk, I think I'll walk. The canvas is still wet. If you'll—thank you very much, Miss Snow."

Kathy had adjusted the painting, glancing at it with curious, appreciative eyes. She looked up as he spoke, and smiled. His voice, she reflected, was like his hands, smooth and pleasant . . . and cared-for.

"Who's he, Pa?" Unconsciously, she had slipped back into the old form of address; she caught herself at it and bit her lips. So, if she were to remain here, would she slip back into every rustic, countrified habit.

"He's boarding with us—wanted to go after your Ma died, but I told him he might's well stay. 'Till we decide what's what, anyway. Your Aunt Min's keeping the house, right now."

"Oh." She was seated beside him on the familiar leather cushion of the cart.

"The funeral's tomorrow morning," said her father.

Kathy looked at him, shyly. What did he feel, this alien, weather-beaten man, at the death of the woman who had been his wife for twenty-five years?

"Was she—did she die peacefully, Pa?"

"She's not been well for some time. She was never a strong woman, Kathy." He flicked the reins gently against the horse's back, and looked out, beyond the hills. "But it was sudden like. She hoped to the end to see you."

To the end! *The end* . . . Kathy's eyes were dry. Her mother! "It's all so—so strange," she said.

"So strange," he agreed. And then, "I hope you'll stay a spell, now, Kathy."

She felt her muscles tighten and she could not speak. She'd

told Mr. Lattimer that she would return in a week. She was a good secretary, but New York was a big place, and there were others equally good. It wasn't always easy to get a job.

Her father's sister greeted her at the kitchen door. Bright, curious eyes, traveling from one detail of her costume to the next. Kathy wriggled. Alien . . . strangers . . . country people! She went quietly to the downstairs bedroom where her mother lay, and when Aunt Min left her, to prepare their supper, she sat motionless beside the bed. What did she feel? What ought she to feel? It was sad and lonely and beyond her understanding . . . but most of all, so strange.

She had forgotten Neal Hunter, until she met him, face to face, in the long and rather gloomy dining-room. He smiled apologetically, as though he felt that he should not be there at all. Kathy straightened her slim shoulders.

"My father says you're—staying here." Somehow her tongue refused to form that other word, boarding. Summer boarders! For years, ever since she could remember, her mother had taken them, and for years Kathy had resented their presence and the necessity for it.

"I've been here a month," he answered. "Your mother was good enough to take me in last summer, and this spring I came back. She's talked about you a lot."

"Has she?" Kathy looked at him curiously. They had talked together, her mother and this young stranger. And of her! What did her mother know of her, to tell this man?

"Mr. Hunter's done an elegant painting of your Ma," Aunt Min called from the kitchen. "Show it to her, Mr. Hunter."

"Of my mother?" Kathy's gaze faltered. He had painted her mother? "I'd like to see it," she said. She stood, leaning against the wall, beneath the engraving of three dead geese, while he went obediently to get it.

Aunt Min came to the doorway and looked, too, as Neal

(Neal was painting her portrait, and during the long hours of the summer mornings they sat, speechless and intent, facing one another.)

Hunter set the portrait upon the sideboard. "Seems like it could speak," she said.

Kathy Snow stared at her mother. In the other room, just behind the closed door, lay that other, that stranger, that country-woman. But here, looking beyond them all, across the tin pan balanced on her gingham lap, was Lora Snow, and the potato in her thin, veined hand was not beautiful, but she was not looking at it.

Kathy's hand went up to her mouth and pressed against her lips. She was dead! This mother that she had never known was dead! She turned and looked wildly, accusingly, at Neal Hunter. Then, with a rush, she was across the room and Aunt Min's arms were folding her close, holding her firm and comfortingly.

Kathy was tying asparagus into bunches for the market. Beside her, on the table, a flat basket was filled with the stalks, and she hummed as she lay the ribbons of raffia across the wooden measure, filled the hollow square, tied the bunch, and sliced off the thick ends with a sharp knife. Sunlight poured in through the open kitchen door, glowing on the fresh sunburn of her neck and arms, catching in the coils of her red hair and burning there, like hidden embers. Neal Hunter, on the wooden step, watched her thoughtfully.

"Funny how much beauty there is in all the homely chores of a farm," he said, suddenly.

"Beauty?" She looked at him over her shoulder.

"Yes. Symmetry and order—and always color. You're singing while you do that because there's beauty in it."

"Am I? What a lot you know!" Her eyes mocked him, but when she smiled, they softened, and the curve of her lips removed from her young face some intangible quality of hardness. She was loveliest when she smiled—and in this month which had followed her mother's death, Kathy Snow had smiled often at Neal Hunter.

He smiled, in return. "Of course I'll admit it's partly you!" he said. "Whatever I see you do, I want to paint you doing it! Washing dishes, with the copper rod of the pump almost the color of your hair, and the sink itself—your eyes are like soapstone, Kathy!"

"What a horrid idea! Her eyes were like the kitchen sink! You're quite a poet, Neal!" She laughed at him, and lopped off the ends of the asparagus, smartly.

He leaned back against the door-frame, clasping his knees. "Your mother was always so quaint about that sink! I think it was the one thing she'd wanted most, and she seemed to enjoy it every minute. The only time I ever saw any real human frailty in her was when she told me how Mrs. Pierce had wanted a soapstone sink for their place, and the plumber couldn't supply it. She positively gloated!" He grinned at the recollection, and then, as he looked at the girl, the grin faded. "Kathy, why do you hate the Pierces so?"

She turned away from him. "You wouldn't understand. You've never been poor. And you've never been a girl." For a brief moment, she was conscious of his eyes, puzzled and frowning; then she forgot them and him.

The Pierces! She couldn't remember when they had come to Foxport, the first of the summer people, to build their sprawling, impudent house, across the fields, by the shore. A white house, with orange shutters and awnings, a tennis court, and a highly unnecessary swimming-pool. That was nearly nineteen years ago, when she and Diana Pierce had been fat, unresentful babies. Girl babies, born in the same month, one to a great sunny nursery which afterward became the nucleus of a whole wing of rooms and bathrooms given over to Diana and her friends, the other to a corner of her parents' chamber, and later to the stark, chilly little room at the head of the back-stairs. Because Bert Snow ploughed the earth for their flower gardens, and supplied their table with vegetables, the two mothers had come into contact, and there began that passing on of garments from Diana's wardrobe to Kathy's, which had continued until a year ago.

It was not until they were talking, that either of the wearers of these garments comprehended the situation. Then, "That's my dress!" the baby Diana had exclaimed, plucking at Kathy's frock with chubby, possessive fingers. "Kathy's dress!" Kathy had corrected her. And Mrs. Pierce, gentle and friendly, "It's Kathy's dress, now, Di-baby—Mother gave it to her." Later on, when they were self-conscious young women of ten, and great comrades, there was the blonde and poised young heiress to the Pierce fortune, smiling graciously and de-



manding of a third little girl, "Doesn't Kathy Snow look sweet in that dress of mine?"

Their play at friendship was shattered in an instant, three years before when they were each sixteen. Diana's words still burned deep in Kathy's brain. "Who's the girl with the red hair, Di? I never see her around!" Some boy asking, some boy with interested eyes, his identity now forgotten and unimportant. But Diana's answer not low-voiced enough, indelible, unforgettable: "Oh, she's just a native. . . . Mother gives her my old clothes!"

"Kathy!" She started from her thoughts at Neal's voice, flushed, and picked up an asparagus stalk, sullenly.

Neal Hunter rose and came to her side. "You mustn't let yourself look like that!" he told her, fiercely. "It's—it's ugly!" His arm slipped about her stiff shoulders. "Dear kid, I know how it must have been! I'm not all dumb! And kids are so nasty. But kid jealousies shouldn't last. I think Di Pierce remembers more than you think and is sorrier. She told me last summer that she used to be a frightful little snob. Kathy! It was her father who got you your job in New York, wasn't it?"

She nodded, unyielding. "It's all over, now, foolish!" His fingers tightened on her hand. "Oh, Kathy—"



"I—care a lot, Kathy," Diana said steadily. "More than he does. It's hard sometimes. He's—Oh, I suppose he's a flirt. But I'm getting used to that."

She looked up at him. He was so young and fair and earnest, and she liked him so much! He was a friend of whom even Di Pierce would be proud! And he liked her, too! His gray eyes, looking down into hers, were tender, almost misted, and his mouth, sensitive and flexible, was quivering. She smiled. "That's my Kathy!" His face relaxed, and suddenly he bent over and kissed her lips; as abruptly, he turned and left her alone in the kitchen.

Katherine Snow stared after him. What did he mean? But more, far more than that, what did this sudden excitement, this surging within her breast, mean? Love. . . ? Why, after all, was she staying on here? She hadn't intended to remain. Yet before Neal Hunter's clear eyes, she had been ashamed, incapable of telling her father that she wanted to return and leave him alone. It was to justify herself before Neal that she had remained!

Love. . . was love like that? Her fingers crept to her mouth and touched her lips, curiously, where his lips had brushed them. As she remembered his kiss, there rose again, that tumult in her breast. Love?

He was painting her portrait, and during long hours of the sunny mornings they sat, speechless and intent, facing one another. Neal Hunter, she had discovered, was a different person when he was working. It was as though some spring were tightened within him, making his entire body, his very eyes and lips, more tense, more tautly geared. He moved jerkily, his bare arm below the rolled sleeve flexing with little muscles, as he painted. While she watched him, wondering at the transformation, he would narrow his eyes so that his glance bored through her, impersonal and forgetful of her identity. Then, when her thoughts would drift away and she forgot him and the picture, he would call her back sharply, almost angrily.

"Don't look like that!" Then, on the day when she could see, across the fields, men swinging open the broad orange shutters of the Pierce house, he flung down his brush and raged at her.

"Stop it! Stop thinking whatever it is that does that to you! You're hideous and hateful! I won't paint you! I don't like you! I—oh, Kathy, Kathy, forgive me! I forget what I'm saying! You're so lovely! And then you go and—Kathy, dearest one, please!"

When she tried to go away, angrily, he caught her in his arms there in the sunlit field where anyone might see them and kissed her again and again, furiously, until her anger was

melted and she clung to him and knew that she loved him, that he was the one other person in the world beside herself who was real.

"I'm a beast! I get working so hard that I'm not responsible for what I say!" He released her and smiled more calmly at her flushed face. "Come on, darling, and we'll go and get an ice-cream. I'm hot and hateful and you're the sweetest thing in the world!"

She followed him, dazedly. She loved him! She loved the feel of his arms about her, of his lips on her face. The thought of him made her burn and melt. But he said nothing of love. It was over, his love-making, as abruptly and finally as his anger. As they walked, side by side, not touching one another, down the road to the village, he seemed as impersonal as on the day when she first met him. What was he thinking? What did he feel? She bit her lips and looked straight before her, trying not to think.

Diana Pierce was sitting with a young man, just within the door of the ice-cream parlor. Kathy stiffened.

"Hello!" Already Neal was greeting them. "Hello, Gordon!" As the two looked up, Kathy saw Diana's eyes move from the young man's face. Move as though they were being dragged away, reluctantly, with effort. Her heart quickened, dizzily, and in her sudden interest, she quite forgot her enmity.

"Oh, hello, Neal! Hello, Katherine!" Diana held out a slender hand. "Do you know Gordon Carey, Miss Snow?"

The young man rose, and from the corners of her eyes, Kathy saw Diana watching him. Once again her heart gave that punctuating thump of excitement. A day ago she might not have understood, an hour ago she was not so sensitized, so alive to this fine thing. But today she saw and recognized, knew that Di Pierce was in love! All that she herself had been feeling, as she walked up the winding road beside Neal Hunter, Diana felt for this dark young stranger. It shouted its presence from her melting blue eyes, from her tremulous lips; in the quality of her voice it proclaimed itself, when she addressed him.

"Sit down with us!" Kathy forgot Neal and her own newly tasted confusion of love, as she watched the manifestation of emotions which she herself was still able to hide, in the less contained girl. Di Pierce had always had everything she wanted, had reached out and taken it, with confident hands. And now . . . !

"Have you been here long, Miss Snow?" Gordon Carey speaking. Kathy turned her gray-green eyes, brimming with suppressed excitement, upon him.

"Just a month. But I'm really a native, you know!"

He smiled, and his own eyes, traveling her face, were flattering. "You New Englanders!" he said. "After thirty years, I've come to the conclusion that whenever I see a woman who's exotic or different from the rest—who looks as though she should be a Persian or an Arabian or some other romantic nationality—she's sure to be a daughter of the Pilgrims!"

Kathy laughed, and though she was still looking directly at Gordon Carey, she was sharply aware of Diana's eyes upon them. Di wanted this young man . . . and she wasn't sure of him!

"You must come and see the picture I'm doing of Miss Snow," Neal invited them. "She's about as easy to paint as a chameleon on a plaid background, but if I ever do get it as I want, it ought to be good!"

Gordon Carey addressed Diana. "Why don't we ask these people to come with us tomorrow?" And to Kathy, "I want to go fishing. Di's arranged for someone to take us out with him at dawn, tomorrow. Or are you frightfully bored with it?"

"No, I like it." Diana's part in the arrangements was a passive one; when Kathy and Neal rose to leave, she leaned toward her companion with an air of relief.

For a few moments they walked in silence, and so vivid were Kathy's thoughts that she did not notice her companion, looking at her as though there were nothing else of interest in the world.

"Di Pierce seems to have fallen in love at last!" she voiced her thoughts, suddenly.

He laughed at her. "You women! How do you know?"

"Know the symptoms!" she retorted, lightly. "Don't you?"

"Know the facts," he answered her. "Gordon was down here last summer and it started, then. But—have you been in love so often, Kathy?"

"Never!" She met his gaze squarely, then faltered. "Why?" "I don't know. I wondered." His voice was gravely considering, and her breath caught. Life was suddenly altogether too exciting, with the wonder of her feeling for this man. "I've always been afraid of it," Neal's voice broke through. "I want to paint, and—am I in love with you, Kathy?"

She didn't look at him. Things were moving so swiftly, so confusedly. "Are you, Neal?" she asked him.

"I don't know." He repeated the words, as though he were tasting them. "I don't want to be," he said.

She glanced, not at him, but away, up the winding strip of roadway.

"Why don't you want to be?" she asked him, softly.

The abruptness of his movements, as though in him more than in other people, thought and muscles were interwoven, always fascinated her. There was a fierceness, an unpremeditated quality ever dormant in him. He stopped short now, so sharply that she went forward for a few steps before she realized that he was not still at her side. She turned to see him staring, with bright, excited eyes, at her.

He looked at her and then laughed, exultantly. "Come here!"

She came, and with that glorious roughness, he drew her, almost jerked her, to the roadside, off the hard clay, to where her feet sank in marshy grass, springily, and small blossoms brushed her face.

"Do you love me?" he demanded.

She was at once rebellious and conquered. This was not the way to do it; again he seemed almost angry, resentful of her. She felt that if she should shout out, "No!" he would laugh, loudly, and with a sort of relief.

"Do you love me?" she retorted.

They glared at one another, each defiant of the other's thoughts, until suddenly they lost their anger and their defiance, in the expected embrace.

Neal was the first to speak. "Kathy! Oh, Kathy, I do love you! I love you!"

"I love you!" she whispered. She hid her face against his neck, and her temples throbbed. Love! Then a little smile came to play about her mouth. She didn't have to worry about the man she loved!

SHE wished that Neal wouldn't watch her, so. She sat in the bow of the small motor-boat, beside Gordon Carey, sometimes talking, sometimes smiling, sometimes solemnly intent upon her line, descended deep into the water.

"They're stupid fish," Gordon Carey objected, eyeing the heavy passivity of a cod which she was expertly disengaging from her hook. "Take trout, now—that's fishing!"

She nodded. "With a little love and patience, you could almost teach these to jump into the boat when you whistled!"

She had taken off her hat, and her red hair burned in the early pink sunlight; the sunburn on her neck and arms had deepened into a rich pastel shade. It blended with her hair, with the careless brown corduroy suit that clothed her slim body.

Diana Pierce sat listlessly, holding her line; occasionally when the burst of Gordon Carey's laughter drifted back to the stern, where she sat with Neal, she would bend forward and regard the water with serious, searching eyes, as though she looked into a crystal.

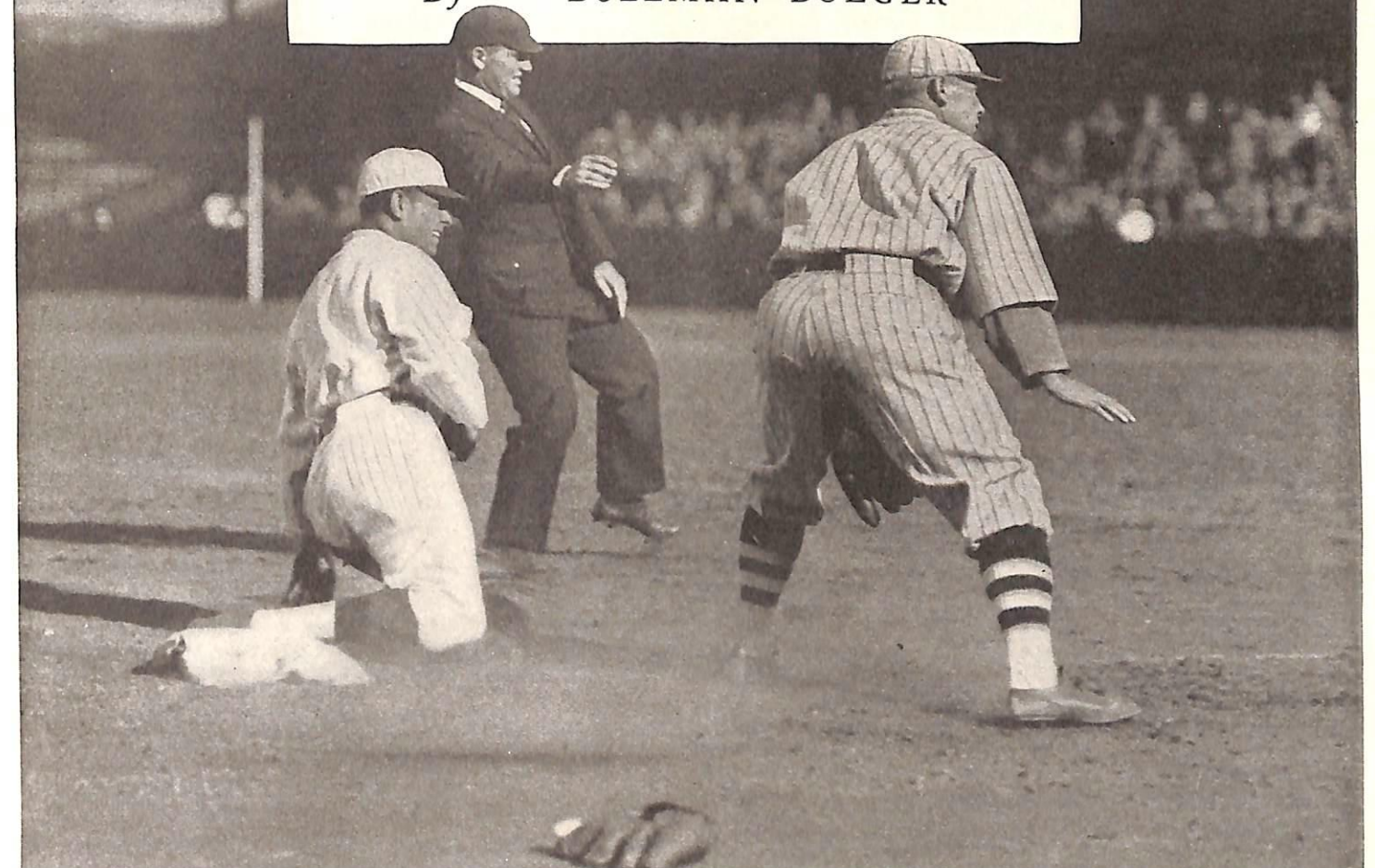
Kathy, at first only vaguely conscious of discord, continued to chatter. Dimly, she realized Neal's disapproval and Diana's depression, but she refused to analyze them. Life was too lovely for thought, especially unpleasant ones, with the sea blue and fresh about her, the man she loved so near. Yes, and with another man increasingly interested in her conversation, and the girl who had once humiliated her, silent in the stern of the boat!

She wasn't, she told herself, flirting with Gordon Carey, anyway! If Di Pierce didn't like it, that was her own affair! And if Neal didn't like it . . . but why should he object? Obstinate, she closed her mind to consideration. She was enjoying herself! She was no longer that shy and resentful country girl, a native! She was herself, Katherine Snow, and if she was just the least bit exhilarated by the fact that she was, for the moment, causing Diana to suffer—well, that was understandable, wasn't it?

She wanted to forget Neal's eyes, to be let alone! Yet the discord persisted, and most of her [Continued on page 80]

Why Kill the UMPIRE?

By BOZEMAN BULGER



Fans now seek his Friendship instead of his Life

AFTER one of the World Series games in St. Louis last fall, having worked late in the press box, I was standing outside the park on the curb, hopelessly waiting some means of transportation back to the hotel.

As I was about to give it up a handsome limousine, driven by a liveried chauffeur, came out of the drizzling rain and pulled up at the curb. A head poked out of the half opened door.

"Hey, there," called a cheerful voice, "want a ride?"

I thought I recognized the voice of Billy Evans, the umpire, but my answer was to leap at the opportunity.

"Sink down in these cushions," it really was Billy—"and we'll take you home . . . Know the route, Parker?" he said to the chauffeur.

"This your car?" I asked, after a moment's survey of the luxurious outfit.

"No, my friend's. It's all the same, though. This town, you know, is the umpire's delight."

Billy's broad grin was proof that my surprised stare was excusable. I was thinking of a twenty years' accumulation of stories about umpires having been chased off the field in St. Louis. At the moment I was trying to reconcile Billy's attitude with an incident years ago when he was struck by a thrown pop bottle in that very park and laid up for weeks in the hospital. I recalled it to him.

"Not that way now," he laughed. "An umpire nowadays

has just as many friends as anybody else. You know where I am going this minute?"

"A friend of mine and of all umpires," he went right on, "has sent this car for me to come to a big party he is giving out in the country tonight in honor of all the umpires in town."

Evans was not working as an umpire in the Cardinals-Yankee games. He was on hand as an expert—a baseball reporter. Evans, you may know, is a writer—a very good one—as well as umpire. In fact, his income from writing is much more than his earnings as a baseball official. And, mind you, he is universally regarded the best umpire in the American League.

During a wait in the game that afternoon Evans had to stand up and bow in response to a demand from hundreds of fans who knew that he was in the press box.

"Can you imagine that?" smiled Evans. "Right here in a town where the baseball public thinks an umpire's life is in danger."

"How do you account for it?" I asked.

"Why," he said, "the fans are beginning to realize that baseball is, after all, a sport and not a civic warfare. Umpiring now is really a pleasant occupation."

Now, if you will, contrast this picture of an umpire's life with one presented at Baltimore more than twenty-five years ago.

Win Mercer, the famous pitcher of his day,





“Tommy” Connelly, one of the well-known American League umpires who often has officiated in the World Series baseball games. William Byron, noted for his quick wit and quaint repartee, was one of the famous National League umpires. He was called “Lord Byron”.

had a feeling all through the game that Mannassau, the umpire, was giving him the worst of it on balls and strikes.

Finally Mannassau called a bad one and the whole Baltimore team began to ride him. In the argument Mercer ran out, caught the umpire by the shoulders and began to pull him around. In the midst of his rage Mercer felt the umpire's shirt slipping. That gave him an idea. Clamping his hands on the loose folds of the blue jacket Win kept right on pulling. With the shirt half over his head, Mercer pulled the struggling umpire as far as second base. At that point something gave way. The shirt came off, Mannassau being peeled like a banana. As Mercer started across the field with the blue shirt-jacket in his hands, the outraged umpire was left standing in the middle of the diamond clad in a red flannel undershirt and his trousers. The belligerent attitude of the crowd was suddenly lost in a riot of laughter. It would be difficult to imagine anything more undignified than an umpire on the ballfield in a red flannel undershirt.

Thoroughly humiliated the umpire—he couldn't walk in a dignified manner—trotted off the field and refused to reappear. Win Mercer was punished severely for that affair but ballplayers and the public could never regard the incident except as the best joke in baseball.

Ballplayers still feel outraged at times but they don't do that sort of thing nowadays.

A year ago Tommy Connelly, of the American League, told me that he had not put a player out of a game for two years.

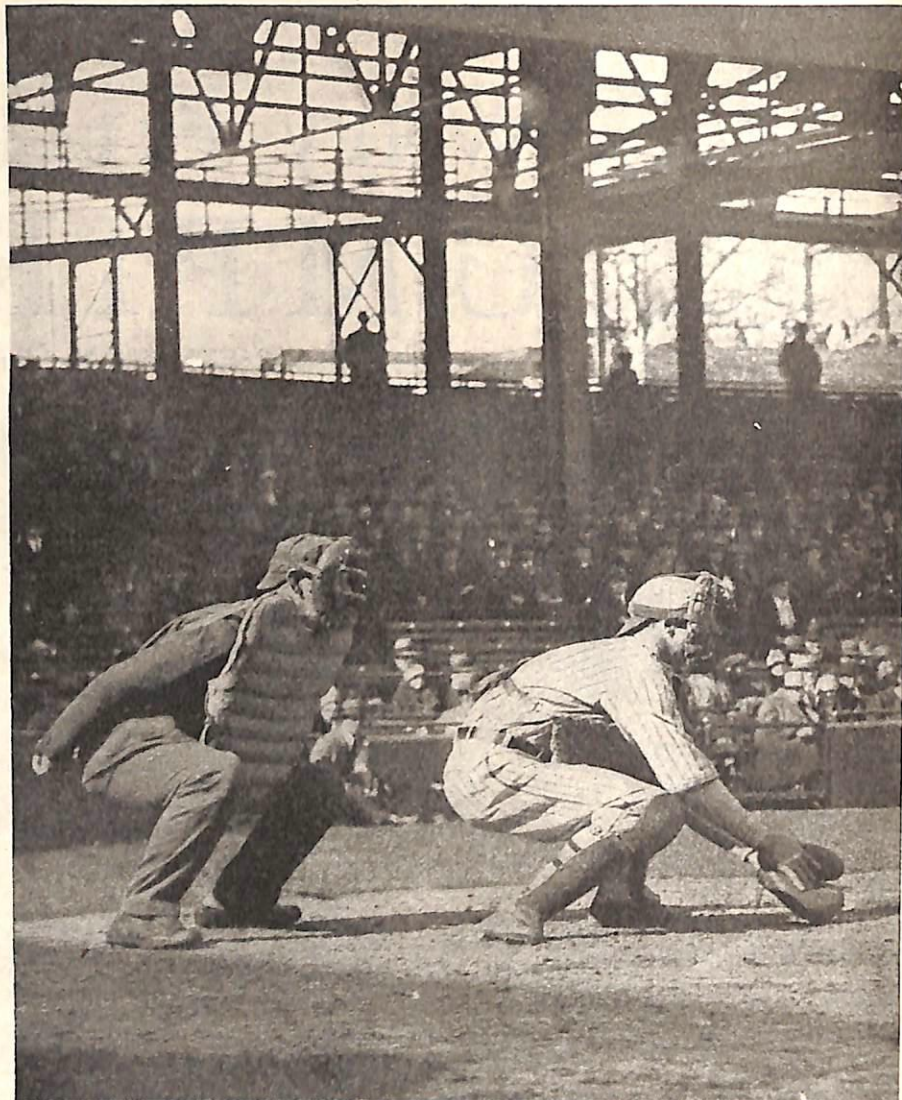
The managers have been a big help to the umpires in this respect. Realizing that the loss of a player by expulsion is just as weakening to the team as to lose him by accident, the modern manager forbids continuous kicking.

“I learned after many years,” says John McGraw, “that a team can't get anywhere fighting umpires. It is a losing game. Moreover, it is foolish.”

Having adopted that principle McGraw inflicts a fine of \$50 on each player who gets put out of a game for kicking on decisions.

The main requisite of an umpire, aside from the necessary technical knowledge of the game, is the quality of command. No matter how accurate may be his decisions, the umpire can get nowhere unless the players and public are made to realize that he is running the game; that his authority is absolute. The moment an umpire vacillates or gives indication of hesitancy he might as well quit right there and then. His control is gone.

In the past few years umpires have recognized a very keen responsibility to the public. It is as much their duty to see that the fans get a good afternoon's entertainment and be satisfied as it is to render correct decisions. To run a game off snappily and without halts or disorder is their pride. Moreover, their one dread is the necessity of making reports to the president of the league. If an umpire can make his report



verbally he doesn't mind it so much, but to sit off in a hotel room and write out a telegraph report of unpleasant incidents to his superior is the one black cloud in his life.

In the first place these affairs never look the same on paper as on the field. In the second place, being human, they do not relish the idea of consequent run-ins with the players. The ballplayers have many ways of conveying their thoughts to the umpire without actually breaking the rules. For example: “Say, Eddie,” remarks the coach to a batter as they pass each other within hearing of the chief umpire at the plate, “did you hear about the umps turning copper and writing to the boss?”

“Quite a piece he wrote,” agrees Eddie. “When I get old maybe I can earn a living by squealing on somebody.”

“Cut that stuff out,” growls Smith, the umpire. “Lay off.”

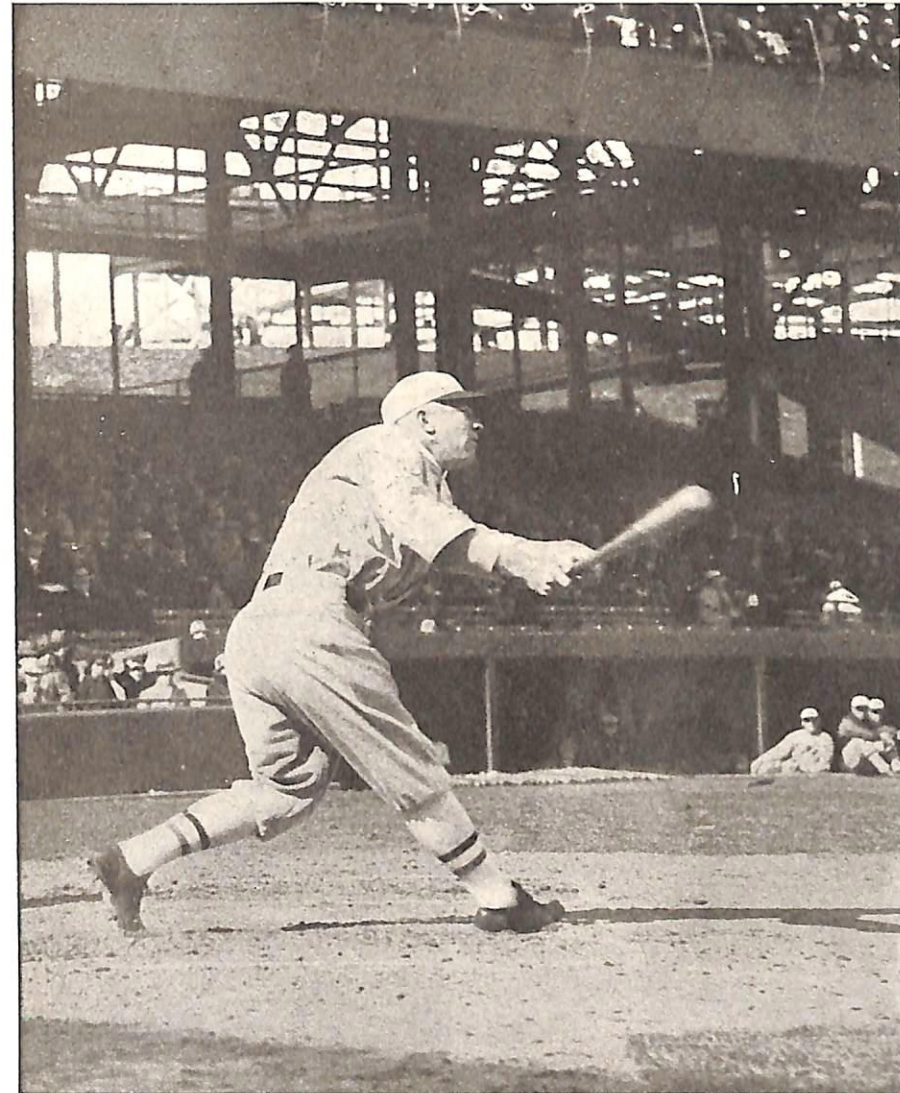
“Did you think I was speaking to you, Mr. Smith?” asks Eddie, picking up a bat. “Ain't got nothing on your mind, have you?”

“That'll be enough,” says Mr. Smith, but he knows what is meant.

Perhaps the most picturesque of all umpires was Mr. Byron, known as Lord Byron, the singing umps. He could stop most any argument by calmly paying no attention and beginning to hum some air at the plate. He had a habit of stooping down and brushing the plate off with a whiskbroom as he sang. In that position it was difficult for the players to look him in the face. Often the fans have been treated to the ludicrous sight of several players getting down on their knees to peer up into Lord Byron's mobile face and tell him what they thought of him.

“Just a little more,
“And to the clubhouse you must go,
“To the clubhouse you must go,
“Oh, Fair Lady!”

Thus Byron would sing, emphasizing the last line with a final flirt of his whiskbroom. If a player was standing near when he looked around he was out of the game.



The umpire of a big league game is as important a member of the action as any of the players. He is the man whose eye has been trained to describe that imaginary boundary of “STRI—KE!”

It was this same Mr. Byron, if I remember aright, who once stumped the president of the league so that it ended an inquiry at a most critical moment.

During a double-header on a hot July afternoon one of the players, going under the stand between the games, reported back to his comrades that the umpires had two or three bottles of cold beer in their dressing-room. The mischief makers were prompt to make use of this information, regardless of its accuracy or inaccuracy.

“You can't call strikes on beer,” a batter observed, and that led to so many other “wise cracks” that word got to the league president that the umpires had had beer in their dressing-room between games. This, you may know, is regarded a very serious crime.

No report was made for days. Finally the president had a group of his umpire staff in the big office. All of them were on the carpet for various misdemeanors.

“Mr. Byron,” the president turned to the singing umpire, “I have information that bottles of beer were sent to your dressing-room between the games of that double-header. Now I want you to tell me—”

“Why, Mr. President,” interrupted the apparently outraged Lord Byron, “would you believe one of your umpires capable of a thing like that? Why, I—”

“No, I would regret to—” the president started to admit, when Byron stepped briskly toward him.

“I want to shake your hand!” he exclaimed, as if bestowing a compliment.

The abashed president took the proffered hand, and was so nonplussed that the inquiry could not be pursued.

“To this day,” he laughs, “I don't know whether the umpire exonerated me or I exonerated him.”

Umpires stand for a great deal more abuse from ballplayers



Robert D. Emslie, one of the greatest umpires of all time, was retired from active service last year. He served the National League for thirty years. William J. Klem, believed by many veteran judges to be the best umpire in the game today. He was one of last year's World Series umpires.

than the spectators are aware. It is rare indeed that an umpire will expel a player for kicking unless he commits the unforgivable crime of deliberately trying to show the umpire up before the crowd.

That is why a ballplayer may call an umpire many bad names and get away with it, but if he throws up his cap or his glove in derision he is sure to be put out of the game. That is regarded as a movement to turn the crowd on the umpire.

There is also a class of ballplayer known to the umpires as “whiners.” These players never say a harsh word to the umpire but will turn to the crowd in a helpless sort of attitude as if to say, “Oh, what's the use!”

Umpires have an intense pride in their personal appearance on the diamond and particularly of their mannerisms. If they can adopt some peculiarity in calling a strike or a ball they feel that a place for them has been made in baseball history.

Silk O'Loughlin, for example, was intensely jealous of his famous “Strike Tuh!” Old fans well remember the intonation he put on the “Tuh.” It made him famous to his dying day.

No other umpire ever used that form of expression because it was regarded as the copyright property of O'Loughlin.

The umpire who simply calls the decisions and makes no motion to indicate what is meant can not last in the big league. He is unsatisfactory to the fans and very confusing to the boy who works the scoreboard. What is worse he never attracts attention as a personality.

When Klem calls a strike he swings his arm across the front of his body, the indicator held by his forefinger and thumb, as if he were pointing at something. Into the motion he puts a snap. Whether heard or not there can be no mistake as to the decision.

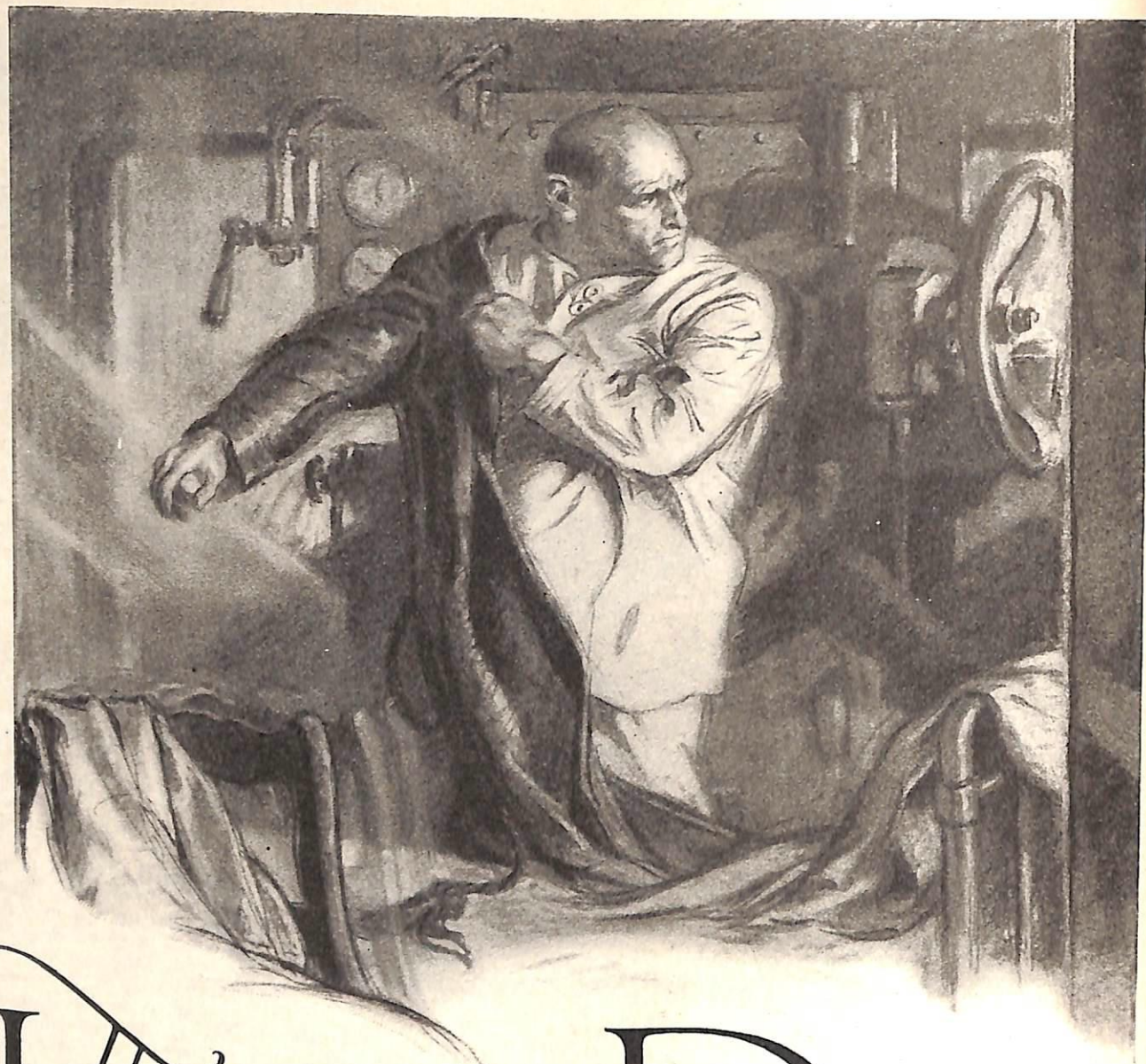
It is rare that umpires have a chance to get even with the ballplayers on the field for so-called “stalling” practices but they sometimes do.

In one game in the American League the players stalled for ten minutes in an effort to get a pitcher warmed up. The crowd thought they were kicking about something. Everything seemed mysterious and, as usual, the fans turned on the umpires who hadn't done anything at all.

When play was finally resumed Billy Evans suddenly called time and left plate to speak to the umpire at first base. They had their heads together for a minute or so, the ballplayers as puzzled as the crowd. There was a third umpire that day and he also was called into the mysterious conference. After a delay of fully five minutes the umpires went back to their places, made no explanation whatever and the game went on.

That night the sporting extras had headlines about umpires being tangled over a new catch in the rules. The players, not knowing what it was all about, assumed a mysterious air.

“That must have been an important decision you fellows had to make out there,” a fan [Continued on page 93]



The HUSHED DAY

By

IT WAS on the morning of June the tenth that this happened to Dr. Elmer Kayne Belcher and his wife, Miriam. Not that either was at once conscious of anything unusual. This was because they were occupying, for the third successive night, the micro-insulator which he had but recently perfected. You have heard or read of the Belcher Insulator, so there is no need to describe it technically; a semi-lucent glass sleeping cage, fitted with a vacuum pump by which it may be emptied of all germ laden air, and supplied with an oxygenator which fills it with a tri-pure artificial atmosphere. One enters or exits through an air-lock. The purpose of such a device is, of course, obvious; an eight hour respite from the attacks of all pathogenic bacteria, during which the leucocytes—policemen of the blood—can rid the system of disease germs and so prepare it to face fearlessly another day. Miriam Belcher, in her frivolous way, called it "the showcase", but young Mrs. Belcher's mental equipment was—well, immature. At least, she had no scientific viewpoint. None. She had neither respect for, nor fear of, the multitudes of bacteria which fill the air, swarm on food, and lurk beneath our very tongues. Pooh-poohed them. In private, of course. But even this was distressing to that noble man, her husband, who had given the best years of his life to the study of these insidious enemies, and who was about to confer on mankind

the priceless boon of Belcher's Insulator, \$2,800, f. o. b., installation extra.

Not that Elmer Kayne Belcher had failed to understand precisely the type of young person he had selected to share his fame and fortune. He had chosen Miriam deliberately and with much care out of a group of twenty graduate nurses, and then only after he had been satisfied that her heredity was sound—no insanity, tubercular tendencies, or thyroid irregularities. Physically she was as near a perfect specimen of the homo sapiens femineus as he could expect to discover. Only not excessively sapiens. Hardly. She snickered over the Mutt and Jeff cartoons, liked jazz, and insisted on going to moving picture shows at least once a week. If the opportunity had been presented she would have fox-trotted and played bridge as well. She had bobbed her hair before he had any authority to prevent such an act.

But Miriam was a well-formed, pleasing-voiced, fairly tractable young woman; and if the anterior cranial lobes lacked development, she had symmetrical limbs, a deep chest, and a clear, healthy complexion. Her facial coloring was, in fact, exquisite, delicately pigmented in pinks, which indicated an abundance of red corpuscles. A native of Nova Scotia, Miriam, brought up on codfish and potatoes, so she had plenty of iodine in her system. What more could one ask?



Illustrations by
Robert L. Lambdin

Sewell Ford

*The Last People on Earth—
that was the appalling fact
that greeted the Belchers one
morning!*

True, she had objected to sleeping in the glass cage. Strongly. What if the guinea pigs had survived? She was no guinea pig. And something might go wrong with the oxygenator. She was sure she wouldn't get a wink; or if she did, she would never wake up. But Dr. Belcher was firm. And, as usual, Miriam was wrong. The restlessness of her first night was not so marked during the second, and her third trial of the insulator was a complete success. Not only did she doze off promptly, but her sleep was so profound that at 7.30 on the morning of the tenth she had not roused.

Dr. Belcher had been awake for nearly an hour. Part of this time he had spent, watch in hand, counting her respirations. They were slightly accelerated, he noted. Reaching for the control lever he thinned the mixture until her breathing became labored, almost gaspy; then gradually he restored the oxygen content as he found himself becoming wheezy. Following this he considered, somewhat sourly, the slim attendance at his lecture on the previous evening. Less than one hundred auditors had come, and fully half of these had trickled out before he had finished. To gawp at a comet! As

"Something has happened," Miriam called agitatedly through the glass door of the sleeping cage. "The maid doesn't answer the bell, and everything is so quiet!"

though a glimpse at Kistler's sidereal vagabond was of more concern to them than learning how to prolong their probably useless lives to an extent as yet undetermined! He had been advised to change the date, but had scornfully declined. If he must compete with Kistler's comet he would. He had, and the comet had won. Probably a prize fight or a circus parade would have had the same effect on them.

At 7.32 Dr. Belcher compressed between his thumb and forefinger Miriam's nostrils until the nerve cells in the lungs sent a danger call to the medulla and she awoke struggling for breath. Even great minds, you see, have playful moods; a fact which young Mrs. Belcher failed to appreciate.

"I wish you wouldn't do that, Dr. Belcher," she protested. "I've told you I dislike being awakened that way. Besides, it's silly."

"Nothing which works, my dear, is silly; and most of your likes and dislikes, as I have had occasion to point out to you, are mere whims. And now that you are quite aroused, kindly let yourself out and ring for Hilda to bring up the morning papers. Go through the air lock with care."

When she had gone Dr. Belcher took his own time about getting up, and when he finally did stand erect in the sleeping cage he found it necessary to grasp one of the white enameled

bedposts. He was slightly giddy. Perhaps that intake valve needed adjusting. He must have Miriam re-enter after breakfast while he made a few experiments. There she was, though, trying to say something to him through the glass. Absurd. As if one could converse through two quarter inch panes with a four inch vacuum between. He could perceive her only as a dim, wavy figure. She seemed to be making signals to him. More futility.

Without haste Dr. Belcher stepped to the lock, entered, inspected the various dials—pressure, density, hydrometer—remained the full two minutes in the ante-chamber, and then emerged. He was met by an agitated Miriam. There was a puzzled look in her sea blue eyes, her fingers clutched nervously about her the silk dressing robe.

"Something funny has happened," she announced.

"Then why not laugh?" he asked satirically.

She stared at him. "Odd, I mean. Why is everything so quiet? Listen."

She was so serious about it, so insistent, that for once he humored her. He did listen. They both listened. But, strangely enough, there was nothing to hear. She turned to him inquiringly.

"Why?" she repeated.

"Our auditory nerves may have become, for the moment, dulled. The mixture was not quite right."

"But I hear you well enough," she went on. "And there's something else. Hilda did not answer the bell."

"Still asleep, probably."

"There were no morning papers at the door. I went down myself. Nor any street cars running. No automobiles, either. Nothing. I—I don't know what to make of it, Dr. Belcher." Even under stress of emotion she still used the formal address.

If he noted he did not mind. He was pleased, rather.

But he had humored her enough. "Rubbish! Let us see."

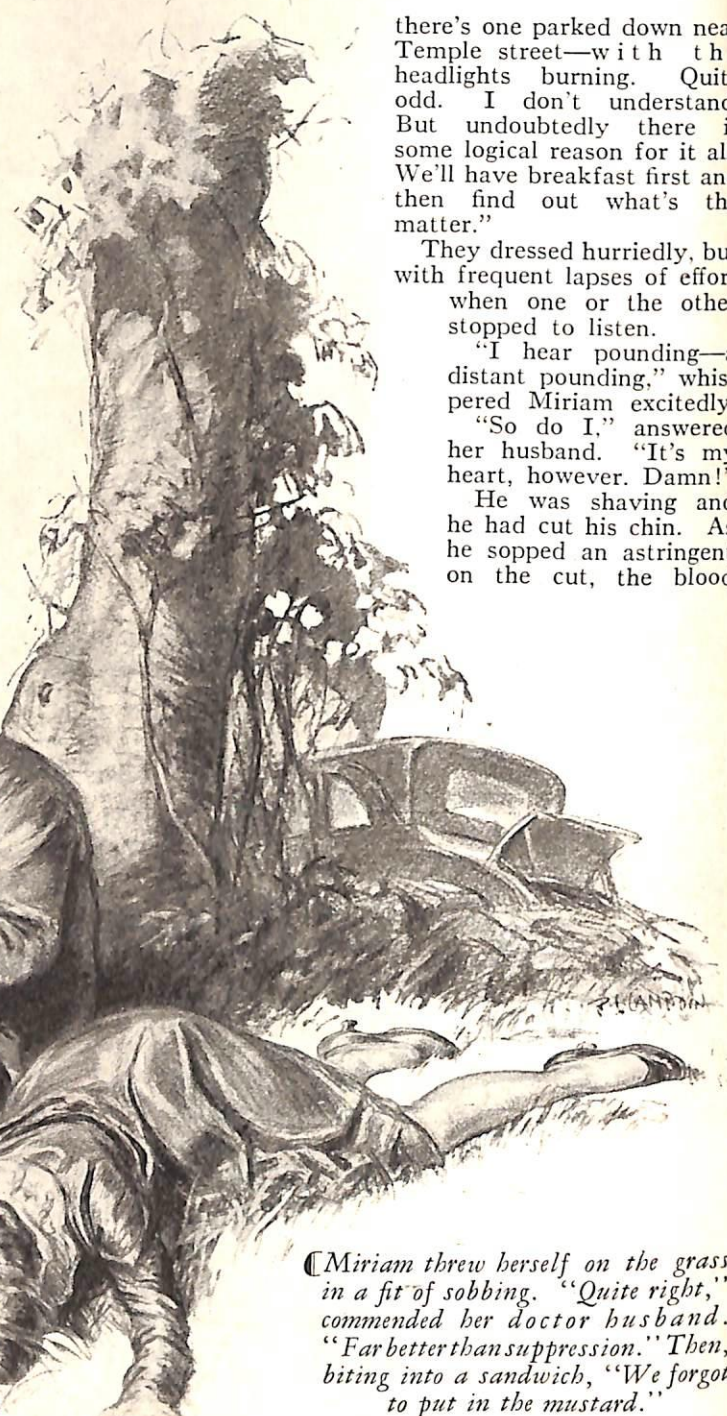
Stepping to one of the windows of their dressing-room he threw it open. Silence. Not merely a hush, but absolute absence of any sound whatever. Norfield had the usual traffic noises and factory whistles, but now it had ceased.

"H-m-m!" Dr. Belcher cleared his throat, no more violently than usual. But the sound echoed raucously through the room. His wife grabbed him by the arm. He was startled himself, annoyed.

"I am not a life raft," he reproved.

"No," and she paused an instant, "you are not." She had meant to say it quietly, but her voice seemed to boom out the words. "I beg your pardon," she added.

"Oh, all right. You are a trifle overwrought. This is unusual—this stillness. Almost weird. One might think the city had gone into a cataleptic state. Look at Grand avenue—bare as the skull of a skeleton. Not a motor-car in sight. Yes,



(Miriam threw herself on the grass in a fit of sobbing. "Quite right," commended her doctor husband. "Far better than suppression." Then, biting into a sandwich, "We forgot to put in the mustard.")

having run down and tinged the lather, Miriam watched him with narrowed eyelids. How had she ever deluded herself into thinking that she could become accustomed to such an unattractive person? That flat, bald pate; the deep-set, greenish eyes; the bat ears, the square, heavy jaw. Yes, he certainly did look like Boggsy, in the comic strip. For a long time she had tried to inhibit the thought, but now the likeness seemed stronger than ever. Only Dr. Belcher's mouth was harder than Boggsy's. It was a cruel mouth. But then, he was a great bacteriologist. He wrote magazine articles, books. He delivered addresses before scientific bodies. And she was Mrs. Elmer Kayne Belcher. Ah, well!

They went down to the breakfast room. An unset table greeted them. No neat arrangement of plates and silver and linen. No orange juice. Miriam pushed through two doors into the kitchen. No cook, no Hilda. She reported to Dr. Belcher.

"Better call 'em," he suggested.

She started toward the service stairs but stopped. "I'd rather not go up alone."

"Very well. I'll go with you."

there's one parked down near Temple street—with the headlights burning. Quite odd. I don't understand. But undoubtedly there is some logical reason for it all. We'll have breakfast first and then find out what's the matter."

They dressed hurriedly, but with frequent lapses of effort when one or the other stopped to listen.

"I hear pounding—a distant pounding," whispered Miriam excitedly.

"So do I," answered her husband. "It's my heart, however. Damn!"

He was shaving and he had cut his chin. As he sopped an astringent on the cut, the blood

He was the one who knocked on Hilda's door. There was no response. Miriam called out, somewhat weakly, "Hilda! Hilda!" Not even a stirring sound came from within.

"Try the door," he ordered.

She put her hand to the knob, then drew it quickly back. "No. I—I'm afraid."

He snorted impatiently, opened the door, looked in. "Just as I thought—asleep. Go in and rouse her."

Miriam shook her head. "I don't dare. You do it."

She turned her back and waited with shut eyes until he came out. "You were right," he said. "I must telephone for some G. P. Dr. Smedler is nearest, I suppose."

Miriam gasped. "Then she is—"

"Her vital organs have ceased to function. I must notify the Coroner's office, too. Don't tell the cook until after she prepares breakfast. Let's see if we can wake her up."

"She went to a dance last night," suggested Miriam, "and probably stayed with friends. I'll get something ready while you are telephoning. And see if Dr. Smedler has heard of anything."

She had not asked what could have happened to Hilda so suddenly, nor had she been much startled to learn of her taking off. Somehow she had known, as they waited outside the maid's door, that calling her would be useless. Instinct, premonition, what you will. And now, as she moved mechanically about the white tiled kitchen, she was conscious of a great dread—as though some unnamed, unnamable thing was stalking through the strange silence; stalking with unheard but ominous footfalls; relentless, merciless—toward her. She was allowing a piece of bread to scorch smokily in the electric toaster when Dr. Belcher returned from the telephone.

"Couldn't get Smedler," he announced. "Couldn't even get Central. And the line isn't dead, either. Strange. You're burning that toast."

"Dr. Belcher, I believe something awful must have happened." She said it quietly, but with solemn conviction.

"Don't be morbid. I'll have a poached egg."

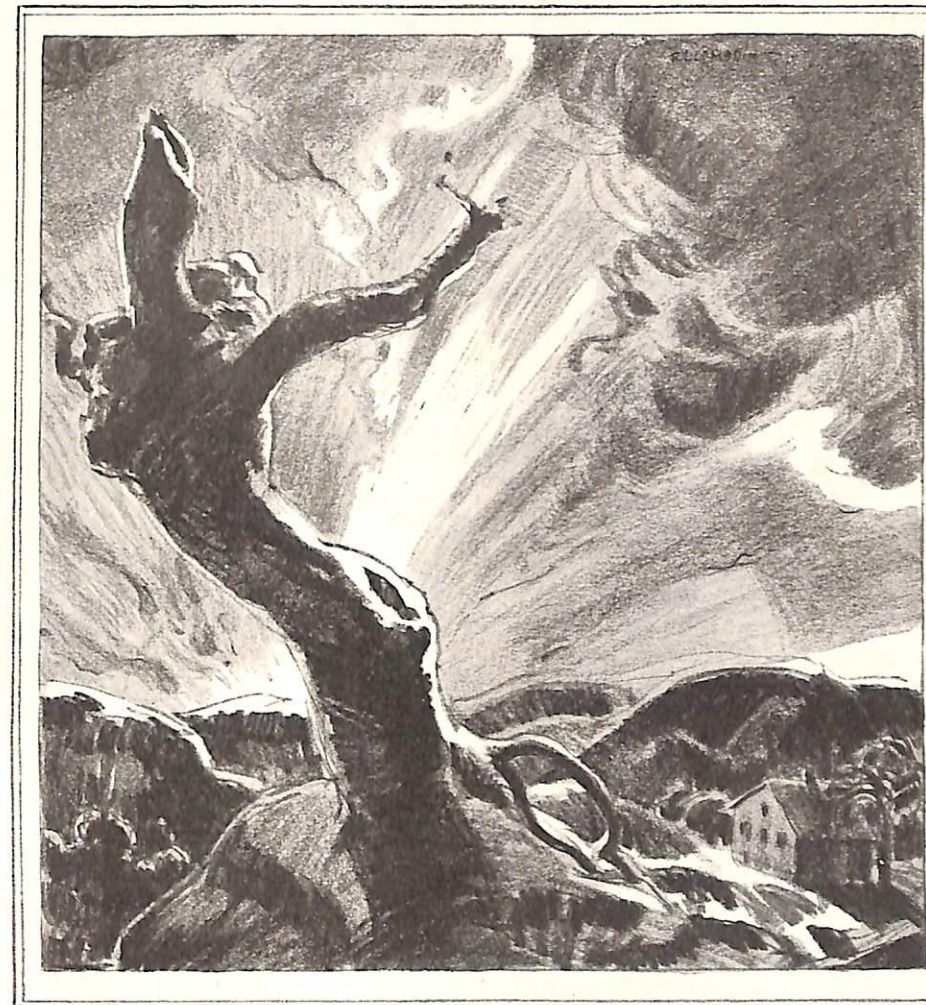
They breakfasted scantily, Miriam being content with a cup of coffee, and neither spoke again until Dr. Belcher had finished his egg and toast.

"I suppose I must go after Smedler, or some other doctor," he announced. "I'll get out the car."

"I will go, too," said Miriam. "I couldn't bear being left alone in this house."

He grunted assent, got his Panama hat, and she followed him out the back door to the garage. Dr. Belcher had given up employing a chauffeur, although he was a wretched driver. As his laboratory was on the top floor of his home, and as he left it very seldom, he got along very well without one. Besides, Miriam handled a car quite skilfully.

Curled up in the sunshine beside the garage door was a tomcat which Hilda fed and petted but which was not allowed in the house. At least, Dr. Belcher had so ordered. Cats carried disease germs. He disliked them.



"Scat!" he hissed.

Tom did not scat. He remained motionless. Dr. Belcher prodded the animal with the toe of his shoe. Still the cat did not stir.

"Huh!" was his only comment.

Miriam drove, as usual, but the roar and clatter of the motor, generally so quiet running, almost stunned her. And the unwonted emptiness of Grand avenue, a main thoroughfare that should have been crowded with traffic at this hour, was uncanny. So, too, was the appearance of the residences they passed—shades down, doors shut, no one moving about anywhere.

"The street lights are still on," shouted Miriam above the racket of the engine.

"I see," he said.

They drove three blocks to Dr. Blake's, and although Dr. Belcher pushed the button insistently and hammered the brass knocker, there was no response. As he came back to the car he appeared perplexed, a little impatient, but not at all awed. Dr. Belcher was not accustomed to being awed by anything.

"Well!" he said, getting in beside Miriam. "It looks as though something had happened in this section of the city."

"The very air has a queer smell," said Miriam. "Pungent. I can almost taste it."

"I can. Carbon dioxide. But not enough of it to be disturbing—not at present. There may have been much more during the night, a great deal more."

"But how—where could it have come from?"

Dr. Belcher hesitated. Then, slowly: "I don't know." She could not remember ever having heard him make such an admission before.

"I must go downtown," he added. "I must discover how far this—er—lethal radius extends. Perhaps you had best get off at the house and stay there."

"No, no! Not among—all these. No, I will go with you."

"As you choose," he said.

So they drove on, down the deserted avenue, into the silent heart of the stilled city.

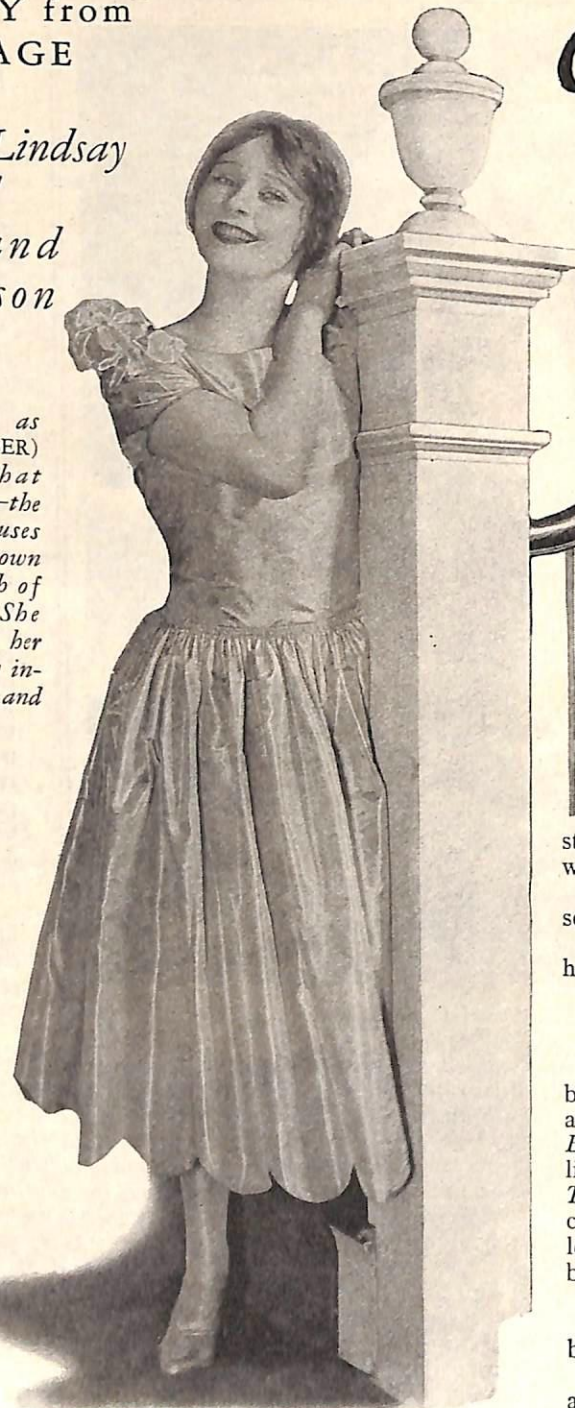
About 2 o'clock of the same day, Miriam brought the car to a stop under the shade of a large maple which stood near the summit of a hill several miles to the southward of Norfield's last straggling suburb. They had made a return trip to their home, packed two suitcases with clothing, and filled a box with easily prepared food. Now Dr. Belcher had said he needed luncheon, and he proceeded to eat.

Miriam did not even make a pretense of joining him. She threw herself on the grass under the tree, face down, and gave way to a fit of sobbing. What she had seen since emerging from the insulator at 7:30 that morning had been too much, even for a nervous system as nearly perfect in its functioning as hers.

"Quite right," commended her husband. "Nature's safety valve. Far better than suppression, hysterics." He bit into a cheese sandwich. "The lachrymal ducts are the floodgates of emotion. We forgot to put in [Continued on page 90]

CA STORY from
the STAGE
By
Howard Lindsay
and
Bertrand
Robinson

(Peg Entwistle as
(MARIE THURBER)
—the girl that
Tommy loves—the
girl who refuses
to be driven down
the labyrinth of
marriage. She
wants to find her
own honest way in-
to Romance—and
does.



TOMMY

CA delicious little
play proving that
if young romance
should by chance
run too auspiciously
you must upset it
somehow—to pro-
vide a sort of cock-
tail to love

that very day he had had a chance to sell the farm his grandmother left him to the Civic Improvement Board, and what did the polite youngster do but promise to ask so much for it that the Board would have to buy Thurber's land instead.

Dave—How are you going to get married if you don't sell that property?

Tommy (WILLIAM JANNEY)—But I've given my word of honor.

Dave—I tell you what I'll do—I'll sell that farm . . .

Tommy—Gee! Thanks.

Dave—If you get thrown out of this house.

Good heavens! Tommy has never had any experience in being thrown out of houses. But something must be done and done quickly. For, added to his other worries, there is Bernard—his deadly rival—who even now has a marriage license in his pocket, ready to go off any moment, like a gun. Tommy indeed had better hump himself. So he begins his campaign. Just little rudenesses to the Thurbers—little neglects—nothing much—in fact, quite in the modern style—but the adoring Thurbers are dumbfounded.

Thurber (LLOYD NEAL)—I wonder if the boy is sick?

Mrs. Thurber (MAIDEL TURNER)—I wonder if it could be his teeth.

Along comes the night of a lovely dance to which Tommy and Marie are going. The ubiquitous Bernard turns up, offering to take them in his car.

Bernard (ALAN BUNCE)—Mr. Thurber, I know you and Mrs. Thurber aren't very keen about me . . . But you'll get to like me when you know me . . . I'm going to be your son-in-law, you know.

Thurber—We might have something to say about that!

Mrs. Thurber—We're her father and mother, you know.

Bernard—Yes, that's why I told you.

Then he catches a glimpse of Marie in her new party frock, looking like an apple blossom. He wastes no time.

Bernard—My, that's beautiful! Where was that dress made, in Paris?

Mrs. Thurber tumbles neatly into the trap.

"I made it," says Marie's mother—and softens one degree toward the clever youth.

Mrs. Thurber—Did you notice Marie's dress, Tommy . . . I made it, you know.

Tommy—I could see that.

What does he mean by that two-edged remark!

Mrs. Thurber—Thank you, Tommy. Bernard noticed it and said how beautiful it looked on Marie.

Tommy—Marie could make any dress look beautiful.

Marie's father rushes to the rescue.

Thurber—Well, Tommy, how's the banking business?

Tommy—Fine. How's the livery stable business?

Thurber—Well, I had a good year last year.

Tommy—Did somebody hire a horse?



Decidedly the time has come to find out what is wrong with the boy.

Mrs. Thurber—Tommy, I've been wondering—isn't there something the matter with your teeth . . . We don't want you to have any trouble with them. You realize we look upon you as our boy, and you know how Warren and I love you.

"Oh, what's the use!" cries the young man, and in despair goes to David, who has been waiting for just that.

Since he finds it not in his power to insult the Thurbers, Dave's terrible advice to Tommy is for the boy to go back on his promise to Warren, call up the Civic Improvement Board and say that he has reduced the price of his land. He must underbid Warren—that will do the trick.

Tommy—I've given my word of honor.

Dave—Oh, for God's sake, Tommy—all's fair in love and war. Lend me your handkerchief.

Now, the wicked uncle wants the handkerchief to put around his hand while he struggles with a stubborn cork in a bottle of "bootleg"—a handkerchief which he subsequently dampens generously with the illegal liquid and, distracting Tommy's attention, stuffs back in the boy's pocket.

"You're going to get yourself thrown out of this house," says Dave, "if it's the last thing I do."

A little later the Thurbers discover Dave preparing for action.

Mrs. Thurber—Where are you going, David?

Dave—I'm going down to the Board meeting to try to prevent them from buying Tommy Mills' farm.

(Tommy (WILLIAM JANNEY)—Tipsily—I want to tell you right now I'm sick of—I'm sick—My God I'm sick!

Mrs. Thurber—What!

David—I just found out that Mills boy is only asking fifteen thousand dollars.

Thurber—He told me he'd raised it to twenty-thousand. I'll throw him out of the house.

Poor Tommy, coming innocently back upon the scene, faces a battle.

Mrs. Thurber—What a terrible thing for you to do to Warren and me!

Tommy—What! What have I done?

Thurber—You knew perfectly well how much that meant to me!

Tommy—Mr. Thurber would you mind telling me what this is all about?

Thurber—You see that door? You get out of that door and never use that door again.

Behold how delightfully right Uncle Dave was in his philosophy! Marie immediately takes sides with her young lover.

Marie (PEG ENTWISTLE)—If Tommy goes out of this house I go with him.

Then—suddenly—they discover the evil odor of alcohol emanating from the youthful villain.

Thurber—Elise, that's what's the matter with him. Teeth, hell! . . . it's whisky!

News arrives, via a neighbor, that the Board has bought Tommy's land at his reduced price, and left the Thurbers with their property on their hands.

Tommy—Oh, no. It's a mistake.

[Continued on page 94]

TOMMY MILLS was mad. He had come to see his sweetheart, Marie Thurber, bearing gifts to her parents—a cigar of excellence to Thurber père and a box of Mrs. T's favorite candy. The Thurbers were positively foolish about Tommy—not only because some day he would inherit the First National Bank of the town—but because he was such a perfect little gentleman. Marie must marry him. Any girl with half an eye could see that Tommy was heaven-sent. Marie, however, refused to have her mind made up for her.

Tommy Mills was mad. Not because of all this, naturally, but because Marie's uncle David Tuttle persisted in knocking him. Why?

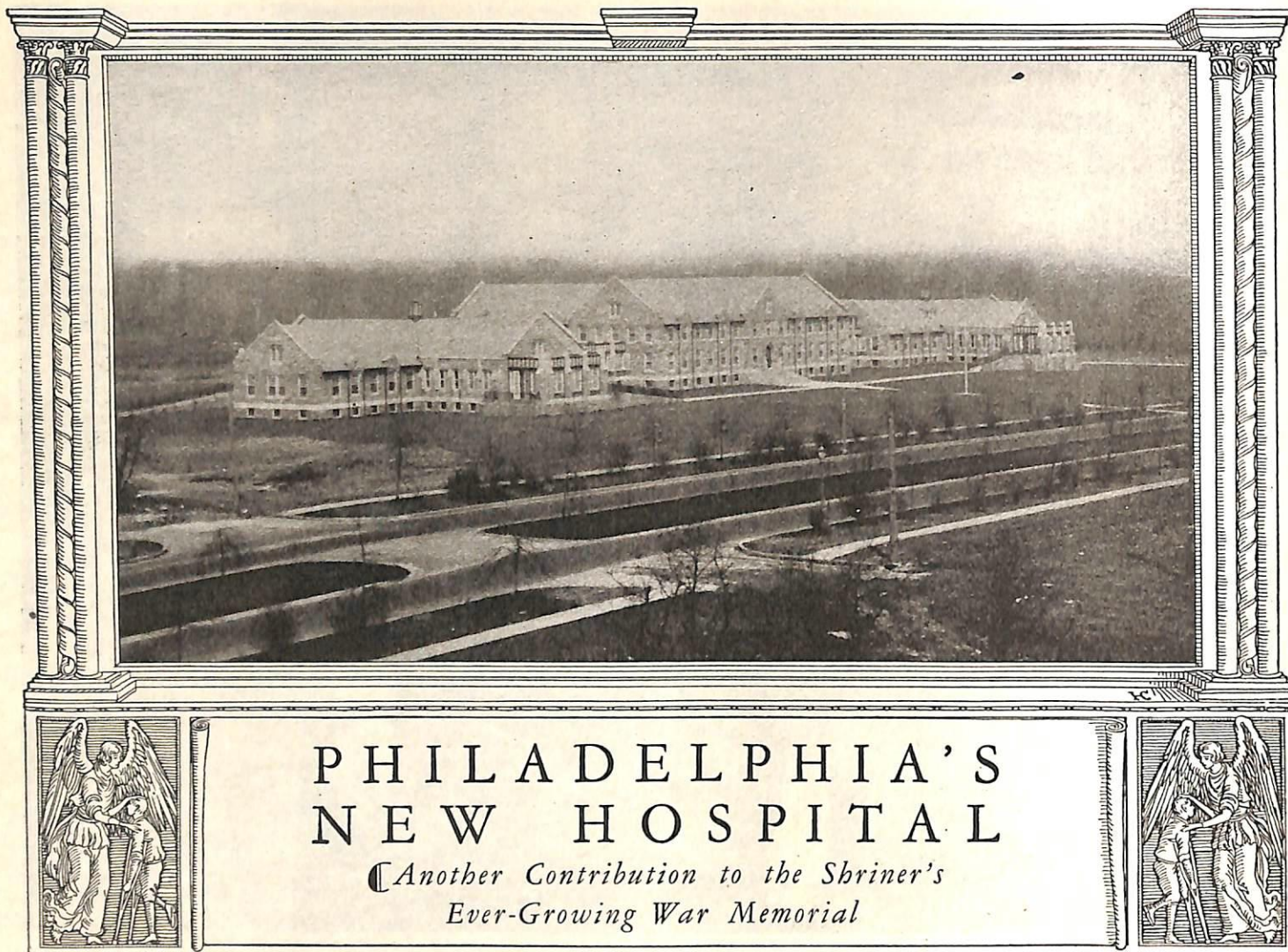
Dave (SIDNEY TOLER)—Sit down, Tommy, sit down. For the past year all I've heard in this house is "Isn't Tommy wonderful? Tommy's so thoughtful and kind. What a wonderful husband Tommy's going to make"—until I got sick of it . . . How much romance is there for you and Marie with her parents trying to force you on her? They've taken all the kick out of it. Marie didn't even know how much she cared for you until I began to knock you . . . Why, Tommy, if they ever told Marie she couldn't marry you she'd marry you in a minute. Now there's an idea . . . What you've got to do is to give Marie a chance to feel romantic . . . If you can get yourself thrown out of this house—"

In fact, Dave tells the boy, right to his face, that he's been a regular sissy—the way he's catered to the Thurbers. Why,



Marie—Tommy, you lied to me!

Tommy—Oh, no. It's a mistake, you'll be sorry you said that!



PHILADELPHIA'S NEW HOSPITAL

*Another Contribution to the Shriner's
Ever-Growing War Memorial*

JUST outside Philadelphia two great names are linked in a road. Start north, along Broad street, from the City Hall and the high set, guardian figure of old William Penn, and you come, in due course, to a great boulevard that will lead you to Trenton and, finally, to New York—the last stretch, or the first, according to your starting point, of the Great Lincoln Highway that spans America between the Atlantic and the Pacific. And this road is called the Roosevelt Boulevard.

It runs out of Philadelphia, among fields rapidly being built up with those long rows of tiny, identical houses that are characteristic of the city's lateral, spreading growth. And just before you come to Pennypack Park, as you leave Philadelphia, you will see on your left, a noble building of native stone, set among green lawns. The stone is still a little new; it has not had time to weather yet, to take on the dignity of age. But it will have time; it ought to last as long as Philadelphia, as long as the memory of the two great men the road it stands upon com-

*By William
Almon Wolff*
(Decoration by Harry Cimino)

memorates, as long as there is need for it. And that, tragically, bids fair to be a long time indeed, for no man living can see the coming of a day when children shall no longer be born into the world twisted and misshapen, or when laughing, smiling, leaping youngsters shall not be stricken down by diseases that, when they have run their course, leave them deformed and tortured.

It is there, beside the great road, set well back, in what was not so long ago, a smiling meadow with green spaces of Pennypack Park, forever safe from the builders, nearby, that the Philadelphia Unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children stands. W. Freeland Kendrick, Past Imperial Potentate, and Mayor of Philadelphia, broke ground for it on his fiftieth birthday, June 24th, 1924. A year later he laid its cornerstone; on his fifty-second birthday he dedicated it, and in his arms carried little Frank Riley of Harrisburg, across its threshold.

THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Frank Riley was a tow-headed, spectacled youngster. He was like any other baby at



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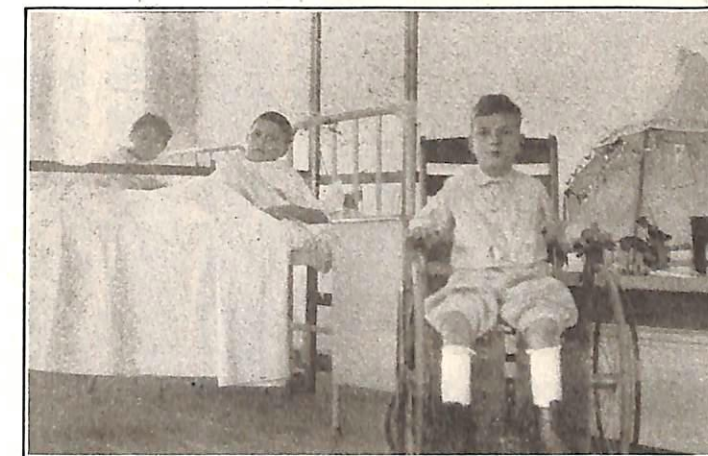
first. And then, mysteriously, without warning, sickness came upon him in one of its most dreadful forms—the queer, even now only partly understood scourge called infantile paralysis.

Frank recovered. That is—he didn't die. But when doctors and nurses at home had done all they could for him, when the fever had passed, when his mind was restored to a sort of health, the little body was still helpless. He couldn't walk; it was a long, long chance, an outside chance, whether he would ever walk again.

There was no real help for him in Harrisburg. They had done well by him, the doctors there; no doubt of that. It hadn't mattered that the Rileys were poor; that they had no money to pay. But they had gone as far as, with their resources, they could. They knew that, given the right sort of help, more, still, could be done. But that help wasn't available in Harrisburg.

They knew, those doctors, what orthopedic surgery was doing for victims of infantile paralysis. They knew the enormous strides that had been made in the last few years.

The doctors knew this, but they were helpless. Or so it seemed. But presently some one had an inspiration. A



*One of the best things about the Philadelphia Unit
is the happy spirit of the little patients.*

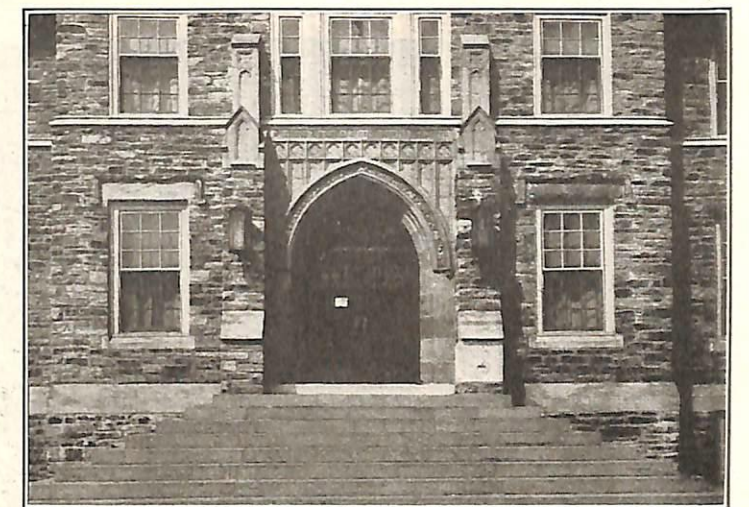
Shriner was told of Frank's case. There was an investigation—and Frank was certified to the new unit of the hospitals as a child worthy of aid. So he came to be the first patient admitted to the magnificent new Philadelphia unit—on June 24, 1926. And not quite six months later, on December 7, still in 1926, Frank Riley walked out of the hospital—discharged!

Cured? Well, you can't get any orthopedic surgeons to use the word. They don't cure; they correct. They speak of the percentage of correction, and they are pretty rigorous in estimating percentages. I never heard one claim a hundred percent correction. But the layman would say that Frank Riley was cured when he went back to Harrisburg, and that seems fair enough to me.

Some years ago W. Freeland Kendrick, who wasn't mayor of Philadelphia then, and hadn't served the Shrine as its Imperial Potentate, heard that the children at the Home for Incurables at Woodland avenue, in Philadelphia, enjoyed nothing quite so much as an automobile ride. Promptly he promised to see that something should be done, and, quite characteristically, he drove out himself, in his own car, to take as many as he could for a drive.

That was by no means Mr. Kendrick's first experiment in practical first hand kindness. He has had a part in the work of institutions of one sort and another for years; he is one of those men, successful, prosperous, happy themselves, who give a good deal of thought to those less fortunate.

He didn't enjoy what he saw and heard. It began to haunt him, and it never stopped. No need to go into detail;



*It was through this door of the Philadelphia Unit that
Mayor Kendrick carried his first patient in 1926.*

if there is anything more tragic, more appealing, than the sight of the children in such a home it is a little hard to imagine what it can be.

So Kendrick didn't stop there. His mind reached out, and he began, in the way of a practical man, to look into this matter of crippled and helpless children. He found out how many there were, and what was being done for them. A lot was being done—but it was only a drop in the bucket. And he began to develop a vision of what, with energy and good will and intelligent effort, might be done.

This was when men's minds, all over America, were turning to the thought that there should arise memorials to our war effort and our war dead. Men thought of stately monuments, great institutions. Kendrick thought of a living, ever-growing memorial. And out of his thought, first presented to the meeting of the Imperial Council, in 1919, at which he was chosen as Imperial Potentate, there grew, by various stages, the magnificent scheme of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children.

The scheme as it is now splendidly functioning does not belong to any one man. Many men have had a part in forming it, developing it, but the Philadelphia hospital is, in a very real sense, Kendrick's. LuLu Temple gave its magnificent site; Kendrick's enthusiasm and energy have won many gifts for it. He is today, as he has been from the first, Chairman of the Local Board of Governors that controls it. I talked with Miss Edna Craig Taylor, its superintendent. I asked her if it was not, perhaps, a little difficult to have to deal with a chairman who was necessarily so busy. She laughed.

"That man?" she said. "There's never a minute, day or night, when I can't count on him! Whatever I need, he's ready. They all are, all the governors. I've worked in and with many hospitals; I've known all sorts of governing boards. But I've never known one like this!"

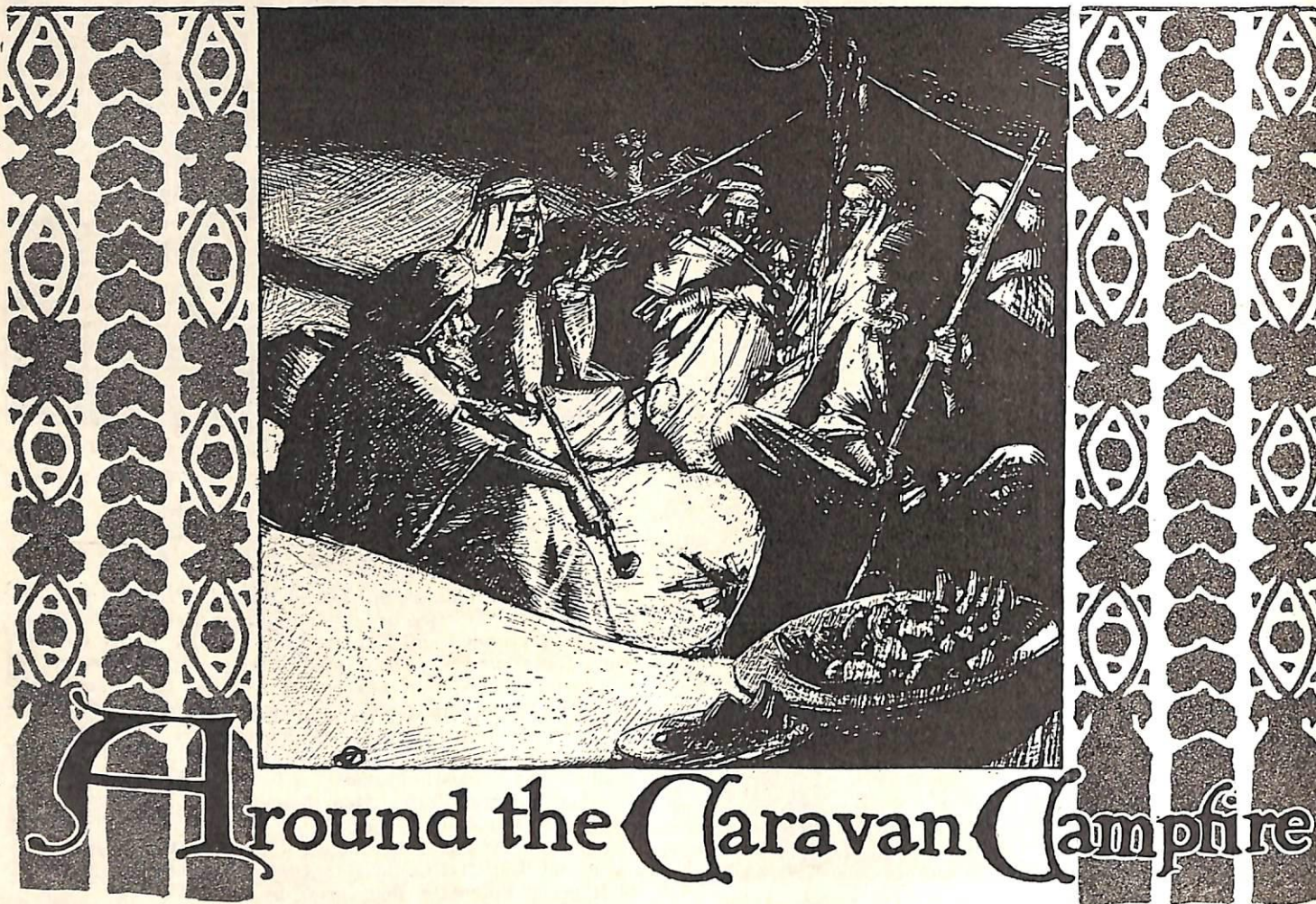
She asked me what I was smiling at. And I told her. You see, she wasn't being original. That is what you hear from the technical people in all the units. They all think their own local governors are unique in the interest, the devotion, the efficiency, they display. I don't think Miss Taylor believed me when I told her that

if she were transferred to Springfield, or San Francisco, or the Twin Cities—or, for that matter, to any of the other units—tomorrow she would get exactly the same sort of co-operation she has had in Philadelphia. But it's true, and that is the great, the distinguishing thing about these Shriners Hospitals—the thing that makes everything else possible.

It is worthwhile, I think, to make a brief digression here from what is, after all, the main theme of this particular article, the Philadelphia hospital. [Continued on page 78]



*The nurses are completely
absorbed in their work of caring
for the crippled children.*



Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

IT IS unfortunate that there is no room in our modern civilization for she-bears to wander around between the taxicabs and romp conveniently in the parks!

It all began way back in Second Kings in the twenty-third verse, et seq. "and there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, saying Go up thou bald head, go up." It ended right here in my office this morning. A couple of she-bears came out of the wood and tore forty-two of those impudent kids to excelsior. In my office there was nary a she-bear.

This time it was an impudent, dimpled-kneed flapper. She secretaries me when she is not busy powdering her nose or reading the movie section of the morning paper. I was working hard trying to keep my feet on my desk when she laid before me a copy of the Shrine Magazine and a copy of Collier's. In the Shrine Magazine she showed me the ad. of a "dingus" to put on my head, like a cap. It has a pink, blue or violet light in it. This light has the same effect on hair roots that the spring sun has on hyacinth bulbs. You wear it fifteen minutes each day. In Collier's she showed me an ad. of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Book Shelf and a course of reading that will make you wise enough for the Committee on Jurisprudence and Law if you read it for fifteen minutes a day.

She proposed that I buy the cap dooflicker and the books and for fifteen minutes each day sit with the thing on my head and read the books. Thus in no time at all, I would have something on the outside and something on the inside of my head. One, she said, would increase my sex appeal; the other, my ability to write what people would care to read.

There wasn't a she-bear in the building for I went to the door and looked up and down the hall. When I explained what I was looking for she said she didn't mind being hugged! Can you beat 'em? You can not!

My thought processes used to be of infinite interest to me. I now wonder rather if I have any. But before I studied anatomy I had an odd idea about the content of my brain cavity.

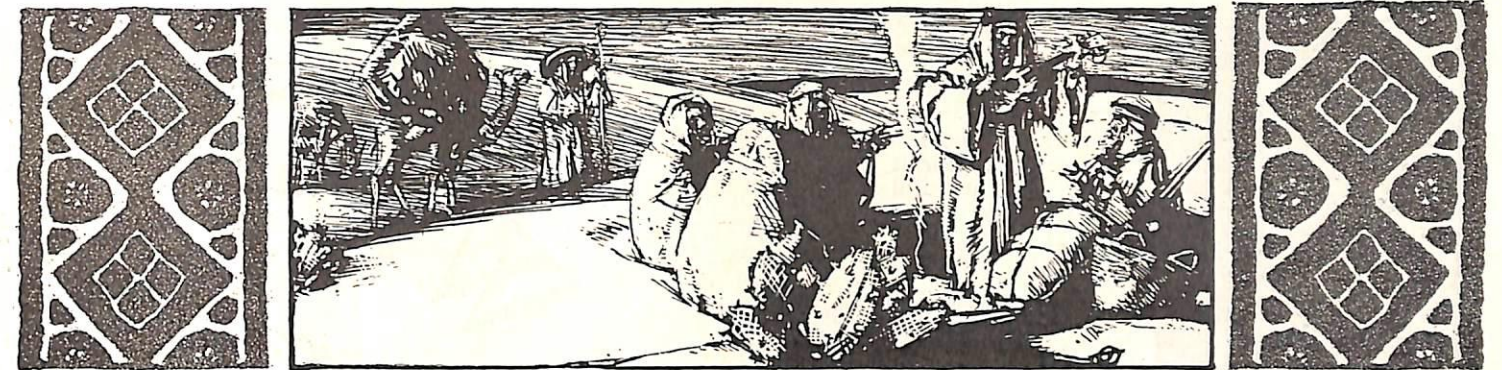
We raised bees, so I used to see a lot of honey comb. I had the idea that inside of my skull, lining it like the meat of a cocoanut, was a honey comb affair in each of the little cells of which was an idea. I thought maybe the inner cavity was filled with a liquid like the milk in a cocoanut, and that there was a current in this liquid like the gulf stream. When this current washed against one side of the skull with enough force to wash one of the ideas out of its cell, this was what I thought about. I used to try tilting my cocoanut so the milk in it would be diverted in another direction to see what I would think about next.

In the instance of this morning the absence of she-bears, the inability to fire this one and hire another who would be more respectful to my bald "bean" and who would venerate my years, diverted my thought processes to the complete change in the young people of today from the young people of my day.

Life is longer now than it used to be. In the year sixteen hundred and fifty men died at the average age of twenty years. In eighteen hundred and fifty the average had been doubled. The average age at which men died was forty. In eighteen hundred and seventy-five the average age to which men lived was forty-five and now it has risen to fifty-eight.

Sanitation, sleeping with windows open, cold baths, anti-toxins, surgery, regular exercise, is slowly but surely increasing the age of men and women. From the statistics it will be seen that the man a hundred years old will be common a few years hence.

The unfair sex has abandoned breath impeding corsets, long germ collecting skirts and multiple petticoats. Swimming, tennis and other outdoor [Continued on page 88]



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

OUTWARD APPEARANCES ARE OUR ADVERTISEMENT OF WHAT WE ARE. FIRST IMPRESSIONS SOMETIMES LAST

AN ADVERTISEMENT of a nationally known product says that no woman ever parts the curtains and motions a postman to go away when he rings the bell.

A policeman is never refused admission to any man's office, factory or store.

It is not so much the offices that men hold which is the open sesame as it is the uniform which indicates the office.

We judge men, accord them welcome or give them the cold shoulder because of their clothes, long before we know what their business is.

In applying for a job what chance has the man with unblackened shoes which turn up at the toes Charlie Chaplinishly, whose trousers are so bagged at the knees that he looks squatted ready to jump, whose elbows are highly polished and whose collar is awry and face unshaven, against him who has neatly shined shoes, well-pressed trousers, coat that is not so shiny at the elbows, immaculate collar, is clean-shaven and freshly-barbered?

Outward appearances are our advertisement of what we are. When we meet strangers the uniform we wear is a handicap or a help. First impressions are most lasting.

We poke fun at women for spending so much time before mirrors but we cannot but wonder how some men can ever stand in front of a mirror! A moment before the mirror will tell any man the kind of a uniform he wears. An impartial look will tell him the impression he makes on strangers at first sight.

THE IDEALS OF THE TEMPLE ARE IN THE HANDS OF POTENTATE AND DIVAN

WATER runs in the direction of least resistance. Following this natural tendency it seeks ever the lowest level, not the highest. Water checked in its course and properly directed becomes a great power, a splendid energy. Free energy tends to diminish itself, while bound energy properly directed is put to its maximum usefulness, does its maximum work and achieves its highest accomplishment.

The Shrine is a stream of humanity. Like the stream of water, when allowed to run loose it seeks its lowest level and will end in complacent self-satisfaction instead of its highest usefulness.

A Temple of the Mystic Shrine, held in check and properly directed, by its Divan, becomes a stream surcharged with energy, a force for good in the community.

That Temple which is satisfied with its past achievements, which is content merely to have a good time, to seek the lowest levels of Shrinedom, is not living up to the highest ideals of the organization.

Water must run, it must work, it must flow, to keep from

stagnation. To progress, to live, to prevent stagnation, to live up to the best, to retain even the interest of its membership a Shrine Temple must be in useful contact with its own good work and the useful work of the parent body of Masonry in its Jurisdiction.

This can only be accomplished by its Potentate and its Divan. Its membership will follow them. Its ideals are theirs. Its good works or its idleness are in their hands. As they budget its activities, will it be useless or a power.

ESTABLISH SINKING FUND TO TAKE CARE OF DEPRECIATION OF YOUR PHYSICAL AND MENTAL POWERS

EVEN the income tax people allow depreciation to be written off on stocks, furniture, fixtures and machinery. All good business men regularly set aside a depreciation fund for any piece of machinery so that when it must be replaced the sinking fund provides money to make the replacement.

A business man at inventory time discounts from the price of a trunk a sufficient depreciation, so that when the trunk is ready to be junked, the money is on hand to purchase a new trunk.

Which is more important to a business, a piece of machinery, a set of office fixtures, or the man himself? Why not establish a sinking fund to take care of the depreciation in physical and mental powers of the man?

The Underwriters Association has compiled some interesting statistics on the financial condition of the average one hundred men taken from hundreds of thousands.

At the age of thirty-five, five of these one hundred have died, ten are wealthy, ten are well-to-do, forty live on their earnings and thirty-five are exactly where they were at the age of twenty-five.

At the age of forty-five, sixteen have died, one is wealthy, three are well-to-do, sixty-five live on their earnings and fifteen are no longer self-supporting.

At the age of fifty-five, twenty have died, one is wealthy, three are well-to-do, forty-six live on their earnings and thirty are no longer self-supporting.

At sixty-five, thirty-six have died, one is wealthy, four are well-to-do, five live on their earnings, and fifty-four are dependent on relatives or charitable institutions for their daily bread.

A few of these one hundred men leave estates. One leaves wealth, two leave comfort, fifteen leave from two to ten thousand dollars and eighty-two leave nothing.

In spite of progress in cost systems, accounting and all the other leak-stopping systems of business, we are far behind in marking off depreciation in human business machines.

There are plenty of human-machine sinking funds. There is life insurance, building and loan associations, regular purchases of gilt-edged bonds, savings accounts and the purchase of endowments.

The man who fails to take account of personal annual depreciation, and deposit money in some form of a sinking fund, has more than a fifty-fifty chance of living on the charity of his children or in some Masonic home at the age of sixty-five.



NOBLE EDWIN MEREDITH
*Za-Ga-Zig Temple
Des Moines, Iowa*

There are those who say that a sense of humor is no help to a man with political aspirations, and the case of Noble Edwin Thomas Meredith may support their view. Noble Meredith hails from Des Moines, Iowa, and he was born and brought up on a farm. Oddly enough, he was Secretary of Agriculture in the Wilson administration. He ran for Senator in Iowa in 1915, and

for governor in 1916, but those weren't good years for a Democrat to run for anything in Iowa.

They wanted him to be a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1920, but he shooed them off—and he made them know he meant it. Looking over the ground, he probably decided that if two men really wanted to have that nomination as badly as Cox and McAdoo he oughtn't to do a thing to block their ambitions.

Noble Meredith is still a farmer, in a way; he has a model farm, that is. He publishes a string of prosperous farm journals, and gives a great deal of time to public affairs. In Masonry his most active work is done as inspector-general of the Scottish Rite in Iowa, 33rd degree. He is a member of Temple Commandery, No. 4, K. T. and of Za-Ga-Zig Temple.

Some one said unpleasant things about Meredith once, and he was angry enough to sue for slander. He asked for thirty cents damages, saying no one could do more harm to his reputation than that sum would cover!



NOBLE LEE E. THOMAS
*El Karubah Temple
Shreveport, Louisiana*

Past Potentate Lee E. Thomas, of El Karubah, Shreveport, Louisiana, is at present Mayor of that thriving city. He has played a distinguished part in the conduct of the hospital at Shreveport—which hospital, he confesses, interests and appeals more than any activity in which he has ever been engaged. He is an important national figure in Masonry, and has received many honors. A regular attendant at Imperial Council meetings, Noble Thomas is a recognized authority on the law of the Order.

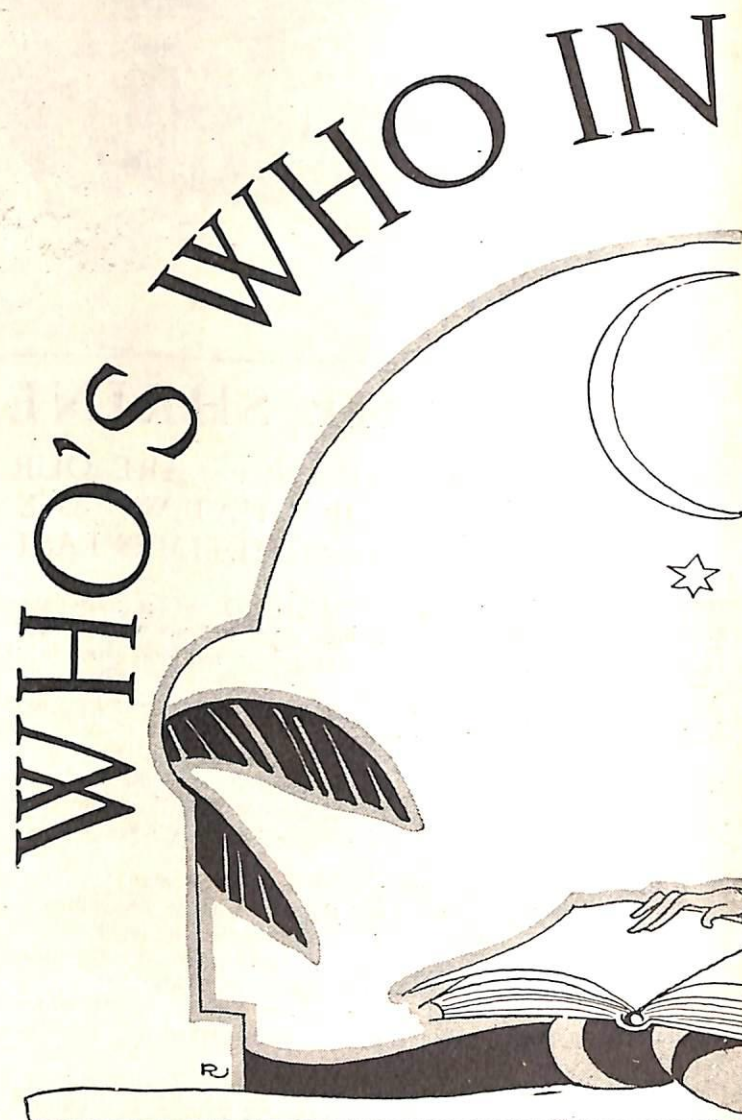


NOBLE WALTER M. PIERCE
*Al Kader Temple
Portland, Oregon*

Noble Walter M. Pierce, of Al Kader Temple, Portland, Oregon, is a real farmer. His farm is of 3000 acres, and he grows wheat and raises whiteface cattle. And he made his own way if ever a man did. He was born on an Illinois farm, and decided to go west when he was twenty. The next year he was driving a mule team in Colorado. In the winter he taught school in Kansas, saved

his money and went further west. Pausing in Eastern Washington he worked as a harvester and taught in the district school. Then he moved to Oregon, bought a little land, and then, little by little, more and more land.

In 1923 he was elected governor of Oregon by the largest majority ever known there. His gifts as an orator had something to do with this, but his knowledge of state affairs had more.



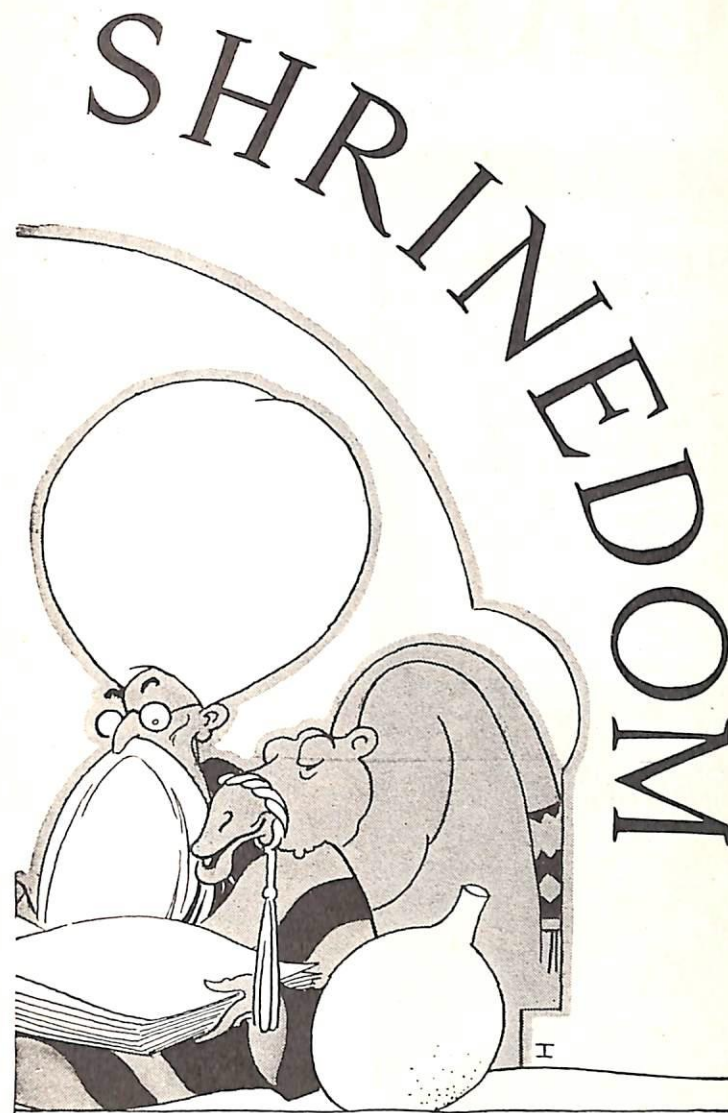
NOBLE AMOS A. FRIES
*Almas Temple
Washington, D. C.*

Major General Amos Alfred Fries is Chief of the Bureau of Chemical Warfare, and there is no knowing how vital a part his work may play in the next war if, unhappily, there should be one. The general knows, but he isn't telling, for chemical warfare is still so new (it dates, really, from that ghastly spring day in 1915 when the Canadians, near Ypres, first fell under a pall of poison

gas), that its secrets must be carefully veiled.

General Fries, an engineer officer, served under John J. Pershing, then a captain of cavalry, in the Moro campaign in the Philippines, in 1901. Pershing chose him to assume charge of chemical warfare when he entered the World War, and no man in the army had a meaner and harder job—nor a more vitally important one.

Chemical warfare had been a sort of scramble from the first, with first one side and then the other forging ahead. No one knows the details, but it seems safe to say that one factor in the German readiness to quit at the end of 1918 was the widely prevailing belief that the American Chemical Warfare section had evolved plans for a spring offensive that would have made anything that had gone before seem harmless by comparison. That may or may not be true; Fries and the men who know don't say anything. But it was



NOBLE MORRIS SHEPPARD
*Hella Temple
Dallas, Texas*



Noble Morris Sheppard, of Hella Temple, Dallas, Texas, may more often be found in the Senate Office Building, in Washington, than in Texas. He had a political inheritance, so to speak, for he was first elected to Congress, in 1902, to fill the unexpired term of his father, who had died in office. Then, in January, 1913, Joseph W. Bailey resigned as one of the senators from Texas, and Congressman Sheppard was promptly elected to fill his term. That was for a matter of about six weeks, but at the same time he was chosen to go to the Senate for six years, and he was reelected in 1919 and again last year. Oddly enough, his political affiliations are with the Democratic party! Aside from his membership in the Shrine and other Masonic affiliations, he is Sovereign Banker of the Woodmen of the World.

NOBLE TASKER L. ODDIE
*Kerak Temple
Reno, Nevada*



Noble Tasker Lowndes Oddie was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., but lives in Reno, Nevada, and he is one resident of that maligned and misjudged city who didn't go there for the purpose of establishing a residence.

Noble Oddie didn't stay long in Brooklyn. He went to school in East Orange, N. J., and then spent three years in Nebraska on a ranch. Then he returned to New York and went into the real estate business, and, by way of keeping himself busy, studied law at night, taking an LL.B. from New York University in 1895. Clients sent him to Nevada to investigate the management of certain properties, and he uncovered considerable frauds and recovered a good deal of money for his clients.

Nevada attracted him, and he went prospecting in 1899—having, the year before, volunteered in the Spanish War, but having failed to see active service. With James Butler he discovered the rich and famous Tonopah mine, and was manager of the property for the next five years. Later he developed mines at Goldfield and went into banking. His first public office was the district attorneyship of Nye County, Nevada, and he subsequently became governor of Nevada and one of its Senators. He is a member of Kerak Temple, Reno, and has both the York and Scottish Rites.

NOBLE H. M. JACOWAY
*Al Amin Temple
Little Rock, Arkansas*



Noble Henderson M. Jacoway, of Al Amin Temple, Little Rock, Arkansas, has had a long career in public life. It began, when he was only twenty-five, when President Cleveland made him secretary of the Dawes Commission, named to treat with the five Indian tribes whose land holdings were involved in the problems incident to the proposed admission of Indian Territory to the Union as the state of Oklahoma. He did brilliant work at that time. Lately Secretary Hoover enlisted his services in the attempt to solve some of the vexing problems of cotton.

Noble Jacoway has served six terms in Congress, and has lately devoted himself to banking.

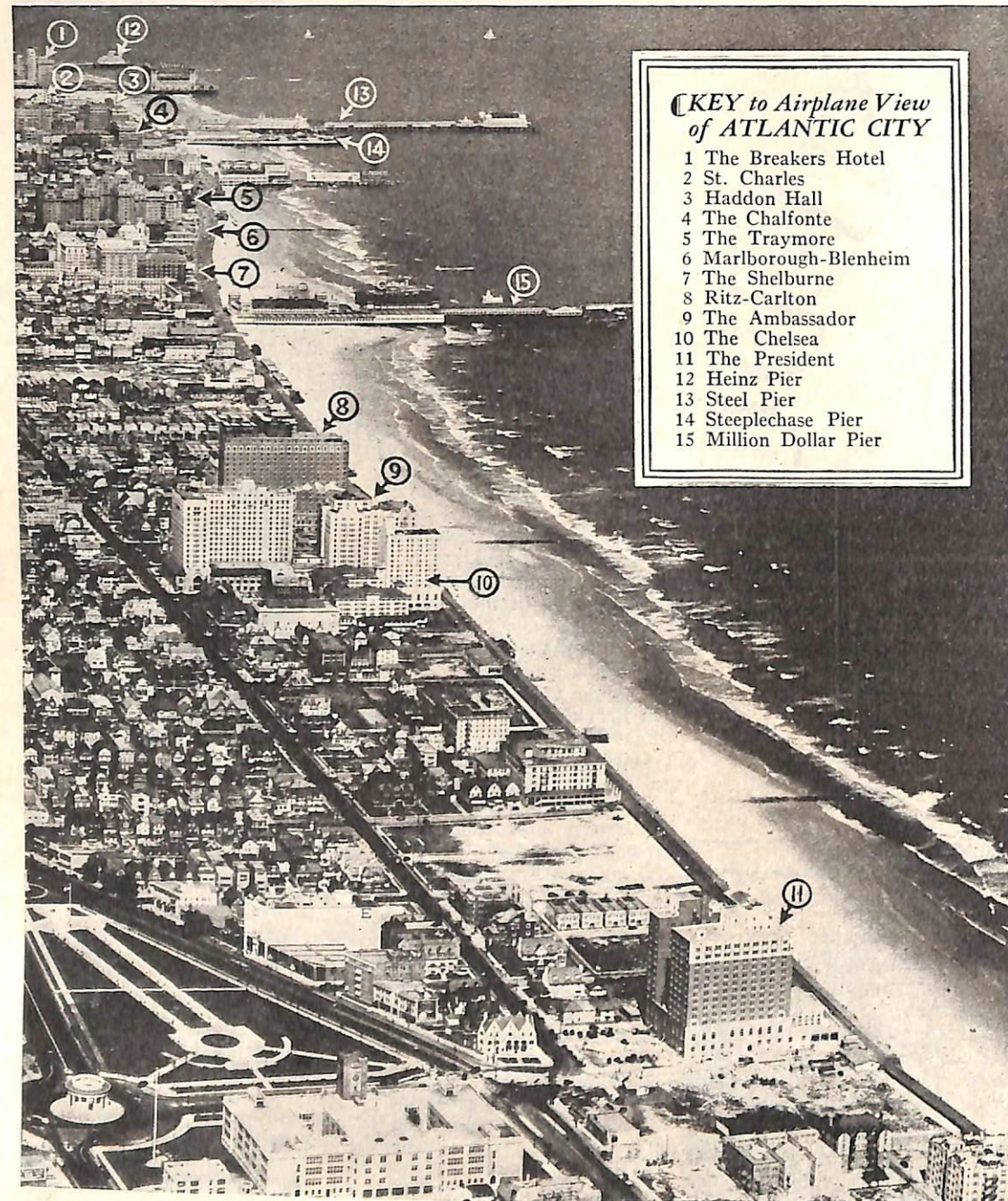


NOBLE W. WILLIAMSON
*Naja Temple
Deadwood, South Dakota*

Noble William Williamson, of Naja Temple, Deadwood, spends more time in Washington than at home, for he is a member of Congress—and an important one, too. He is Chairman of the house committee in charge of the affairs of the Interior Department, and is one of the recognized authorities on irrigation and water power development. A printer and a lawyer, he was a pioneer editor in

Lyman County—which got him into politics. As State Attorney he rounded up the last of the great border gangs of cattle rustlers. After the influenza epidemic in 1918 Noble Williamson adopted three children orphaned in that scourge.

ALL ABOARD *for*



KEY to Airplane View of ATLANTIC CITY

- 1 The Breakers Hotel
- 2 St. Charles
- 3 Haddon Hall
- 4 The Chalfonte
- 5 The Traymore
- 6 Marlborough-Blenheim
- 7 The Shelburne
- 8 Ritz-Carlton
- 9 The Ambassador
- 10 The Chelsea
- 11 The President
- 12 Heinz Pier
- 13 Steel Pier
- 14 Steeplechase Pier
- 15 Million Dollar Pier

Important Facts for Convention Visitors

CLUBS HOLDING OPEN HOUSE

Atlantic City Shrine Club, The Elks' Club, The Moose Club, The Eagles Club, Y. W. C. A., and the Y. M. C. A.

SOUVENIRS

Representatives to the Imperial Council will receive souvenirs when registering with Imperial Recorder, Hotel Ambassador. Directors, Captains of Patrol or Leaders in command of uniformed organizations are requested, immediately after registration, to apply for souvenirs for distribution to their respective organizations. Only units in attendance are entitled to souvenirs.

REGISTRATION

All visiting Nobles must register. Admission to the Million Dollar Pier, Steeplechase Pier, Steel Pier, and the Sailing Fleet at the Inlet by registration coupon only.

CARRIVALS

Trains arriving any time during convention week (special or regular) on which Shrine organizations or Nobles are traveling, will be met, the visitors will be escorted to the official photographer's stands and then to the Shrine Headquarters to register and thence to their hotels. Baggage for Patrols, Bands, Chanters, Drum Corps, and the Imperial Representatives will be received by the Baggage Committee at the various depots and delivered to the hotel free of charge. Other baggage will be delivered at the regular utility rates.



King Neptune crowning Miss Tulsa as Miss America of 1926 at Atlantic City's Beauty Pageant.

ATLANTIC CITY

trained nurse and the skilled doctor gives to the very sick.

Atlantic City entertains by profession. That is the business of Atlantic City. The entire eighty-four years of its existence have been given over to the profession of entertaining out-of-town guests. It is a skilled and kindly professional host. There are no symptoms of congestion which it has not known and the remedy for which it does not understand.

Atlantic City entertains about four hundred thousand guests a day. Twelve hundred hotels, hooked into one mighty entertainment chain, handle this vast number of people with the ease of long professional experience. There is no danger of the hospitality machine of Atlantic City going to pieces.

Atlantic City is in the entertaining business. Year by year for the eighty-four it has existed it has increased the number of its guests. They come year after year. New guests are added every year to the old. Atlantic City has sold them itself so that it stays sold. This cannot be done by any city which mismanages or overcharges its guests.

This year the playground of Masons is visiting the playground of the United States. We are going where we will get the highest type of professional and skilled hospitality from those who make a business of it.

These are not just bouquets of praise tossed to a convention city but statements of facts.

Some wit divides liars into three classes: plain, darned and statistical. In an article of this character the latter is generally called into play. The novelties of Atlantic City are the Boardwalk and the Roller Chair. Like Tom and Jerry, Damon and Pythias, a Shriner and his fez, they are inseparable. The Boardwalk is eight miles long and for the greater part, sixty feet wide. It might be added that the boards are about eight inches wide and twelve feet long. Careful figuring by our expert shows the number of boards to be several, a conservative estimate which allows for expansion on wet days.

The beach is longer than the Boardwalk, and wider. On its snow white sands comes tum-

bling a wave a minute. For every two feet of riparian rights there are nine pretty flappers in bathing suits that will make any excited Shriner yell, "Where is the nearest bathhouse?" He will find enough bathhouses and bathing suits to accommodate 600,000 Nobles all the same afternoon. Ten million people bathe at Atlantic City every year.

A Boardwalk which is the show place of the Atlantic Coast if not the world . . . the Atlantic Ocean rolling in in big breakers on one side, a row of shops worthy of Fifth Avenue on the other, a mighty electric display which makes Broadway envious . . . sea-going yachts which take deep sea fishing parties . . . the Gulf Stream just sixty miles out, rendering the climate as staple as that of the Pacific Coast . . . steel piers and pavilions over the water which can accommodate every Shriner who attends the session . . . a daily raising of a huge net at one of the piers which brings up enough finny freaks to supply a fisherman with an entire new stock of fish lies for home consumption . . . a seaside town with an assessed valuation of \$300,000,000 . . . more beautiful women than can be seen anywhere on earth because they are recruited from all over it . . . American plan hotels where the menu carries as many items as there are words on this page, which can be eaten from title to printer's imprint without extra charge . . . a summer try-out place for many of the best plays shown in the country in winter . . . the fastest train service in the world, its regular schedule from Philadelphia being fifty-nine miles in fifty-four minutes . . . more amusements than any second section ever put on . . . and all this with a population which makes a profession of entertaining visitors and does it with a well regulated skill and an appreciative hospitality unequalled in any other pleasure resort in the world.

This, on a big platter, is handed to the Nobility of North America by a typical Atlantic City bathing girl whose smile of welcome is reflected on the face of every citizen. Will we go? We will!

Our HOST

Potentate E. E. Jeffries, Crescent;
Director General 53rd Imperial
Council Session.



Atlantic City's bathing beach is one of the largest and finest beaches in the world.

POETS have sung their lays of the tender touch of a wife and mother on the brow of the sick. Shriners laud the visits of a friend in time of the illness of a brother Noble. Such matters of sentiment are worthy of the praise they have received.

But when the illness is serious, when there is real danger and real trouble, is no time for the tender but inexperienced ministrations of wife, mother or friend. We send for professional help. We need a trained nurse and a skilled physician. The ministrations of kindly hands soothe, but they are unsuited because of inexperience, for a real job of relief. Professional help is none the less kindly and all the more skilled.

Doctors tell us that almost all the ills to which mortal flesh is heir are due to some kind of congestion. Certainly all the ills of an Imperial Council session are due to congestion. The Imperial Council has been entertained north, east, south and west, by cities whose hospitality was unquestioned. Hotels, police, citizens, local temples and every organization in the town, have lent their kindly hands to relieve congestion.

Congestion in convention cities has become so great, however, that it is not enough that our hosts have good intent. All credit and praise to the unprofessional talent, but we are in need of the skilled and just as kindly professional help which the



In the program that follows all entertainment is free to

TUESDAY, JUNE 14th:

8:00 A. M. to 12 P. M. Steel Pier.
9:00 A. M. Parade. Imperial Officers, Representatives, Potentates and Bands, Patrols, Legions, Mounted Guards and Chanters, and all other uniformed bodies will form as an escort to the Imperial Potentate, David W. Crosland and the Imperial Divan to the opening of the 53rd Imperial Council Session of the A. A. O. N. M. S. at the Chelsea Auditorium. All Representatives form and march at the head of their respective temples. All Representatives not accompanied by their temple will assemble in mass immediately following the Imperial Potentate and Divan. Imperial Marshal Jack Sebrell of Khedive Temple in command; Noble Major Herbert Bradley, of Crescent Temple, Chief of the Staff; Noble Major Samuel Iob, Adjutant General, and Noble Captain Robert T. Chapman, Assistant Adjutant General.
9:00 A. M. to 10:00 P. M. Heinz Ocean Pier.
12:30 P. M. Opening of 53rd Annual Session of Imperial Council A. A. O. N. M. S., Hotel Chelsea Auditorium; luncheon for Ladies of the Imperial Council Officers and Representatives, Hotel Ambassador. Visiting Shriners who are Rotarians are invited to luncheon at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel by the Rotary Club of Atlantic City.

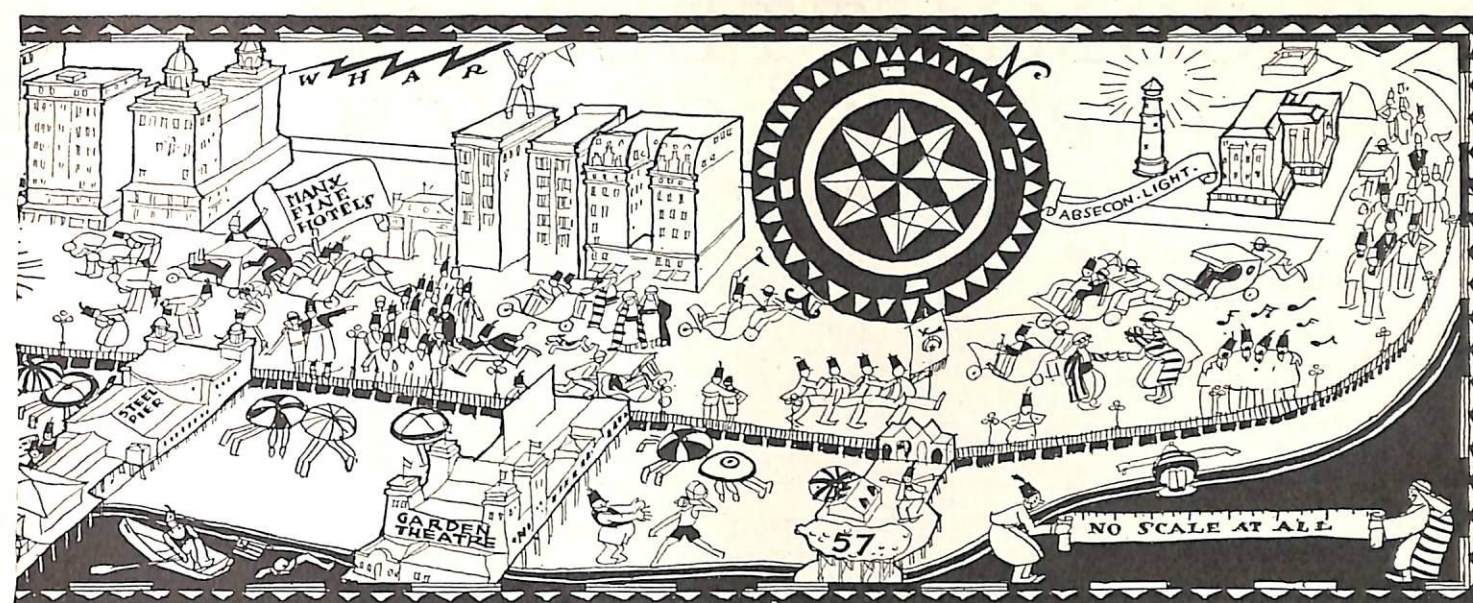
1:00 P. M. Luncheon for Imperial Potentate, Imperial Officers, and Representatives—Hotel Ambassador; Boat Ride at the Inlet. Admission by ticket which will be given to every Noble who registers.
1:00 P. M. to 5:00 P. M. Atlantic City Lighthouse.
2:00 P. M. Orthophonic Concert at the Brighton Casino every hour on the hour. Golf; Band Concerts in the Million Dollar Pier Ballroom; Steeplechase Pier Ballroom, and the Arcade of Steel Pier; Motor rides for visitors; Rolling Chair privilege for members of Uniformed Organizations; musical given by the Victor Recording Artists in Salon of the Brighton Casino for ladies of the Imperial Officers, Representatives and their escorts; Bath House privilege for members of Uniformed Organizations.
2:30 P. M. Minstrels and Vaudeville at the Hippodrome on Million Dollar Pier.
3:00 P. M. Minstrels at Casino Hall, Steel Pier; Patrol Drills in Million Dollar Pier Ballroom. Patrol Drills in Marine Ballroom, Steel Pier.
3:00 P. M. to 5:00 P. M. Dancing in Ballroom of Steeplechase Pier and on Million Dollar Pier.
4:00 P. M. to 5:30 P. M. Dancing in Marine Ballroom, Steel Pier.
4:00 P. M. Photoplays in Casino Hall of Steel Pier.
7:00 P. M. Banquet for Imperial Potentate, Imperial Officers and Representatives. Invitational—Hotel Chelsea; banquet for Ladies of Imperial Officers and Representatives. Invitational—Hotel Ambassador.
8:30 P. M. Minstrels and Vaudeville at Hippodrome of Million Dollar Pier; Minstrels in Casino Hall of Steel Pier; Children's Carnival in Ballroom of Steel Pier.
9:30 P. M. Photoplays in Casino Hall, Steel Pier.
9:00 P. M. to 12:00 P. M. Dancing in Ballroom of Steel Pier, Million Dollar Pier and Steeplechase Pier.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12th:

10:00 A. M. For Imperial Officers, Representatives, Potentates, Uniformed Units, and Caravan—Worship. Shrine Bands and Uniformed bodies are invited to various denominational churches.
2:00 P. M. For Imperial Officers, Representatives, Potentates, Uniformed Units, and Caravan—motor rides, special Shrine church services on the strand in front of Hotel Ambassador.
4:00 P. M. Special Shrine church services on strand at South Carolina avenue.
7:30 P. M. to 9:00 P. M. Band concerts at Imperial Potentate's grandstand; at Fralinger's Pavilion and at Cuthbert's Pavilion.
7:40 P. M. Special Shrine church services in all churches. Imperial Officers, Potentates, or Representatives will address the Congregation on the subject of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children. Chanters Organizations will appear in each church.

MONDAY, JUNE 13th:

10:00 A. M. Motor rides for visitors; Records' meeting at Hotel Chelsea; ladies of the Imperial Council and Caravans—Fashion Show; Imperial Officers, Representatives, Nobility and Uniformed Units—Golf at Linwood Country Club.
10:00 A. M. to 12:00 M. Shriners and families invited to Atlantic City Lighthouse for a panoramic view of Atlantic City.
10:00 A. M. to 10:00 P. M. Heinz Ocean Pier. Art Salon, Paintings, Statuary, Curios, Antiques, Historical Groups, Moving Pictures, Stereopticon Views, Lectures, Sun-parlor Reading Room, Writing Room.
10:30 A. M. Band concerts at Imperial Potentate's grandstand; at Fralinger's Pavilion and Cuthbert's Pavilion.
10:30 A. M. Broadcasting.
1:00 P. M. to 5:00 P. M. Atlantic City Lighthouse.
2:00 P. M. Atlantic City Life Guard Drill; band concerts at Imperial Potentate's grandstand, Fralinger's Pavilion and Cuthbert's Pavilion.
2:00 P. M. Tour of Inspection. Visit The Shrine Magazine Exhibit and National Advertisers Exhibits.
2:30 P. M. Card Party for Ladies of Imperial Officers and Representatives.
3:00 P. M. Broadcasting.
6:30 P. M. Annual Recorder's Dinner. Invitational—Hotel Ambassador.
8:00 P. M. Band Concerts at Imperial Potentate's grandstand, Fralinger's Pavilion and Cuthbert's Pavilion.
9:00 P. M. Reception and Ball to Imperial Potentate, David W. Crosland, Officers of the Imperial Council, Representatives and their ladies at the Chelsea Auditorium—Invitational; broadcasting of Chanters; Swimming and Diving Contest at the Ambassador and Hygeia Swimming Pools.



Shriners and their families. In certain cases, noted in the program, coupons must be obtained upon registration.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15th:

8:00 A. M. to 12:00 P. M. Steel Pier.
9:00 A. M. to 4:00 P. M. Motor rides.
9:00 A. M. to 5:00 P. M. Golf privileges.
9:00 A. M. to 10:00 P. M. Heinz Ocean Pier.
9:00 A. M. to 10:00 P. M. Steeplechase Pier and Million Dollar Pier.
10:00 A. M. Demonstration of Atlantic City's High Pressure Water Main; Drill by United States Coast Guards, Maryland avenue and Beach; Band Concerts at Imperial Potentate's grandstand, in Ballroom of Million Dollar Pier, Ballroom of Steeplechase Pier, and in Ballroom of Steel Pier; Shriners' Championship Trap-Shooting; Broadcasting; Imperial Council Session at Convention Hall, Hotel Chelsea Auditorium.
10:00 A. M. to 12:00 M. Atlantic City Lighthouse.
10:00 A. M. to 5:00 P. M. Boat Ride at Inlet. Admission by special ticket. Bath House privilege for members of Uniformed Organizations by registration coupon only.
10:00 A. M. to 11:00 P. M. Rolling Chair ride for members of Uniformed Organizations, by registration coupon only.
11:00 A. M. Dancing in Ballroom of Million Dollar Pier; Steeplechase Pier, and in Ballroom of Steel Pier.
11:00 A. M. Demonstration by Atlantic City Fire Department; Exhibition Drills by Patrols, Steel Pier Ballroom; Steeplechase Pier Ballroom and in Million Dollar Pier Ballroom.
12:30 P. M. Shriners who are Lions are invited to attend luncheon by the Lions Club of Atlantic City at the Breakers Hotel; Luncheon for ladies of the Imperial Council, Officers and Representatives.
1:00 P. M. to 5:00 P. M. Atlantic City Lighthouse.
2:00 P. M. Band Concerts in Ballroom of Steeplechase Pier; Arcade of Steel Pier, and Ballroom of Million Dollar Pier.
2:00 P. M. Broadcasting.
2:30 P. M. Minstrels and Vaudeville at Hippodrome of Million Dollar Pier.
3:00 P. M. Minstrels in Casino Hall, Steel Pier; Patrol Drills in Million Dollar Pier Ballroom; Steeplechase Pier Ballroom and Steel Pier Ballroom.
3:00 P. M. to 5:00 P. M. Dancing in Ballroom of Million Dollar Pier, and Steeplechase Pier.
4:00 P. M. Photoplays in Casino Hall, Steel Pier; Net Haul at the end of Million Dollar Pier.
4:00 P. M. to 5:30 P. M. Dancing in Marine Ballroom, Steel Pier.
8:00 P. M. Mammoth Night Parade. Imperial Officers, Representatives, Potentates and their Bands, Patrols, Legions, Mounted Guards (on foot) and Chanters, and all other Uniformed Organizations, will form under the command of Imperial Marshal Jack Sebrell; Noble Major Herbert Bradley, Chief of the Staff; Noble Major Samuel Iob, Adjutant General, and Noble Captain Robert T. Chapman, Assistant Adjutant General. No other Nobles will take part.
8:30 P. M. Minstrels and Vaudeville in Hippodrome of Million Dollar Pier; Minstrels in Casino Hall of Steel Pier.
9:00 P. M. to 12 P. M. Dancing in Ballroom of Steel Pier; and Million Dollar Pier.
9:00 P. M. to 11:00 P. M. Dancing in Ballroom of Steeplechase Pier.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16th:

8:00 A. M. to 12:00 P. M. Steel Pier.
9:00 A. M. to 4:00 P. M. Motor rides.
9:00 A. M. to 5:00 P. M. Golf privileges.
9:00 A. M. to 12:00 P. M. Steeplechase, Million Dollar Piers.
9:00 A. M. to 10:00 P. M. Heinz Ocean Pier.
10:00 A. M. to 12:00 M. Atlantic City Lighthouse.
10:00 A. M. to 5:00 P. M. Boat rides at Inlet and Bath House privilege for members of Uniformed Organizations upon presentation of registration coupon only.
10:00 A. M. to 11:00 P. M. Rolling Chairs for members of Uniformed Organizations upon presentation of registration coupon only; Band Concerts at Imperial Potentate's grandstand, Ballroom of Million Dollar Pier, Steeplechase Pier and in Arcade of Steel Pier.
10:00 A. M. Broadcasting.
10:00 A. M. Imperial Council Session. Convention Hall in Hotel Chelsea.
11:00 A. M. Dancing in Ballroom of Million Dollar Pier, Steeplechase Pier and Steel Pier.
11:00 A. M. Exhibition Drills by Patrols, Steeplechase Pier, Steel Pier and Million Dollar Pier.
11:00 A. M. Net Haul at end of Million Dollar Pier.
12:30 P. M. Shriners who are Kiwanians are invited to attend the Kiwanis Luncheon at Marine Grill, by the Atlantic City Kiwanis Club; Luncheon for the ladies of Imperial Council Officers and Representatives.
2:00 P. M. Orthophonic Concert, Brighton Casino every hour.
2:00 P. M. Band Concerts at Imperial Potentate's grandstand, Steeplechase Pier, Arcade of Steel Pier and Million Dollar Pier.
2:30 P. M. Minstrels and Vaudeville in Hippodrome of Million Dollar Pier.
3:00 P. M. Minstrels in Casino Hall Steel Pier.
3:00 P. M. Patrol Drills in Million Dollar Pier Ballroom, Steeplechase Pier Ballroom and Marine Ballroom Steel Pier.
3:00 P. M. to 5:00 P. M. Dancing in Ballroom of Million Dollar Pier and of Steeplechase Pier.
3:00 P. M. to 5:30 P. M. Dancing in Ballroom of Steel Pier.
7:30 P. M. Master Mason Degree in Ancient Costume by Belcher Lodge, Masonic Temple. Shriners invited.
8:00 P. M. Moving Picture Pageant. Composed of 25 leading moving picture stars, 25 Electrical Illuminated Floats. Erecting of Studio on the strand, showing how the super-productions of today are made; 150 people taking part; Keystone comedy police and a full train of equipment from Los Angeles.
8:30 P. M. Minstrels at Casino Hall, Steel Pier.
8:30 P. M. Minstrels and Vaudeville at the Hippodrome of Million Dollar Pier.
8:30 P. M. Children's Carnival, Ballroom of Steel Pier.
9:00 P. M. Dancing in Ballrooms of various Hotels.
9:00 P. M. to 12:00 P. M. Dancing, Ballroom, Million Dollar Pier.
9:00 P. M. to 12:00 P. M. Dancing in Ballroom of Steel Pier.
9:00 P. M. to 11:00 P. M. Dancing in Ballroom of Steeplechase Pier. Visit The Shrine Magazine Exhibit and Atlantic City Press-Union, James Brothers Salt Water Taffy Manufacturing Plant, General Electric Exhibit on Central Pier, Western Electric Exhibit, Velmo Exhibit, Sanitas Exhibit, DuPont Exhibit and Lucky Strike Exhibit.



COMMITTEES of the IMPERIAL COUNCIL



1927-1928

SHRINERS HOSPITALS FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

Sam P. Cochran.....	Hella	Temple
W. Freeland Kendrick.....	Lu Lu	Temple
James R. Watt.....	Cyprus	Temple
Forrest Adair.....	Yaarab	Temple
Oscar M. Lanstrum.....	Algeria	Temple
John D. McGilvray.....	Islam	Temple
Arthur W. Chapman.....	Khartum	Temple
David W. Crosland.....	Alcazar	Temple
Clarence M. Dunbar.....	Palestine	Temple
Frank C. Jones.....	Arabia	Temple
Leo V. Youngworth.....	Al Malaikah	Temple

PUBLICATION OFFICIAL SHRINE MAGAZINE

James E. Chandler.....	Ararat	Temple
George Filmer.....	Islam	Temple
Arthur H. Vincent.....	Medinah	Temple
Fred O. Wood.....	Ararat	Temple
Julius P. Heil.....	Tripoli	Temple
David W. Crosland.....	Alcazar	Temple
Clarence M. Dunbar.....	Palestine	Temple

PROPER RECOGNITION OF NATIONAL COLORS IN CONNEC- TION WITH SHRINE FUNCTIONS

Amos A. Fries.....	Almas	Temple
Hathon G. Getchell.....	Moila	Temple
Alfred G. Arvold.....	El Zagal	Temple
Mark L. Harris.....	Ainad	Temple
David W. Crosland.....	Alcazar	Temple
Louis N. Donnatini.....	Mecca	Temple
William H. Abbott.....	Mocha	Temple

CONSIDERATION OF DESIRABIL- ITY OF CHANGING MANNER AND TIME OF MEETINGS OF THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL

Percy E. Hoak.....	Za-Ga-Zig	Temple
Allan McCants.....	Hamasa	Temple
George W. Hoag.....	El Katif	Temple
Walter W. Morrison.....	Aleppo	Temple
A. G. Myers.....	Oasis	Temple

FLORIDA STORM AND ATTEN- DANT RELIEF

A. A. D. Rahn.....	Zuhrah	Temple
Edward J. Burke.....	Morocco	Temple
Henry C. Heinz.....	Yaarab	Temple

ELECTION TELLERS, JUDGES AND CLERKS

Les E. Walton.....	Abou Ben Adhem	Temple
Robert E. Lee.....	Tadmor	Temple
Fred W. DeLaney.....	Mahi	Temple
William J. Rinderspacher.....	Tehama	Temple
George C. Beers.....	Pyramid	Temple
Fred H. Dornier.....	Tripoli	Temple
William T. Benallack.....	Moslem	Temple
Charles H. Leavell.....	El Maida	Temple
Louis G. Gottschick.....	Isis	Temple
Clarence A. Hale.....	Kem	Temple
Alex Hancock.....	Abba	Temple
M. R. Schwer.....	Al Kaly	Temple
J. Barker Smith.....	Al Koran	Temple
George T. Bryan.....	Hejaz	Temple
James C. Guleke.....	Khiya	Temple
Thomas M. Hooker.....	Sahara	Temple
Raymond E. Porter.....	Tigris	Temple
Jay Short.....	Zorah	Temple
W. B. Hill.....	Al Chymia	Temple
C. H. Roper.....	Sesostri	Temple

JURISPRUDENCE AND LAWS

Albert H. Ladner, Jr.....	Lu Lu	Temple
William B. Melish.....	Syrian	Temple
Albert B. McGaffey.....	El Jebel	Temple
Benjamin S. Gaitskill.....	Mirza	Temple
Thad B. Landon.....	Ararat	Temple

DISPENSATIONS AND CHARTERS

George F. Olendorf.....	Abou Ben Adhem	Temple
Thomas P. Bradley.....	Aad	Temple
William F. Taylor.....	Khartum	Temple
Walter D. Cline.....	Maskat	Temple
O. W. Burdats.....	Osiris	Temple

FINANCE AND ACCOUNTS

Lou B. Winsor.....	Saladin	Temple
James C. Burger.....	El Jebel	Temple
Harry E. Sharrer.....	Orak	Temple
John S. Fouche.....	Alhambra	Temple
Thomas S. Rishworth.....	Osman	Temple

JURISDICTIONAL LINES

William G. Speed.....	Boumi	Temple
George T. Matthews.....	Moolah	Temple
Richings J. Shand.....	Ansar	Temple
William A. French.....	Sudan	Temple
Wiley P. Harris.....	Wahabi	Temple

IMPERIAL COUNCIL HEADQUAR- TERS AT ANNUAL SESSION

David W. Crosland.....	Alcazar	Temple
Clarence M. Dunbar.....	Palestine	Temple
Frank C. Jones.....	Arabia	Temple
William S. Brown.....	Syria	Temple
Benjamin W. Rowell.....	Aleppo	Temple

CREDENTIALS

Hugh M. Tate.....	Kerbela	Temple
Shirley Christy.....	El Zaribah	Temple
John G. Cramer.....	Oleika	Temple
Charles D. Symms.....	El Riad	Temple
W. D. Mower.....	Mt. Sinai	Temple

GRIEVANCES AND APPEALS

Charles E. Ovenshire.....	Zuhrah	Temple
Louis M. Cole.....	Al Malaikah	Temple
Gus A. Paul.....	India	Temple
J. Tom Field.....	El Hasa	Temple
John J. McMurray.....	Jaffa	Temple

MILEAGE AND PER DIEM

Harry E. McLain.....	Syria	Temple
Harry B. Roberts.....	Egypt	Temple

THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL OFFICERS

1926-27

DAVID W. CROSLAND, Alcazar	Imperial Potentate
CLARENCE M. DUNBAR, Palestine	Imperial Deputy Potentate
FRANK C. JONES, Arabia	Imperial Chief Rabban
LEO V. YOUNG WORTH, Al Malaikah	Imperial Assistant Rabban
ESTEN A. FLETCHER, Damascus	Imperial High Priest and Prophet
BENJAMIN W. ROWELL, Aleppo	Imperial Recorder
WILLIAM S. BROWN, Syria	Imperial Treasurer
THOMAS J. HOUSTON, Medinah	Imperial Oriental Guide
EARL C. MILLS, Za-Ga-Zig	Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master
CLIFFORD IRELAND, Mohammed	Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master
JOHN N. SEBRELL, JR., Khedive	Imperial Marshal
DANA S. WILLIAMS, Kofa	Imperial Captain of Guards
LEONARD P. STEUART, Almas	Imperial Outer Guard

George M. Ransom.....	Bedouin	Temple
Robert A. Kincaid.....	El Jebel	Temple
Seth C. Savage.....	Beni Kedem	Temple

TRANSACTIONS OF IMPERIAL OFFICERS

J. Putnam Stevens.....	Kora	Temple
Frank C. Roundy.....	Medinah	Temple
Henry F. Niedringhaus.....	Moolah	Temple
T. W. McCullough.....	Tangier	Temple
Edwin C. Forrest.....	Eli Khurafah	Temple

NECROLOGY

Hugh M. Caldwell.....	Nile	Temple
Charles A. Welsh.....	Gizeh	Temple
Clifford H. Bradt.....	Kismet	Temple
Clyde I. Webster.....	Moslem	Temple
John M. Wyatt.....	El Maida	Temple

NOMINATION OF EMERITI MEMBERS

Elias J. Jacoby.....	Murat	Temple
James S. McCandless.....	Aloha	Temple
John B. Orr.....	Mahi	Temple
Charles Miller.....	Korein	Temple
R. H. Kaufman.....	Al Amin	Temple
Carleton E. Hoadley.....	Sphinx	Temple
Harry R. Brown.....	Salaam	Temple

GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL

Arthur S. Evans.....	Ziyara	Temple
Preston Belvin.....	Acca	Temple
James R. Johnson.....	Omar	Temple
George F. Eisenbrown.....	Rajah	Temple
Frank C. Shepard, Jr.....	Zamora	Temple

TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING

Mike H. Thomas.....	Hella	Temple
George E. Meredith.....	Aahmes	Temple
Robert W. Chambers.....	Hadi	Temple
Charles F. Buck, Jr.....	Jerusalem	Temple
Joseph D. Morrell.....	Ismailia	Temple

PROTECTION OF EMBLEMS OF THE ORDER

Edward H. Merritt.....	Mizpah	Temple
D. W. Michaux.....	Arabia	Temple
Arthur H. Brown.....	Al Bedoo	Temple
Lawrance B. Craig.....	Kosair	Temple
John H. Lewis.....	Calam	Temple

PUBLIC SAFETY

H. T. Phinney.....	Abdallah	Temple
Jake F. Zurn.....	Moslah	Temple
A. Raymond Cornwall.....	Media	Temple
Harry A. Manley.....	Ali Ghan	Temple
Arthur W. Milne.....	Zem Zem	Temple

CLANDESTINE SHRINES

Hugh M. Robertson.....	Alzafar	Temple
Edward B. King.....	Afiit	Temple
Frank F. Atkinson.....	Ben Ali	Temple
Richard E. Kropf.....	Medinah	Temple
Carus T. Spear.....	Anah	Temple

REVISION OF RITUAL

James H. Price.....	Acca	Temple
Lee E. Thomas.....	El Karubah	Temple
Thomas S. Currie.....	Karnak	Temple
Victor Wankowski.....	Al Bahr	Temple
James T. Rogers.....	Kalurah	Temple
David W. Crosland.....	Alcazar	Temple
Clarence M. Dunbar.....	Palestine	Temple

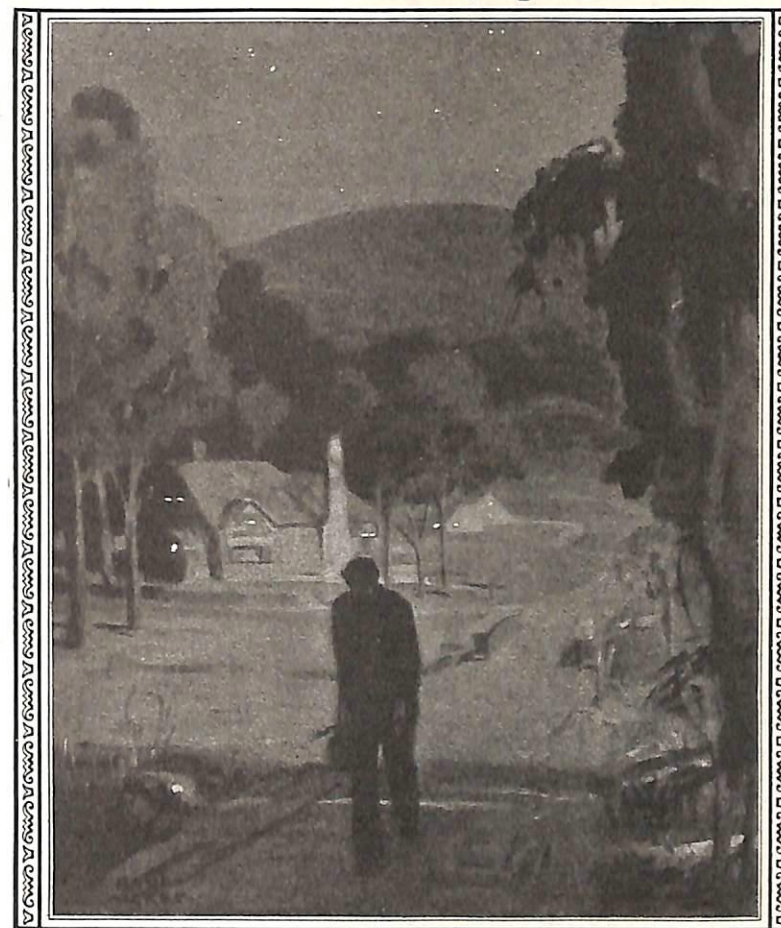
PERMANENT HEADQUARTERS

Conrad V. Dykeman.....	Kismet	Temple
Elias J. Jacoby.....	Murat	Temple
James J. Thomas.....	Aladdin	Temple
Newton A. K. Bugbee.....	Crescent	Temple
William F. Seber.....	Oriental	Temple
David W. Crosland.....	Alcazar	Temple
Clarence M. Dunbar.....	Palestine	Temple

JUNE, 1927

47

The revolver is an effective instrument in the promotion of law and order. It is an invaluable factor in the conservation of life and property and creates a feeling of security



PROTECTION

OUTSIDE . . . a solitary prowler fading into the shadows of the night. Dim of outline, unrecognizable of feature. Possibly only a pathetic derelict; perhaps a surly tramp. Or perhaps—either this one or the next to tread silently through the starlit night—a vicious felon with a crime record as black as the enveloping gloom. What matters one more outrage?

INSIDE . . . a Home; and all that tenderest of words implies. Happiness. Peace. Contentment. The final realization of all a law-abiding family has struggled for, dreamed of, built up with tears and laughter through the years of patient toil.

The home of your heart's desire may be isolated on a distant lane. Or snugly set in a hamlet. Or clustered among many in the teeming city.

But . . . the law can only help you protect your own when the law is close at hand. In dire distress—before there is time to summon aid—a means of immediate protection is needed.

Keep the means of immediate protection within your reach . . . the safest, most dependable revolver for home defense. Smith & Wesson originated the safety idea in firearms over forty years ago. The 32 and 38 caliber S & W Safety make accidental discharge by adult or child impossible.

1. The revolver has a place in the hands of the law-abiding public.
 2. A thug would rather attack an unarmed pedestrian, motorist or householder than an armed one.
 3. To prohibit the manufacture and sale of revolvers in order to prevent crime would be equivalent to prohibiting the manufacture and sale of automobiles to put an end to automobile accidents.
 4. The use of a revolver or any form of concealed weapon in committing a crime should demand an increased sentence, with no possibility of probation or suspended sentence.
 5. A swift, sure punishment for crime is the only proper means for reducing crime.
 6. The 2nd Amendment to the Constitution of the United States means just what it says: "The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."
- That is why we are proud of the high traditions of public service that have been handed down from generation to generation in this Company. In times of national danger it has enabled us to do our part in protecting the Nation as a whole, and in times of peace it has enabled us to protect the individual.

Our Descriptive Booklet I may interest you—it will be sent free upon request.

SMITH & WESSON

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

THE REVOLVER MANUFACTURER

ACTIVITIES

of the TEMPLES and Other News

THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE Continues His Visitations

AT DENVER the Imperial Potentate was greeted by Noble Stapleton, mayor of the city. Sovereign Grand Inspector General Stanley C. Warner made his address of welcome at a banquet in the evening, after which the assembly proceeded to the Scottish Rite Cathedral. Past Imperial Potentate James C. Burger introduced Mr. Crosland to the Temple and greetings were extended by George W. Vallery, Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. A.; Frank J. Reinhard, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Colorado; Frank D. Burns, Most Excellent Grand High Priest R. A. M., Colorado; Frank I. Ewing, Grand Illustrious Thrice Master R. S. M., Colorado; William A. Balcom, Grand Commander, K. T., Colorado; Past Potentate Robert A. Kincaid and Potentate Wm. J. Mayfield. Recorder Max Schwer, Al Kaly, Pueblo, was present, representing the Potentate of that Temple and Potentate Frank M. Johnson, Korein Temple, represented the oasis of Rawlins. Past Potentate Kincaid presented Noble Crosland with an honorary membership in El Jebel, and through Senator R. J. Bardwell, Past Potentate, a Browning automatic shotgun beautifully inlaid was presented.

On the second day Mount Lookout was visited. Lunch was served to the party and Mrs. Mayfield presented to Mrs. Crosland a handsome toilet set. The speech making was concluded by Edward Crosland and the Imperial Potentate.

Noble Jake Hollenbeck of Abou Ben Adhem, Springfield, Missouri, who is passenger manager of the Missouri Pacific railroad, met the Imperial party with his private car at Ossawatimie, Kansas. The party re-

mained there three hours, during which they were driven over to Paolo where the members of the Shrine Club had assembled in their rooms. Brief talks were made by the Imperial Potentate and Charles Meuser, rajah of the club.

On arrival at Little Rock the visitors were met by Potentate Howard Tune and wife, Past Potentate R. H. Kaufman, and others. After breakfast there was a sight-seeing tour of the city and a visit to Albert Pike memorial temple to call upon Charles E. Rosenbaum, Lieutenant Grand Commander Scottish Rite, southern jurisdiction. Next, Governor Martineau, who is a member of Al Amin was visited. The Governor joined the party which proceeded to the Shrine Country Club for lunch.

The suite occupied by the Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Crosland was literally banked with roses, sent with the compliments of the Little Rock Shriners.

In the evening a reception and dance was given at the Shrine Country Club, a feature of the occasion being a presentation to the Imperial Potentate of a pin with a large Arkansas diamond and sapphires.

Leaving Little Rock the tourists, accompanied by Potentate and Mrs. Tune, next stopped at Hot Springs where luncheon was served with Sahara Temple of Pine Bluff as the host. At Pine Bluff the visitors were met by Band and Patrol, the Band playing "Dixie Dave." The Imperial Potentate inspected the Mosque in course of construction and spent the afternoon in a ride around the city. At a formal dinner at seven o'clock the Mayor delivered an address of welcome. On adjournment the party proceeded to Sahara's old Mosque where a short entertainment was staged, followed by introductions to the Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Crosland, Potentate and Mrs. Tune, Mrs. Potentate Les Walton, Abou Ben Adhem, Noble Jake Hollenbeck and Edward Crosland. The Imperial Potentate was the only

speaker of the evening. The presentation to him was a share of stock in the Arkansas Power and Light Company, in a beautifully bound cover. The ladies of the Temple presented to Mrs. Crosland another share of stock. The thought behind the presentation was that with a financial interest in the state, the Imperial family would naturally be bound more closely to that section. The evening concluded with a dance, the Imperial Potentate leaving at one o'clock in the morning for home where he spent a few days before resuming his journey.

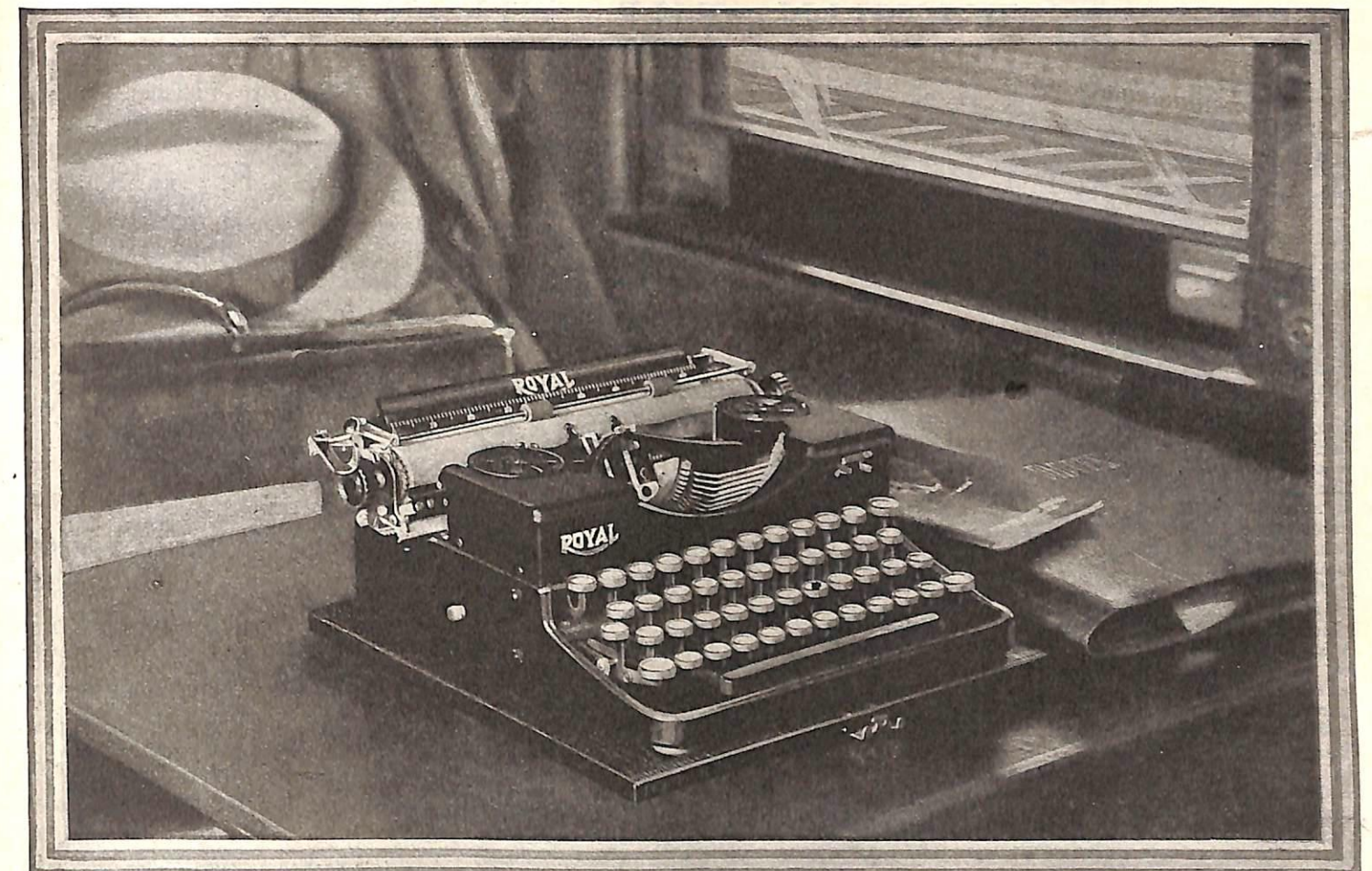
The next port of call was Nashville, the home of Al Menah Temple, where Noble Charles L. Cornelius served in the capacity of Master of Ceremonies and Toastmaster at a formal dinner which was made more enjoyable by vocal selections and dancing between courses. The official welcome to the Imperial Potentate was delivered by Lee M. Gamble of Al Menah and the party enjoyed a vocal selection by Mrs. Gamble. The Imperial Potentate responded in proper vein and was followed by Past Potentate Charles Barham, the first Potentate of Al Menah, who presented Noble Crosland with a walking stick made from hickory grown at the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson. A beaded bag was presented to Mrs. Crosland.

The big surprise of the evening, however, was when the Imperial Potentate arrived at the Bellemeade Country Club, where he met his older son, David Crosland, Jr., a student of the University of Sewanee who had arrived with the Chattanooga delegation.

The Imperial Potentate next paid official visits to the Temples at Chattanooga and Knoxville, where the usual cordial receptions and entertainments were extended.

Yaarab Temple, Atlanta, gave the Imperial Potentate almost three days of whirlwind entertainment. The chief function was a banquet at which several interesting

[Continued on page 50]



PORTABLE ROYAL TYPEWRITER

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wants
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WITH the Royal Portable, the business man who travels can complete each day's letters in less time. A big help, too, in preparing reports, audits, investigations—easy to write, easy to read—use it at home and on the job anywhere.

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Imperial Potentate David W. Crosland with a notable group of Shriners of Al Menah Temple, Nashville, and Nobles from neighbor Temples. The occasion is the visitation of Noble Crosland to Al Menah.



Noble Crosland "panning" for gold on his visit to Ben Ali, Sacramento.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

[Continued from page 48]

stunts were put on. In a short speech following the banquet, Judge Crosland said:

"The Shrine truly is a playground—but a playground out of which have come blessings to thousands of little souls who called to their big brothers of the Shrine—our little pals whom we have provided for in the hospitals for crippled children.

"The Shrine is no place for the confirmed pessimist, who believes only in sadness and sorrow, and who refuses to smile, but always wears a scowl. Such a man is a misfit in this Order and never gains a true understanding of the Shrine. The Shrine properly gives time and thought to amusement because we want the Nobles to see some of the sunshine before the dark clouds gather.

"Be not too hasty in judging your fellow man, but rather be liberal of judgment. If you know your fellow man, you cannot help but like him. We are all so human as to be full of faults, and each man has his virtues. Try to know his good points, and blind yourselves to his faults."

While the Imperial Potentate was with Yaarab one entertainment followed another in rapid succession. Yaarab's staff, of which Mayor J. O. Seamans is Grand Marshal and Asa G. Candler, Jr., is Chief, was designated by Potentate Law, to take charge of all entertainment of Judge Crosland on his visit, and the staff, the other two members of which are Harry Carr and Henry H. Green, functioned perfectly.

One of the most delightful features of the visit was the informal reception given by Past Potentate and Mrs. Henry C. Heinz, at "Rainbow Terrace," their magnificent estate in Druid Hills. Past Potentate Heinz has been an Imperial Representative for Yaarab Temple for more than ten years and is regarded as one of the most prominent figures in the Imperial Council.

At Macon, the Imperial Potentate was met at the train by the Divan, Band and Patrol and escorted to the hotel, after which he was taken on an automobile ride around

(Right) Imperial Potentate Crosland, on his recent visit to Yaarab, Atlanta, paid a call at the home of Past Potentate Henry C. Heinz in Druid Hills.

(Below) The gorgeous stage setting for the reception to the Imperial Potentate on his visit this spring to Ben Ali, Sacramento.

the city. In the evening a dinner was given in his honor, attended by the Divan and presided over by Potentate J. L. Mullally. This was followed by a buffet luncheon and a dance at Shrine Hall.

With every seat sold out before the event, the Midnight Frolics staged by Islam, San Francisco, were enjoyed from dark to dawn, so to speak, by more than 3,000 Nobles and their lady friends. Breakfast was served in the auditorium of the Scottish Rite Temple. Dancing and dining was indulged until the sun rose.

Ziyara, Utica, was host at an entertainment and musical concert for all Masonic lodges in central New York. It was open also to the wives and friends of Masons. The Temple's Band of 50 players and its Chanters contributed to the enjoyment of all.

Twelve hundred Nobles of El Kalah peregrinated from Salt Lake City to Ogden, Utah, where they divested a large class of their individual and collective conceit in a live stock auditorium.

Islam's big army of members has responded to the charms of Hawaii and will sponsor an observation trip to the Land of Leis, leaving San Francisco Wednesday noon, August 31st.



What Every SHRINER Should Know About ATLANTIC CITY

Eight miles of boardwalk.
Absecon lighthouse.
Coast Guard Base or Dry Navy.
Crabbing and fishing parties.
Deep sea fish net hauls.
Elephant Hotel.
Life saving stations.
Daily and nightly minstrel shows.
Public tennis courts.
Six ocean piers, 2 of them 2,000 ft. long.
Swimming pools.
Huge aquariums.
Large fleet of sailing yachts.
Many golf courses.
Public airplane fleet.
Seven miles of bathing beach.
Most beautiful convention hall in America, acoustics perfect.

Police courtesy cards and key to the city for every Imperial representative.

Beautiful souvenirs for Representatives, Ladies, Bands, Patrols, and all uniformed bodies.

Magnificent night illuminations on boardwalk.

Special Shrine decorations—buntings, flags, and electrical displays.

Grandstands only three tiers of seats lining boardwalk.

Court of Honor built with a view of excelling all previous exhibitions of like character.

All state flags to be raised interwoven with Shrine flags.

DeMolay boys as aids.

450 Marshals attired in blue and white coats (Atlantic City's colors) who will serve as "Ask me" men.

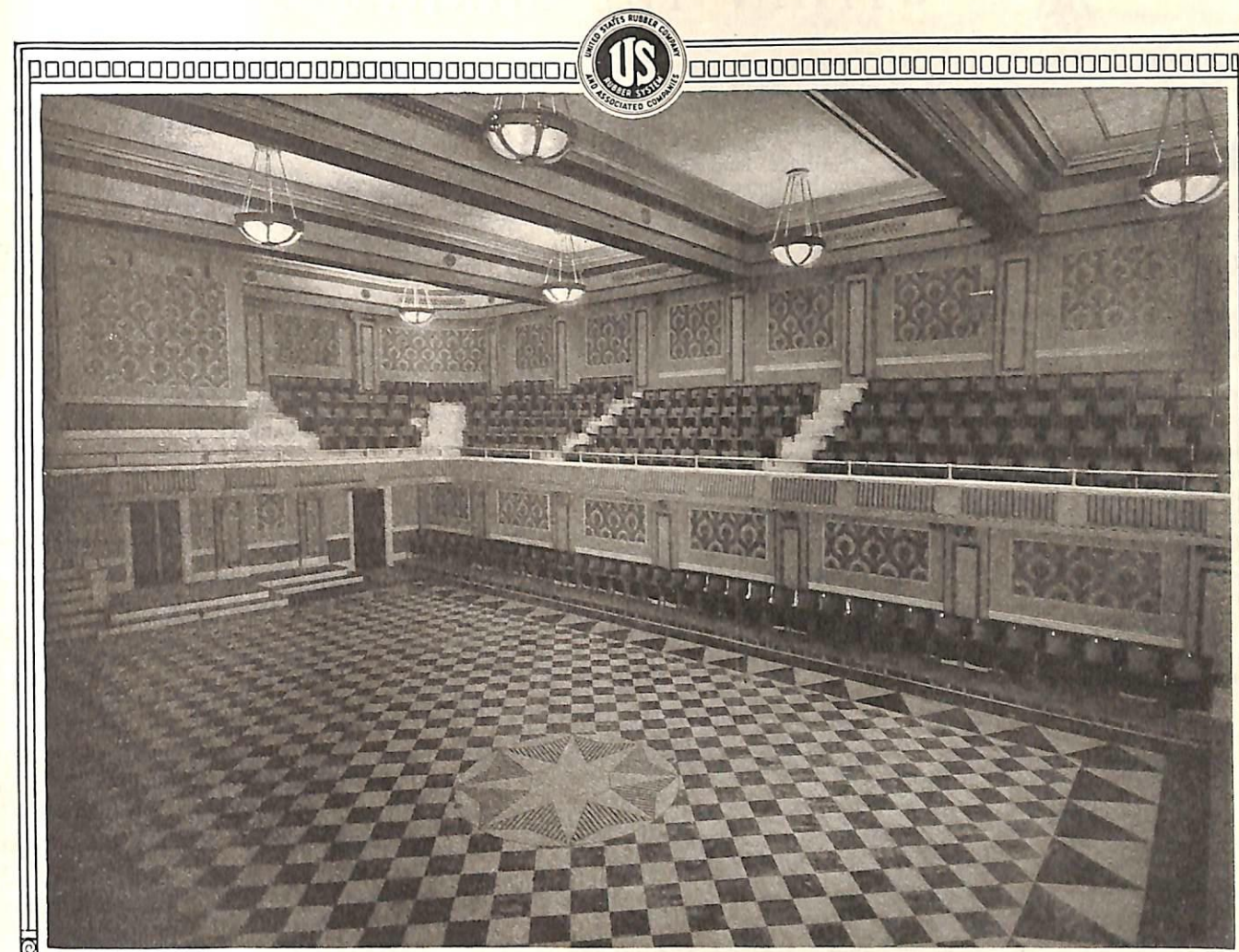
Every radio broadcasting facility.

Hop automobiles of more than 1,000 members of the Atlantic City Shrine Club.

Thirteenth meant the best of luck and success at the 13th annual mask ball of Damascus, Rochester, N. Y. Hundreds danced and 12,000 looked on from boxes and galleries at the Armory. As for the costumes, many were costly and many were original and ingenious. A float, composed of two tiny girls, posed on a small platform, was propelled by a comely young woman and evoked waves of applause. A representation of the American flag, of red, white and blue roses, made another striking float. A couple rode in a tiny skiff, propelled by the man. A group, composed of "Captain Kidd," a woman and two children, received much praise. One masker contrived a costume which appeared like an alarm clock, while another posed as a large heart, decorated with flowers. The four uniformed units united in sponsoring the ball.

Islam had a pageant at its latest ceremonial. The curtains rose on a host of Arabs plodding through the desert, which was well enough in its way. They were suddenly attacked by a gang of marauders, making a pretty battle, which was also interesting, but the glorious event was the legerdemain by a wandering sorcerer. With a magic carpet and Aladdin's lamp he conjured a pool of water in the sand and a group of bathing and dancing girls, bearing gifts of fruit and other food for the starving Arabs.

[Shrine News Continued on page 52]



Floors, rich in colorful beauty,
~comfortable, resilient and durable!

The illustration above shows an interesting floor of "U. S." Tile in the Masonic Temple, Spokane, Washington.

What a warmth of friendly color and richness of tone a well-chosen floor of "U. S." Rubber Tile adds to an interior! Those who fully realize the visual importance of the floor and its important relation to effective interior decoration find in this modern floor covering of rubber an ideal combination of beauty and utility.

Durability that approaches permanency, noiseless, resilient comfort and minimum maintenance cost. The floor perfect for home, office, or lodge. Another famous product of the United States Rubber Company—known for fine floors in rubber since 1897.

United States



Rubber Company

1790 Broadway

New York City

"U.S." TILE FLOORING



WITHIN THE SHRINE



ACTIVITIES of the TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 50])

COMING EVENTS

June 1st—Ceremonial, LuLu, Philadelphia
June 2d—Ceremonial, Moslem, Detroit
June 3d—Informal dance, Islam, San Francisco
June 3d—Ceremonial, Aleppo, Boston
June 3-10-17-24—Dance, Moslem, Detroit
June 3d—Ceremonial, Kem, Grand Forks
June 4th—Ceremonial, Nile, Seattle
June 4th—Ceremonial, Tigris, Syracuse
June 4th—Ceremonial of Crescent, Trenton, at Camden, New Jersey
June 6th—Golden Anniversary Ceremonial, Ziyara, Utica
June 9th—Anniversary Ceremonial, Acca, Richmond
June 10th—Dance-card party, Karem, Waco
June 11th—Ceremonial, Kora, Lewiston
June 14-15-16th—Imperial Council Session, Atlantic City
June 25th—Anniversary Ceremonial, Syria, Pittsburgh
July 2d—Opening Golf Course and 3-day Tournament, Al Amin Country Club, Little Rock
July 4th—Ceremonial Mahi, Miami, at Key West
July 14th—Outing and family party, Crescent, Trenton
Aug. 6th—San Diego Boat Trip, Islam, San Francisco
Aug. 24th—Informal dance, Islam, San Francisco

Yarab, Atlanta, has accepted a design and plans for a \$1,000,000 Mosque, which will be a novel and beautiful ornament to that city and which will occupy a commanding position in a central location. The style will be Saracenic and, according to the architects, will exhibit in its exterior, the spirit of mysticism which characterizes the Shrine. High walls, set off with ornamental promenades and terraced stairs, will mark the building. A feature of the exterior will be an intriguing arrangement of stairs, which will serve as a fire escape and be at the same time decorative. Semi-Oriental entrance, towers, with minarets and domes, will add to the beauty of the building, which will be of reinforced concrete and steel, with brick and stone exterior.

Abdallah, Leavenworth, had 1500 Nobles in attendance and initiated 22 novices at the celebration of their fortieth anniversary. Noble William A. Doughty, only surviving charter member was in attendance. Past Imperial Potentate John H. Atwood told of his trip through Egypt and Jerusalem. Past Potentate Frank Cromwell, Ararat, Kansas City, and other prominent guests were in attendance.

Senator "Billy" Haskell of Za Ga Zig Temple, Des Moines, who died in Des Moines, April 17th, was one of the oldest members of the legislature, both in point of service and in years. He was considered one of the most able men in the legislature and had been a leader in child welfare work and good roads movements. He was a former postmaster and councilman and head of the Haskell Coal company.

Noble R. P. Willis of Adams, Minnesota, editor and owner of The Grand Meadow Times as well as a weekly paper in Adams, drifted into the office of Recorder J. W. Barber at Pittsburgh, and asked for aid in identifying himself. The amnesia victim, who had some \$770 in cash with him, could only identify himself as belonging to a Temple whose recorder was named Walter. Recorder Barber, being familiar with the names of all the recorders in the jurisdiction, produced a photograph of Walter T. King, Osman, St. Paul, which Mr. Willis recognized. Telegraphic communication established the fact that Recorder Barber had found the Temple to which the man belonged. Noble Willis who had been under a severe nervous strain for months, had cashed a check in Adams the day he disappeared and the police had been conducting a country-wide search for him.

A magnificent hand-carved Oriental chair for use of the Potentate at ceremonials and stated meetings is the unique gift received by Afifi Temple, Tacoma, from a recent class at Manila. Afifi Temple made a pilgrimage to the Far East when Scott Z. Henderson was Illustrious Potentate. In the party from Afifi Temple were Potentate Henderson, Judge William D. Askren of the Supreme Court of Washington and Potentate-elect, A. J. Swindle, who was then Oriental Guide of Afifi Temple, and Carl D. Sasher, Recorder.

The chair was so large that it was found impossible by Recorder Carl D. Sasher of Afifi Temple to have it delivered to the headquarters of Afifi on the roof of the Hotel Winthrop in Tacoma so the chair will remain upon display in the Hotel lobby until the new Masonic Temple in Tacoma is completed. The chair will then be placed in Afifi's office for use at ceremonials and meetings. (See photograph below.)



(Past Potentate W. D. Askren of Afifi, proudly exhibiting the beautiful Oriental chair presented to that Temple by Manila Shriners.

That Recorder at Jerusalem—Frank J. Herman—lets the other fellow do the sleeping, while he stays on guard. Result, two years ago the legislature turned down a request for passage of a law to protect organizations from imposters or use of emblems and names already pre-empted. Failure only made Noble Herman hitch up his suspenders a notch higher and return this year with Past Potentate Herbert W. Kaiser, an attorney, and the pair of them had a bill put through that furnishes absolute protection in Louisiana to the names and emblems adopted by organizations and making it a misdemeanor for a person to wear an emblem of any fraternal or other organization of which he is not a member. It also gives the right of injunction against offenders using such emblems.

Ali Ghan, by courtesy termed the baby Temple, only has the following activities to record for the first few months of its existence: Theater party, dance of uniformed bodies, dance of Temple membership, cellar party and oyster roast, dance, ceremonial, reception and dance at Hagerstown, outing and dinner at Town Hill, ceremonial at Hagerstown, cabaret dance, jollification meeting, parade and dance at Hagerstown, dances at Cumberland and Frostburg, picnic at Conomac park, parade and dance at Oakland, smoker, lunch and "jamboree."



Gunner Sergeant M. Fisher, Almas, Washington, D. C., has acquired several tons of metal by making a specialty of hitting the bull's-eye. And that you may not think he does all his shooting in fun, just jot down the fact that he was one of the renowned Devil Dogs of the recent world unpleasantness. Noble Fisher enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1911 and began his career as a sharpshooter in 1912. He has been stationed in Honolulu, Hayti, and in France during the war serving under General Butler of Prohibition fame. He walked off with the world's individual rifle championship in 1923-24 and was the winner of the individual Olympic Rifle championship 1920-24. One of Noble Fisher's achievements was to place eleven consecutive shots within a three and a half inch bull's-eye at a distance of 327 yards. He holds so many records that it would require an additional insert to print them all and the medals he has won would more than fill a six gallon hat.

[Shrine News Continued on page 54]

THE SYMBOL OF GASOLINE MOTOR SUPREMACY



THE trade-marks of industrial institutions signify the quality of their products. They are emblems of honor to be up-held.

For more than a quarter of a century, Continental Motors Corporation has specialized in the design and production of internal combustion engines. This definite, unswerving policy of concentration, specialization and singleness of purpose produces gasoline motors which are ever better in materials, in design and in workmanship. For this reason the Red Seal Continental motor is universally recognized today as a su-

preme achievement in motor design and motor building.

This supremacy is reflected through the unfailing performance of Red Seal Continental motors wherever gasoline power is employed.

As the seals of great men, great commonwealths and great industries signify pride in achievement, so does the Continental Red Seal signify the ultimate standard

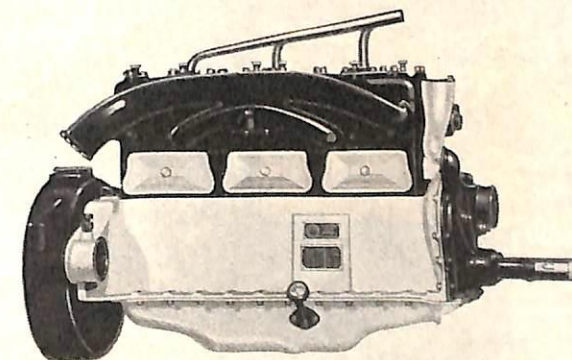
which the user of gasoline power is justified in demanding of his power unit. It is an emblem of that outstanding leadership which results from long experience, vast resources and creative skill.

DEPENDABLE POWER
FOR EVERY PURPOSE
Passenger
Commercial
Bus
Industrial
Marine
Airplane

CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Offices: Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.

Factories: Detroit and Muskegon, Michigan



Continental Motors

THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE GASOLINE MOTOR MANUFACTURERS
IN THE WORLD



WITHIN THE SHRINE



UNIFORMED BODIES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 52])

Osman Patrol, St. Paul, did a new stunt at its annual dinner, putting in an alleged radio program and just happening to stumble across Hella band of Dallas broadcasting. The Dallas program was supposed to be one of the numbers without titles being announced, Sam P. Cochran donating a handsome bag to the first lady to send in the nearest complete list of titles of numbers played, and Noble Mike Thomas offered a regulation fez embroidered with solid gold to the Texas Noble doing the identification act first. Captain Swanson of Osman sent an alleged telegram, congratulating the band on its program but protesting against the limitation of the contestants to Texas. Dr. Cave, through the announcer, in due time acknowledged receipt of the telegram and loud applause followed the announcement that Osman's members could enter the competition. It was a well initiated lot that received the signing off announcement that the whole affair had been a hoax and that the only radio used had been a phonograph and loud speaker. The local telephone company and Osman's star electrician, Noble Harry Judd, did the rest. The dinner was attended by the Divan, Past Potentates and chairmen of committees beside the two Patrols. (See photograph below.)

All the uniformed bodies of El Jebel participated in the opening of the National Western Stock show at Denver, led by Potentate William T. Mayfield. Besides the Divan, Patrol, Band and Drum and Bugle Corps, there were the meeters, the stewards and the wreckers, the last named in evening dress.

The uniformed bodies of Al Bedoo, Billings, Mont., entertained themselves and the officers of the temple at a stag party, which included stunts by the Patrol, songs by the Chanters and co-operation of the Band and the Drum Corps.

The Duluth Shrine Band co-operated with the Duluth Glee Club in concert at the Shrine auditorium. The Band of forty members is well balanced, the brass and woodwinds being properly divided.

Seventy-five minutes of vaudeville stunts, followed by dancing, comprised an entertainment staged by the Abou Ben Adhem Patrol, Springfield, Mo.

Special stunts by all Yaarab's uniformed bodies featured a big show and a trot at Atlanta recently.

The Ali Ghan Band, Cumberland, Md., has been increased to forty pieces. Jacob Gottlieb is president.

The Palestine Band was a popular host at a concert program and dance given recently at Providence, R. I.

Aad Temple's Band, Duluth, captured the first prize of \$1,000 at the National Convention of the American Legion in Kansas City.

The Chanters of Boumi Temple furnished the musical service recently at St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Baltimore.

Warrant Officer Arthur S. Haynes, bandmaster of the Seventh infantry, is the new director of Al Kader Band, Portland, Ore. Noble Haynes, who is a member of Mecca, studied at the Royal Academy of Music, London, and also under Frank Damrosch. After the armistice Haynes organized and directed General Pershing's staff band at general headquarters in Chaumont, France.

Under the joint auspices of all the marching units in Mecca Temple, for the first time they have combined forces for such an undertaking, an entertainment was given at its mosque in New York recently. Paul Whiteman led the musicians in one of the numbers. Captain William T. Graff commanded the Patrol in an exhibition drill.

H. A. "Heinie" Lawrence is the new president of Moslah Patrol, Fort Worth, Tex. His predecessor, Past Potentate Frank Taylor, was presented with the customary jewel as a past president of the Patrol.

Acce's Patrol, Richmond, Va., burlesqued a session of the Shrine at a recent meeting of the Sphinx Club and followed it with a minstrel show, which was highly appreciated.

Ansar Band, Springfield, Ill., appeared in a memorial concert in honor of the late Noble Louis Lehmann, who for years directed the organization. A full evening's program was rendered.

Ararat Mounted Patrol, Kansas City, attended Bible Class at the Country Club Christian Church.

Noble B. H. Hunt has entered on another term as captain of El Kalah's Patrol.

Nile band and chanters, Seattle, put on an hour of broadcasting a week apart.

Kaaba's Band, Davenport, Iowa, gave a concert at Muscatine lately, which was a feature of an entertainment and dancing party under the auspices of the Muscatine Shrine Club. Kaaba's Patrol also contributed a fancy drill which was very much appreciated.

Almas Band, Washington, D. C., put on a concert for the shut-in veterans of the World War. The Band did the honors from a musical standpoint, while the Nut Band put on some enjoyable and laughable stunts.

Noble Harry E. Stites, director of LuLu Reserve Band, Philadelphia, was the recipient of a handsome token of esteem from the members of the band at their recent meeting.

Pyramid's uniformed bodies had charge of the Temple's recent ball at New Haven, with a special concert by the Band and Chanters.

Monks, skeletons and gypsies mingled, incongruously but gleefully, at a masked ball given by the uniformed bodies of Hadi Temple, Evansville, Ind.

Al Menah Temple's Band was chosen to play the first musical number at the opening of station WLAC at Nashville, Tenn.

Zem Zem Patrol is putting on a series of dances at Erie, Pa. A. S. Way is chairman of the committee in charge.

Ziyara Temple Band, Utica, N. Y., has re-elected Lincoln Holroyd as president and director.

Al Kader's Band was heard in a series of municipal concerts at Portland, Ore.

[Shrine News Continued on page 56]

(Boumi Temple's giant parade drum presented by Noble G. L. Hiscock of Kismet, Brooklyn. Left to right: Noble Hiscock, Potentate G. M. Armor of Boumi, Noble Wm. A. Chenoweth, Noble H.C. Glover of same Temple.)



(Annual dinner of Osman Temple's Patrol, attended by the Divan, Past Potentates, Chairmen of Committees and the two Patrols.)

JUNE, 1927

Old Briar

TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

A VAST MULTITUDE OF PIPE SMOKERS instantly welcomed and praised Old Briar. Thousands upon thousands claim Old Briar to be "the best pipe smoke ever made."

The additional enjoyment, satisfaction and pipe comfort you get out of a pipeful of Old Briar costs but a fraction of a cent more than ordinary tobaccos.



Light up your pipeful of Old Briar. Let the ripe fragrance of Old Briar creep up your pipe's stem. Enjoy every bit of its full, pleasant aroma — its rich body — its extra smoothness. Notice how mild and cool it is — how completely satisfying. Then you will know why this wonderful tobacco continues to win the praise of pipe smokers everywhere.

Generations of tobacco culture, years of selecting and of testing the finest leaf tobacco, of scientific mellowing and blending, have gone into the perfecting of Old Briar. IT ALL SHOWS UP IN THE SMOKE.

TO DEALERS: Old Briar is sold in Pocket packages at 25c and Humidor boxes at 50c, \$1.00 and \$2.00. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealers' prices.



50c 25c

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR

Tear out this coupon and mail to:
United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va. U. S. A.

SPECIAL OFFER: To make your first meeting with Old Briar an occasion for utmost satisfaction, we will mail you on receipt of this coupon and 50c the regular Old Briar 50c humidor box. In addition, we will include one 25c pocket package of Old Briar — extra — if you include your dealer's name. Send no money, but pay the postman 50c when he delivers your order. Tear out the coupon, now, while it's handy!

Your Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Your Dealer's Name.....

Address.....

If you prefer—send stamps, money order or check with coupon.

S6

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.



SHRINE CLUBS

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 54])

Places and Dates of Meetings

Akron—Tadmor, Fridays, Masonic Temple.
 Altoona—Jaffa, Fridays, Penn Alto Hotel.
 Baltimore—Scimitar Club, Mondays, Hotel Emerson.
 Birmingham—Zamora, Thursdays, Bankhead Hotel.
 Buffalo—Ismailia, Fridays, Hotel Statler.
 Boise—El Korah, daily, Kelley's Round Table.
 Cleveland—Al Koran, Mondays, Allerton Hotel.
 Columbus, O.—Aladdin, Thursdays, Masonic Temple.
 Charleston, W. Va.—Beni Kedem, Thursdays, Scottish Rite Cathedral.
 Detroit—Moslem Boulevard Shrine Club, Wednesdays, General Motors Bldg.
 Detroit—Moslem, Caravan Shrine Club, Thursdays, Hotel Statler.
 Duluth—Aad, Mondays, 105 W. Superior Street.
 Des Moines—Za-Ga-Zig, Saturdays, Ft. Des Moines Hotel.
 Evansville—Hadi, Thursdays, Shrine Club House.
 Flint—Shrine Club, Masonic Temple, Wednesdays.
 Hastings—Tehama, Fridays, Hotel Clarke.
 Hollywood—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Chinese Gardens.
 Honolulu—Aloha, Shrine Club, Thursdays, Young Hotel.
 Los Angeles—Al Malaikah, Thursdays.
 Lexington, Ky.—Oleika, First Friday, monthly, Phoenix Hotel.
 Milwaukee—Tripoli, Fridays, Milwaukee Athletic Club.
 Minneapolis—Zuhrah, every other Monday, West Hotel.
 Memphis—Al Chymia, Fridays, Shrine Building.
 Nashville—Al Menah, Wednesdays, McFadden's Grotto.
 Pittsburgh—Syria, Fridays, William Penn Hotel.
 Philadelphia—LuLu, Wednesdays, Adelphia Hotel.
 Pasadena—Shrine Club, Mondays, Hotel Maryland.
 Portland, Ore.—Al Kader, Mondays, changing each week to a different hotel.
 Rochester—Damascus, Fridays, Powers Hotel.
 Rockford—Tebala, Fridays, Tebala Mosque.
 Richmond—Acca, Sphinx Club, Thursdays, Seventh Street Christian Club Annex.
 San Antonio—Alzafar, Fridays, Nueces Hotel.
 San Pedro—Shrine Club Thursdays, Y. M. C. A.
 St. Paul—Osman, every other Friday, St. Paul Hotel.
 San Francisco—Islam, Thursdays, Palace Hotel.
 Saginaw—Elf Khurafah, Caravan Club, Fridays, Hotel Bancroft.
 Seattle—Nile, Thursdays, Chamber of Commerce.
 Spokane—El Katif, Mondays.
 Terre Haute—Zorah, Fridays, Elks Club.
 Waco—Karem, Tuesdays, Shrine Club rooms.
 Washington, D. C.—Almas, Fridays, New Ebbitt Hotel.
 Youngstown—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Y. M. C. A.

The ladies' night at the Shrine Club of Philadelphia gathered 1,289 guests with honors even between nobles and ladies. Elaborate Arabic decorations, flowers and electrical displays greeted the eye, and balloons and whistles and noise makers were on hand to add to the gaiety. President Melvin H. Jones was presented with a beautiful grandfather's chime clock by the club and 200 handsome prizes were given to the ladies. The Boy Council of De Molay put on a harmonica band of 100 pieces.

Tripoli has Patrol members who can sing as well as march. The Patrol Boys Trio, composed of Ollie Thatcher, Bob Owens and Wilbur Davis of Milwaukee, accompanied by Carl Luvenhoe of Milwaukee, entertained at a well attended dinner of the Fond du Lac Shrine Club.

The Peninsula Shrine Club of Virginia is officered as follows: Major Louis C. Wilson, U. S. A., President; Captain Alvin Massenburg, Vice-President; C. E. Cheyne, Treasurer; W. M. Marks, Secretary. Board of Directors: The officers above named, and J. W. Davis, Floyd W. Moore, C. F. Rust.

An animal story was presented in motion pictures at a recent session of the Rochester, N. Y., Shrine Luncheon Club. Romping bulls, raiding bears and lambs being sheared were shown, with most vivid action. The picture showed in great detail the New York Stock Exchange on a busy day, selling stocks and bonds.

Six blue bill ducks, bagged by George Lounsbury, comprised the attendance prize, and were very acceptable to the winner, Walter H. Borgen, County Auditor of St. Louis County, at a session of the luncheon club of Aad Temple, Duluth, Minn.

An entertainment, entitled, "Forty-five Minutes on a Sunday afternoon at the Beach," drew the largest attendance in many a day at a Los Angeles Shrine Club Luncheon. The performers were thirty young women in one-piece bathing suits.

A two day outing was enjoyed recently by members of the Pasadena Shrine Club, their wives and daughters at Hermosa Beach.



(The siren is only a lieutenant in the army, a member of Nile Temple, Seattle. The object of the amorous glances is Major Gilmore, who had charge of second section of the Ceremonial at Manila.)

At the annual meeting of the Hamilton Shrine Club, Hamilton, Ohio, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John M. Crocker of Syrian Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio; Vice-President, Robert J. Shank, also of Syrian Temple; Secretary and Treasurer, Frank Fowles of Moila Temple, St. Joseph, Mo. The membership is one hundred and fifty-eight, most of whom are members of Syrian Temple, Cincinnati, and Antioch Temple, Dayton.

The Lancaster Shrine Club at Lancaster, Pa., is the second oldest Shrine Club in the United States, having been founded in 1911, by Noble C. Reese Eaby, since deceased. The club is in concurrent jurisdiction with Zembo of Harrisburg and Rajah of Reading. It has three hundred members from sixteen temples, and during the year has several ladies' nights, smokers and card parties. One annual event particularly pleasing, is the bringing to one of the local parks, the boys and girls of the Masonic home at Elizabethtown for a day's outing. David B. Groff is president, and Paxton W. Wolf secretary.

Niagara Falls and vicinity have organized a Shrine Club, 157 members turning out for the first meeting, at which the following officers were elected: Harry Bearss, President; Charles R. Phelps, Vice-President; E. R. Cole, Recorder, and W. R. Breckon, Treasurer.

Edward S. Evans, who claims the world's record as a globe racer, told interestingly of different parts of the world he had visited, at a meeting of the Caravan club of Moslem Temple, Detroit, Mich. David P. Harr is president of the club.

The Grays Harbor Country Shrine Club celebrated at a dinner the appointment of its president, Harry R. Callow, as captain of the guard for Afifi Temple, Tacoma, all the Divan members and their wives being present.

Gus C. Moser, president of the New York state senate, was chairman of the day at luncheon No. 25 of Al Kader Shrine Luncheon club, in the Crystal room of the Benson Hotel at Portland, Ore.

Members of Flint, Mich., Shrine Club showed their interest in education recently by having Nelson Hicks, a high school student, tell them all about it. After which they renewed their youth further by listening to "Pretty Baby," "Baby Face" and "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark."

The St. Petersburg, Fla., Shrine club is ambitious. It has acquired an orchestra, which contributes to the harmony of the club's weekly meetings.

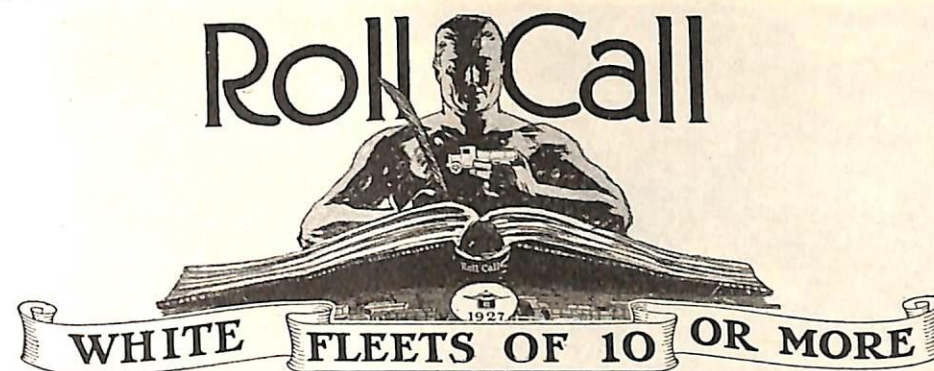
The Crawford County Shrine club celebrated its first anniversary at Saegerstown, Pa., with a dinner and dance, attended by 120 couples.

Ismailia Lunch Club, Buffalo, is giving a weekly program of more than ordinary excellence, the local theaters contributing liberally to the entertainment menu.

Syria Caravan, No. 9, Uniontown, Pennsylvania, gave its sixth annual banquet, the entertainment being provided by local talent and Pittsburgh professionals. Members of the Divan of Syria, Pittsburgh, were in attendance.

[Shrine News Continued on page 60]

Roll Call



A THOUSAND ADS IN ONE

The Greatest Transportation Story Ever Told . . . In Facts
 Figures and Dollar Signs

Eleven hundred and four of the country's foremost owners operating 39,857 Whites in fleets of ten or more—143 more owners than last year—4,102 more Whites—colossal evidence in itself, made stronger by the fact that tens of thousands of additional owners operate fleets of less than ten, or single Whites.

Some names have disappeared due to reorganizations, mergers and normal business changes. A few fleets show decreases. But losses are few and every year has brought tremendous increases.

The most convincing proof of earning power ever published, in mountains of facts that rise higher with each year, shows new armies of White Trucks and White Busses added to the vast army of veterans in the earth-wide service of transportation.

New fleets and greater ones—a bigger total of fleets old and new—new and old in a broader variety of service—all standing up to the work in every field, *another year's earnings*—that's the net of the great White record, unapproached in transportation history.

Go behind the returns to the individual records of the old veterans working beside the new recruits—the battle-scarred heroes, like the Old Guard of Napoleon, that have gone through one more year's service in the long campaign. *It's the additional money-earning miles got out of old Whites* that give the deeper meaning to higher mounting proofs of what's built and has always been built into Whites.

Year by year, the efficiency, economy and dependability of Whites have greater emphasis as

old Whites add to their proud performance of hundreds of thousands of *money-earning miles*. There are Whites in this Roll Call that have run and earned since 1915 and before. There are Whites running with profit today which have mileage records of 100,000, 200,000, 300,000 miles and more—time has not measured their power.

What one White has done, every White can do. That is why any White performance in years and miles is an advertisement of every White. What one White has done, every other White is doing, consistently. Multiplying one White performance by a hundred thousand—to get the full conviction of what has been and what is being and what will always be built into Whites. That is why the White Roll Call is a thousand ads—and ten thousand times proof.

No other truck or bus manufacturer has ever published such a volume of evidence of uninterrupted, profit-building service. No other manufacturer can.

Let us send you the complete White Roll Call booklet tracing the building of these great fleets year by year. Write The White Company, Cleveland, or request it of the branch office or dealer near you.

WHITE EXHIBIT ON BOARDWALK

While attending the 53rd Annual Imperial Council Session, see the White Roll Call Exhibit in connection with the Shrine Magazine Display on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City, the week of June 12th.

THE WHITE COMPANY, Cleveland

WHITE TRUCKS

and WHITE BUSSES



Ask Mrs. FREDERICK!

Dear Shrine Readers:

I KNOW now what is our national American dish—it's PIE! For a long time I thought it might be ice-cream, but the number and excellence of the recipes submitted in the recent Pie Recipe Contest prove beyond any doubt that Pie is our most popular dessert. And apple pie scores beyond any other favorite (with cocoanut custard as a runner-up) with men!

And now for this month's contest: it is to be a Salad Recipe Contest, because that seems especially seasonable. Where formerly a salad was considered a company luxury, today a salad is a staple course in even the modest home dinner. Or it may be a complete meal itself, the chief refreshment dish for a summer social gathering. It may be of fruit, vegetables or other ingredients; it may be in a "jellied" form or in some equally attractive service. Will you send in your favorite Salad Recipes?

Here are the exact rules:

SALAD RECIPE CONTEST

June Shrine Service

- 1—Write only on one side of the paper.
- 2—Write only one recipe to a page, but you may send in as many recipes as you choose.
- 3—Write recipe in standard recipe form, giving ingredients, method, time of baking, size or number of servings and all details which will make the recipe practical and clear.
- 4—Address: SALAD CONTEST EDITOR, SHRINE SERVICE, THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York City.
- 5—Contributions must be received by May 15th.

Remember first prize is \$10, the next \$5, then \$2, each for the following five best recipes and \$1 paid for any recipe used by the magazine.

The Prize Winners in the Cake Contest were:

FIRST PRIZE \$10.00

MRS. C. E. KLEIN,
8826 184th Place,
Hollis, L. I.
Pineapple Cake Supreme: 1 can sliced pine-

apple, 1 cup brown sugar, ¼ pound sweet butter, 3 eggs, 1 cup granulated sugar, 1 cup pastry flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3 tablespoons pineapple juice. Melt brown sugar and butter in pan that cake is to be made in. When thoroughly melted, take from fire and arrange pineapple in shape of a cartwheel on top of this mixture, by putting a round of pineapple in center of pan, and half rounds radiating from this center until cartwheel is complete. Then make a sponge cake batter as follows: beat the yolks of the eggs until thick, add sugar gradually, beating until all the sugar is used; add flour sifted together with baking powder, pineapple juice, and last, fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour this batter on top of pineapple cartwheel evenly and bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. When cool invert on large cake plate, pineapple side up, and garnish with maraschino cherries in every center of half round, and a ring of sweetened whipped cream around cake.

SECOND PRIZE \$5.00

MRS. J. L. ROBINSON,
68 Mt. Herman Way,
Ocean Grove, N. J.

Sour Milk Spice Cake: 3 cups brown sugar, 1 cup butter, 2 eggs, 5 cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, ¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg, 2 teaspoons ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 2 cups sour milk, 2 cups seedless raisins, ½ cup chopped citron. Cream the sugar and butter together. Add the eggs well beaten. Then the flour and seasoning, sifted together. Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in the milk and add it. Then the raisins and citron. Stir well. Bake in deep buttered cake pan 1 hour in moderate oven—350° F.

WHAT IS YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEM?

Is it cooking? Cleaning? Washing? Redecorating? Furnishing? The care and feeding of children? No matter what it is write to Mrs. Frederick and she will be glad to help you. Address a stamped envelope to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

\$2.00 WINNERS

MRS. J. L. HARPER,
451 Ave. 64, R2, Box 12,
Pasadena, Calif.
Prune Cake: ½ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup cooked prunes, 3 tablespoons sour cream, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cream butter and sugar; add 2 eggs beaten in one at a time; then prunes. Put soda in cream and add. Mix bicarbonate of soda and cinnamon in flour with vanilla. Nuts may be added if desired. Bake in a pan 9 by 14. It will make 15 pieces. For icing 1½ cups brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons cream. Let this boil about 2 minutes, then stir in enough powdered sugar so that it will spread.

FLORENCE KLEIN,
1212 West 30th St.,
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Mashed Potato Cake: Cream 2 cups sugar and 1 cup butter. Add 4 well beaten eggs. Cream 1 cup warm mashed potatoes and 3 tablespoons cocoa. Add ½ cup milk and beat this second mixture into the sugar, butter and egg mixture. Into 2 cups flour put 3 level teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon lemon, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup nut meats. Make into loaf. Is rich enough in itself without icing. Bake about 1 hour in slow oven.

MRS. M. ELLIS SMITH,
414 Oak Ave.,
Klamath Falls, Ore.
Graham Cracker Cake: ½ cup shortening (butter preferred), 1 cup granulated sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 25 ordinary graham crackers, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup chopped walnuts, ½ teaspoon salt. Cream shortening with sugar, add egg yolks well beaten and milk. Roll crackers fine, mix with baking powder, salt and chopped nuts. Mix with first mixture, then add beaten egg whites, and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bake in 2 layers in hot oven.
Plain Icing for Graham Cracker Cake: 1½ cups powdered sugar, 3 teaspoons oil, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ¼ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons thick cream, 2 squares chocolate. Mix together until rich and creamy, add melted chocolate and spread between layers and over cake.

MRS. KEITH L. CONNER,
110 Prospect St.,
Jamestown, N. Y.
Daffodil Cake: Whites of 11 large eggs or 12 small ones, 1½ cups sifted granulated sugar, 1 cup Swansdown cake flour, 1 level teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon vanilla and almond flavoring mixed. Sift flour 4 times. Beat whites of eggs with beater until foamy; add cream of tartar, then continue beating until whites are stiff. Beat in sugar slowly, flavor, then add flour slowly. Take out 1 cup of batter, add 3 beaten egg yolks to this, making a yellow batter. Use an angel cake tin; put in some white batter and yellow alternately. Place in cool oven, increasing heat after 15 minutes. Bake 1 hour.

MRS. E. H. HAMKE,
520 E. Drive,
Woodruff Place,
Indianapolis, Ind.
Macaroon Ice-Box Cake: 1½ dozen ground macaroons, ½ cup chopped walnut meats. Filling: 2 cups powdered sugar, ½ cup butter, 3 egg yolks, 3 egg whites beaten, ½ teaspoon almond flavoring, ¾ cup chopped nuts. Cream butter and sugar, add well beaten yolks, flavoring and nuts. Fold in beaten whites last. Use a loaf pan with waxed paper. Sprinkle in a layer of chopped walnuts first, then a layer of macaroons ground or broken fine. Then add layer of filling. Alternate layers of macaroons and filling until all are used. Let cake stand in ice-box or in a cool place over night. Serve with whipped cream. This recipe makes 8 servings, and is especially good in summer as no oven is required.

\$1.00 WINNERS

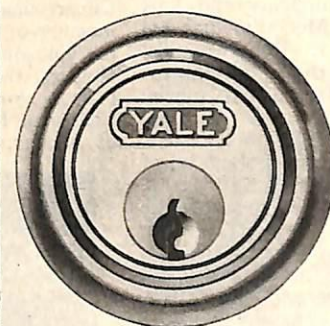
MRS. EDNAH M. HARDY,
168 Pleasant St.,
Stoughton, Mass.
Individual Nut Cakes: 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup flour, 1/3 teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup pecan meats, 2 eggs. Combine sugar, flour, soda and salt and sift twice. Add nut meats and the 2 eggs unbeaten. Stir only enough to mix. Bake in small muffin tins in moderate oven about 20 minutes.

MRS. JULIA FENT,
1340 N. Lawrence Ave.,
Wichita, Kans.
Buttermilk Spice Cake: ½ cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup buttermilk, ½ teaspoon

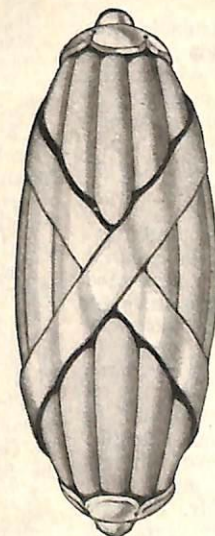
[Continued on page 94]

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permanence, and intrinsic
merit in construction,
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WITHIN THE SHRINE



With a PERSONAL TINGE

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 56])

Past Potentate George Filmer, Islam, San Francisco, has been selected as the president of the California Society for Crippled Children, with executive offices in the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. The purpose of this organization is to secure needed legislation, looking to the rehabilitation of crippled children at the expense of the State.

Past Imperial Potentate, Henry C. Akin, has just passed his 81st birthday and Past Imperial Potentate A. B. McGaffey has arrived at the ripe age of 75. Both attended the festivities incident to the entertainment of the Imperial Potentate on his official visit to Los Angeles.

Julian D. Harries, the new potentate of Islam, San Francisco, has a life of great variety. As a youngster he voyaged the world when a sailor on the old clippers. Later he rode the South African veldt as a big game hunter and also as an officer of mounted police. The Boer war found him enlisted as an irregular, having refused higher army rank because it would involve surrendering his American citizenship.

Grand Master Dunkum, District of Columbia, a member of Almas, is also the Grand Generalissimo of the Grand Commandery, Vice-President of the Masonic Veterans Association and chairman of the United Masonic Temple Committee, under whose direction it is hoped a magnificent new Masonic Home will be erected.

George Chase, Potentate of Ismailia, was specially honored on his birthday by the Shrine Club. He was presented with a diamond studded jewel. Eight members of the club, dressed in masquerade costumes, serenaded the Potentate and handed him a birthday cake. The Niagara Falls Shrine Club sent him a bouquet of roses.

Hugh J. McLearn, a Noble of Aad, Duluth, a lawyer, and said to be the greatest hockey fan in America, has been appointed one of Minnesota's three commissioners on the Great Lakes—St. Lawrence waterway project. His ability and energy ought to make Lake Superior as salty as a mackerel.

A beautiful handpainted testimonial of honorary membership in Salaam Temple, Newark, was bestowed on Thomas Flitcraft of Paterson, N. J., at a recent meeting by Potentate Harry R. Brown. Mr. Flitcraft was made a Noble in Ziyara, 36 years ago, but later became affiliated with Mecca.

Past Potentate Joseph Farnsworth of Hella, Dallas, is Manager of the Southern Bell Telephone Company at San Antonio. Noble Farnsworth was very active in Shrine circles years ago.

Past Potentate Wm. B. Speed and John Henry Kraft, Boumi, Baltimore, have been made honorary members of LuLu, Philadelphia.

Edward E. Lesson, Victoria, B. C., is now serving his twenty-sixth year as recorder of Gizeh temple.

An individual representing himself as E. P. Armstrong, a member of Sphinx Temple, has obtained possession of Eugene P. Armstrong's Shrine pass card No. 1354 and is using same to impose on the Nobility by use of fraudulent checks and loans, also to obtain credit. Description: The best we have is that this man is about 6 ft. in height, about 190 lbs. in weight, dark, shifty eyes, wore dark clothes a bit shabby, dark shoes, a bit rough in his speech. He also had a 1926 card in the name of Fuller, Beattyville, Ky., and a member of Oleika Temple of Lexington.

Shriners in Texas are holding their own in Texas politics. Dan Moody, who has succeeded "Ma" Ferguson as Governor of the state, is a member of Ben-Hur, Austin. The new Attorney General, Noble Claude Pollard, is a member of Arabia, Houston. Congressman J. J. Mansfield is also a member of Arabia. The Democrats are not carrying off all the honors, however. R. B. Creager, the National Republican Committeeman for Texas and Republican State Chairman Eugene Nolte, are both members of Alzafar, San Antonio.



Past Potentate William Vail, Anezeh, City of Mexico, a Permanent Representative, (standing) congratulating General C. H. M. Agramonte on his 96th birthday. The scene occurred in the General's back yard at Peptola, a near suburb of the city of Mexico and the date was September 19, 1926.

The General is an honorary member of Mecca, New York, Past Potentate of Anezeh, City of Mexico, Active Member Supreme Council, 33d, for Mexico. He is a veteran of the Crimean war, Indian Mutiny and Civil war, serving from start to stop on McClellan's staff in the Army of the Potomac. It is pretty safe to assume that the General is the oldest living man wearing the Shrine Emblem.

Noble George McCormick, Arabia, Houston, General Superintendent Motive Power of the Southern Pacific Railroad, was the Captain of El Mina Patrol at Galveston before the Constitution of Arabia Temple, at which time he became Captain of Arabia Patrol.

Egypt, Tampa, has recognized the splendid work of Noble Edward F. O'Brien of Havana in obtaining Cuban petitions by appointment to First Ceremonial Master.

Orlando, Fla., Shrine club has organized a drum and trumpet corps, which accompanied them to the Lakeland Ceremonial.

(Past Potentate Henry A. Page of Zenobia Temple, Toledo, Ohio.



Noble Henry A. Page, who presided over the destinies of Zenobia Temple, Toledo, during the years 1925 and 1926, has earned for himself a well deserved spot in the esteem of the poorer children of that locality. Noble Page runs one of the largest dairy institutions in the State of Ohio, and it has been his custom for years to furnish 1,200 bottles of milk daily to the school children whose parents are unable to furnish this requirement of the School Board of that city for all children attending the public schools. At vacation time he sends sufficient ice cream to each school so that every child attending the same may be served with a generous sized sample of his products, and at Christmas time, 25,000 children of the city are made happy by having ice cream added, at his expense, to their bill of fare.

Past Imperial Potentate W. Freeland Kendrick, LuLu, Philadelphia, who entertained the Italian Minister to the United States during the Sesqui-Centennial Celebration, was recently notified that he had been made a Chevalier of the Crown.

George B. McGinty, Chief Rabban, Almas, Washington, D. C., is secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Robert S. Regar, newly installed Oriental Guide of Almas, Washington, is Third Assistant Postmaster General.

W. P. Wachter of Hagerstown, Maryland, has succeeded Harry A. Manley as Potentate of Ali Gahn, Cumberland, Maryland. Past Potentate Manley felt that nine years in guiding the Western Maryland Shrine Club into a full fledged Shrine Temple entitled him to retire as active head of the new body.

J. B. McAlester, Mayor of McAlester, Okla., is a full-blooded Indian, a professional baseball player, a 33d degree Mason, a Knight Templar and a Shriner. His father, former lieutenant governor of Oklahoma, founded the city.

Charlie Meyer has been the shekelkeeper of Murat, Indianapolis, for 43 years and is the only treasurer Murat ever has had.

Potentate James McCants, Egypt, Tampa, and Past Potentate Allan McCants, Hamasa, Meridian, are cousins.

Past Potentate L. G. Gottschick, Isis, Salina, suffered a broken shoulder in an automobile accident recently. A sand pocket was responsible.

Potentate-elect Guy Galbraith was honored with an Inaugural Ball tendered him and the Divan by Al Koran of Cleveland.

"Good Girl!"

No one, least of all his best friends, would ever have thought for a minute that Albert Payson Thayer, Jr., could possibly slight a single item of wearing apparel. He was, and for that matter is, one of our most annoying dressers. He is so perfect that competition is out of the question. He sets an awful pace in style. So you can imagine what must have happened when he looked in vain for his garters and found them gone. Not that he wanted those particular garters. For days he had shuddered as he put them on and Grace had made cutting remarks about their age and general appearance. And then hope dawned. Perhaps Grace—! By Jove she had. A new pair of Agrippa Bostons—the kind he wore—smiled at him from his bureau drawer. A note pinned on the box was from Grace—"Now don't wear these forever." No wonder then Bert used the expression which captions this story—"Good Girl!"



How did your garters look this morning?



Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, MAKERS VELVET GRIP GARTERS FOR ALL THE FAMILY — BOSTON



With a wheel tray the bride may serve her supper for two wherever she wishes.

TO THE average bride, buying the furnishings for her kitchen gives her a strong sense of having a home of her own. In many cases she may have been a business girl dependent for so long on restaurant or boarding house, that she anticipates with delight the charming intimacy of "a little dinner for two" prepared by her own hands in her cozy colorful kitchen or kitchenette. Modern cooking utensils are so shiny and so gleaming, their shapes so attractive and practical, that there's just as much pleasure in shopping for one's kitchen trousseau, as there is in buying silver, glass or bridal linens.

The Big Three of every kitchen are Range, Refrigerator and Table. The range may already be installed; but if one must be selected, the choice should include these points: a model with an upper oven and broiler, preferably located to the right of the open-top cooking surface; a warming shelf or closet; a plain model of simple lines with little trim, having a white enamel "splasher" at the back and high sanitary legs which will permit easy cleaning underneath; a heat-regulator attachment for greater accuracy in oven cooking; and a last, but often important detail, is to be sure that the cooking space between the top burners is adequate—that is, that the burner rings are far enough apart to allow a skillet and a wide pot both to be used without interference at the same time.

The refrigerator is one definite piece of furniture-equipment where it never pays to "buy cheap". Since the preservation of food and hence the family health, depend to a large degree on the quality of its construction, thorough investigation should be made before purchase. The salesman can provide a sample cross-section which will reveal the different layers of materials; the essential point is that the insulation should be as nearly perfect as possible, with a dead-air-space between; the lining should be in one piece, without seams or crevices which might harbor food particles; and hence germs; adjustable wire shelves are convenient, and an ice-chamber at the left instead of the top, guarantees a more perfect and uniform circulation of air.

All of these points are equally important even if the bride plans for the installation of an ice-machine unit—there are several satisfactory models on the market—which most effectively remove the many inconveniences of personal ice delivery.

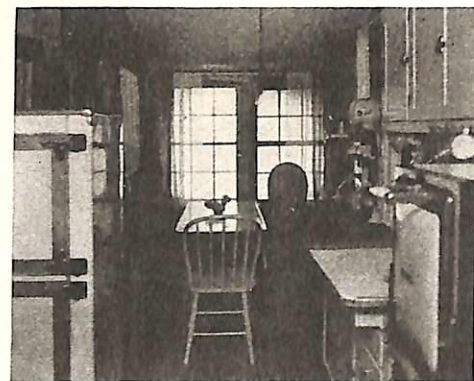
KITCHEN CABINET CENTRALIZES COOKING AND SAVES ENERGY

The kitchen table must have its snowy and impervious porcelain top if it is to be



Conducted by
Mrs. Christine Frederick

Equipping the KITCHEN Built for TWO



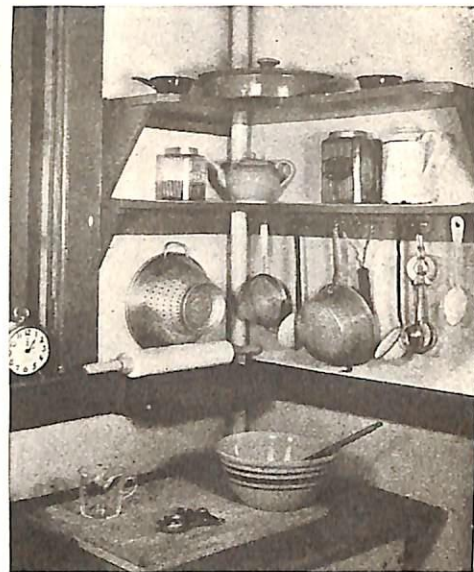
The "pullman breakfast nook" in the kitchen built-for-two.

in fashion. But the most practicable "working surface" is the table glorified with an upper cabinet portion or lower storage compartments—or both. A kitchen cabinet automatically centralizes work, so that within the radius of her arm's length, the bride may reach her food supplies, her preparing tools and also her cooking pots, pans and baking accessories. The cabinet also encourages that excellent "sitting-down habit" which every bride should acquire, right at the start! If the new housekeeper is to help solve some of woman's many problems, and make a success of her marriage, she needs to avoid wasting her energy needlessly. Running to fetch this beater or that pan is useless when the installation of a cabinet will locate every tool and utensil at exactly the place where it is required, and where it can be picked up at an instant's notice.

Lucky indeed is that bride who comes into a kitchen and finds the sink large enough, and set high enough for really rapid and efficient dishwashing. The deeper the sink, the less the splashing on the worker during the process. For a woman 5 feet 6 inches high, the sink should be set so that a straight line measured from its top edge to the floor, will measure exactly 36 inches. It is always better to have the sink too high, because one may easily stand on a mat or board to raise the arm level.

The stack surface for soiled dishes should be placed at the right, while the only efficient position for the draining surface or wire dishdrainer, is at the left of the sink

Both Brides-to-be and housekeepers of long experience will be interested in the leaflet: "EQUIPPING THE KITCHEN BUILT FOR TWO." Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to SHRINE SERVICE, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, N. Y. City.



Kitchen tools should be kept over work table to avoid waste motion.

proper. If the shelves or china closet is located adjacent or near the draining surface, then laying away the clean dishes can be done without walking or carrying a loaded tray. There are several models of practical dishwashers or combination dishwashers and drainers which will help cut down the effort and unpleasantness of the old dishwashing task. A small cabinet to hold cleansers, polish, and dishwashing tools may be placed on the wall near the sink.

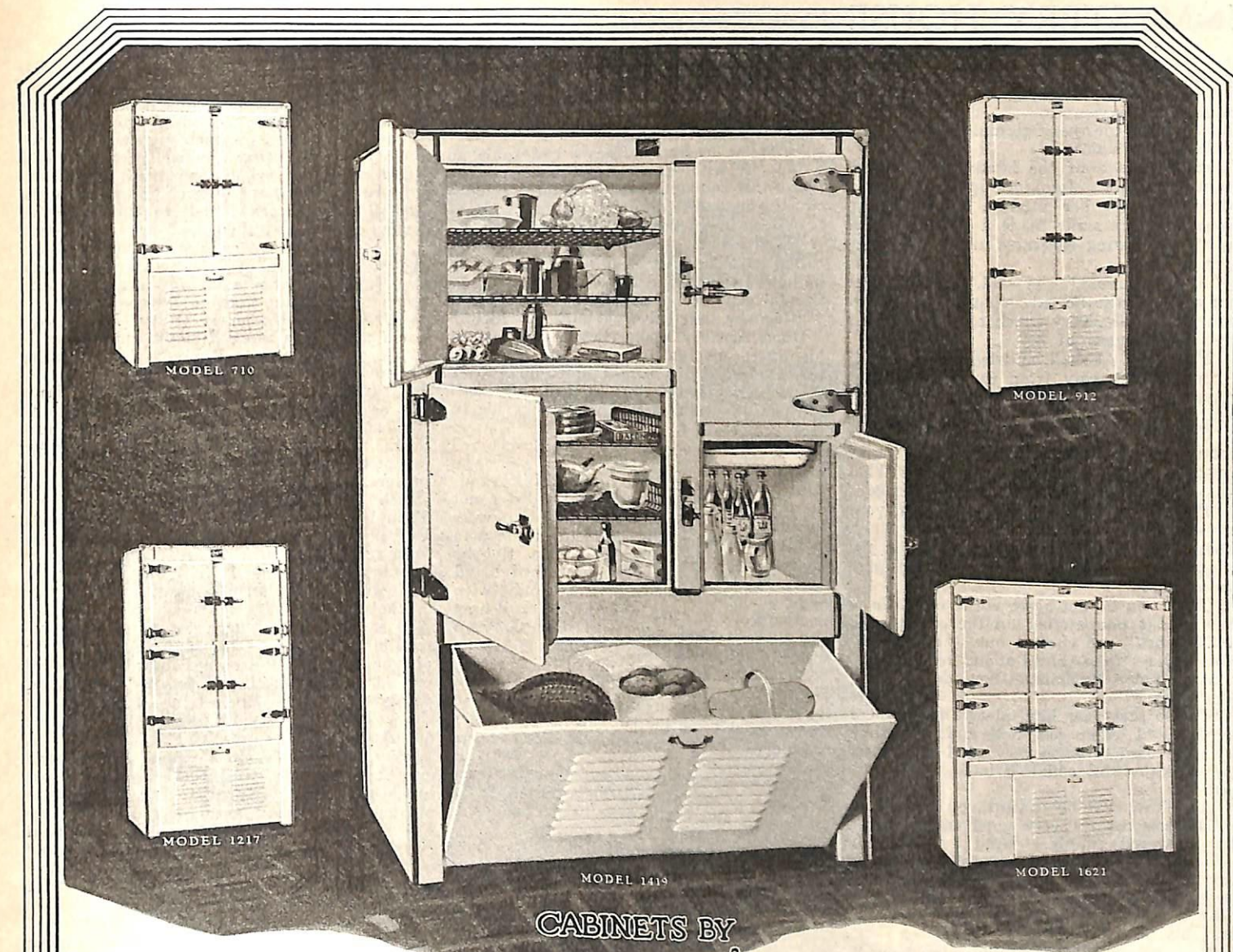
SELECT UTENSILS OF SIZE, SHAPE AND SERVICE REQUIRED

Since cooking utensils form, perhaps, the largest part of the kitchen's small furnishings, they should be selected with special care. Either the very small or the overly large utensil is a poor buy. The shape should not only be pleasing to look at, but should provide the widest cooking surface so as to use least fuel. Put in another way, narrow tall utensils require more fuel, and take longer to cook their contents, while broad-based utensils expose the widest surface to the flame and thus cook most rapidly and with least danger of boiling over. Handles should be smooth and fit the hand comfortably; frying pans or skillets should never be higher in the center than at the sides or they will let the fat fall away to the sides and therefore cause the foods to scorch. The choice of one color, thus, blue, or white, right through a series of pots or utensils, will make for a more pleasing harmony in effect.

COLORFUL AND GAY ARE THE HANGINGS AND LITTLE TOUCHES

"Color in the Kitchen" would have been considered a wild vagary a couple of decades ago, but today the bride considers the hangings and decorative notes of her kitchen as well as of her living-room. If the bride, or any woman, is to spend from 40%-50% of her housekeeping day in the kitchen, why shouldn't it be a room of beauty and a joy to work in? Pale apple or lettuce green, with cream or ivory is a most cool and cheerful kitchen color scheme; for brides who love blue, there are many choices of Delft blue, or the more subdued gray blues seen in Canton china. The French gray kitchen is also very restful and easier to keep clean than the all-white kitchen. The bride handy with her paint pot can extend her activities and touch up the handles of her knives, cover the garbage pail with a pleasing as well as a preserving coat of paint, and if she choose, have all the lower bases or legs of range, tables and sink and the baseboard painted a neutral tan or dark

[Continued on page 95]



The New All Porcelain Cabinets by Seeger for Electrical or Gas Refrigeration now have the improvements that in the future will be essentials.

Exterior and interior of beautiful white porcelain, sturdily built to last years, and adequately insulated with pure Corkboard. Cabinets by Seeger will give super service for generations.

The unique features are:

Porcelain Vegetable Storage Compartment

CHILTRAY

No Drain

The Representatives of Electrical or Gas Refrigeration will be pleased to show and demonstrate the New All Porcelain Cabinets by Seeger in sizes to meet your requirements.

Cabinets by Seeger for use with ice and also for commercial purposes will continue to be shown by usual representatives.

SEEGER REFRIGERATOR COMPANY

SAINT PAUL — NEW YORK — BOSTON — CHICAGO — LOS ANGELES — ATLANTA — SEATTLE

STANDARD OF THE AMERICAN HOME

MYSTERY HOUSE [Continued from page 16]

this suave but unmistakable defiance. Words of haughty anger were upon his lips, but before they could find utterance there came an interruption—a light hand on Peter's arm, the quick tremulous words of a fresh young voice.

At the touch of the hand Peter had instantly turned. Looking up at him was Maida Dodge, her attempt at a conventionally polite smile made a pitiable failure by the imploring eagerness in her wide grey eyes.

"Mr. Delacroix," she said, "you admired our view of the Sound so much that before you go I'd like very much to show you an even better view of it."

"Please do. I shall be delighted to see it!" She led the way from the terrace along a narrow path out to the lip of the great sand bluff.

"Splendid, splendid!" cried Peter, gazing about at the wide expanse of glittering Sound. And then in a low voice: "What was it you wanted to tell me, Miss Dodge?"

"Please—oh, please go ahead with your investigation!"

He gazed down into the face of the girl it was his purpose to win—pale, wide-eyed, appealing.

"Then you do not agree with your father's view about not stirring up the old story?"

"No—no!" she choked out. "I can't believe those—those things about my mother." "And Peter Buchanan—how do you feel about him?"

"I'm so sorry for him, always to lie there helpless! I can't feel he's guilty as they say. He used to be so very good to mother, and I know he couldn't have wanted to hurt her."

"And how was he toward you?"

"He was always very good to me, too," she answered simply. "And I liked him very much. I always felt that inside he was very unhappy and very lonely and very, very sensitive. So I think it might mean a very great deal to him if you could clear his name."

"You have a—very discerning heart," Peter said huskily. "And that young Mr. Kane—how about him and his connection with the old mystery?"

She flushed. "If all the truth could be brought out, then Larry would also be cleared."

Peter, in the confidence of that moment, felt no doubt of his ability to outshine and outcharm his younger rival. He caught Maida's hand and held it in a reassuring grasp.

"Miss Dodge, let this be a secret between just the two of us for the present: I've already started that investigation, and I'm going to drive straight through to the finish, and I feel certain all the persons you mentioned will be proved innocent!"

"Oh!" she gasped. "Oh—how wonderful! But—but—how?"

"May I answer that as I go along? And I'm sure you could help me, if you care to."

"Oh, if you'd only let me!"

"Then we're partners, you and I! But when we're seen together, of course we can't give the true explanation of our meetings. Let's see, what shall we say? I have it! I'm your latest swain, and you are not entirely averse to my attentions."

"Splendid!" she laughed, and made him a gay little bow. "Splendid! How could any girl not be flattered by having such a handsome and charming new suitor!"

Peter did not mind the jealous look Larry Kane gave him when they returned to the house.

"Mrs. Dodge," he said with his flashing smile, "thank you for a most pleasant afternoon that you have given a stranger."

"You are hardly a stranger, Mr. Dela-

croix," she said, giving back her challenging smile, "since you are such an old friend of Peter. It will be our pleasure to see you often. I presume that you dance?"

"After a poor fashion." "You see my husband has a bad ankle, so I am left without an escort to our Club dance this coming Saturday night. I wonder if you would care to take me?"

"I'll be honored and delighted!"

"Then I shall expect you at ten." She gave him her cool hand, and again he bowed over it and kissed it with his continental gallantry.

"Good-by, dear lady—till Saturday night." Upon Arnoldo Dodge Peter now turned his direct innocent gaze. "And good-by, Mr. Dodge. From here I am going direct to Mystery House to visit your brother. Is there any message you would like me to give Peter?"

"No, thank you!" Dodge exclaimed haughtily.

At that moment, while he faced his grand-ducal brother, it was difficult for Peter not to fling the challenge and defiance that were in his soul openly into the teeth of the man he considered his life's evil genius. But he controlled this hot impulse, remained bland and innocent and debonair, and with another grateful good-by and a graceful bow to all he turned and with Dr. Grayson walked lightly down the terrace.

All during the short drive to Mystery House Peter remained silent, tensely reviewing the scenes through which he had just passed. But when the two men were in the room of the bedridden paralytic, Peter spoke up abruptly.

"Doctor, what do you make of Beatrice and the way she behaved this afternoon?" "Beatrice always did have brains and cool nerve, as well as beauty."

"But the cool daring of her inviting me to go to that dance, with brother Arnoldo glowering on! You don't imagine she suspects me, do you?"

"No. Although, if she does, Beatrice is perfectly able to hide her suspicions."

"I went through the test—I put myself over, didn't I?"

"You certainly did! But God, Peter, of all the daring talk I ever heard! It seemed pure devilry—every second I was breathless with fear that you'd go too far and make a fatal slip. That Hamlet talk—I expected a blow-up there every second!"

"Doctor, I never thought of any of that Hamlet stuff before," cried Peter—"but doesn't it all exactly fit—something rotten in Denmark, and all the rest! And 'the play's the thing!' That's exactly the method I'm using—staging a play to solve a mystery. The curtain is all ready to go up."

"Ready except for the most important item of all, the death of Peter Buchanan."

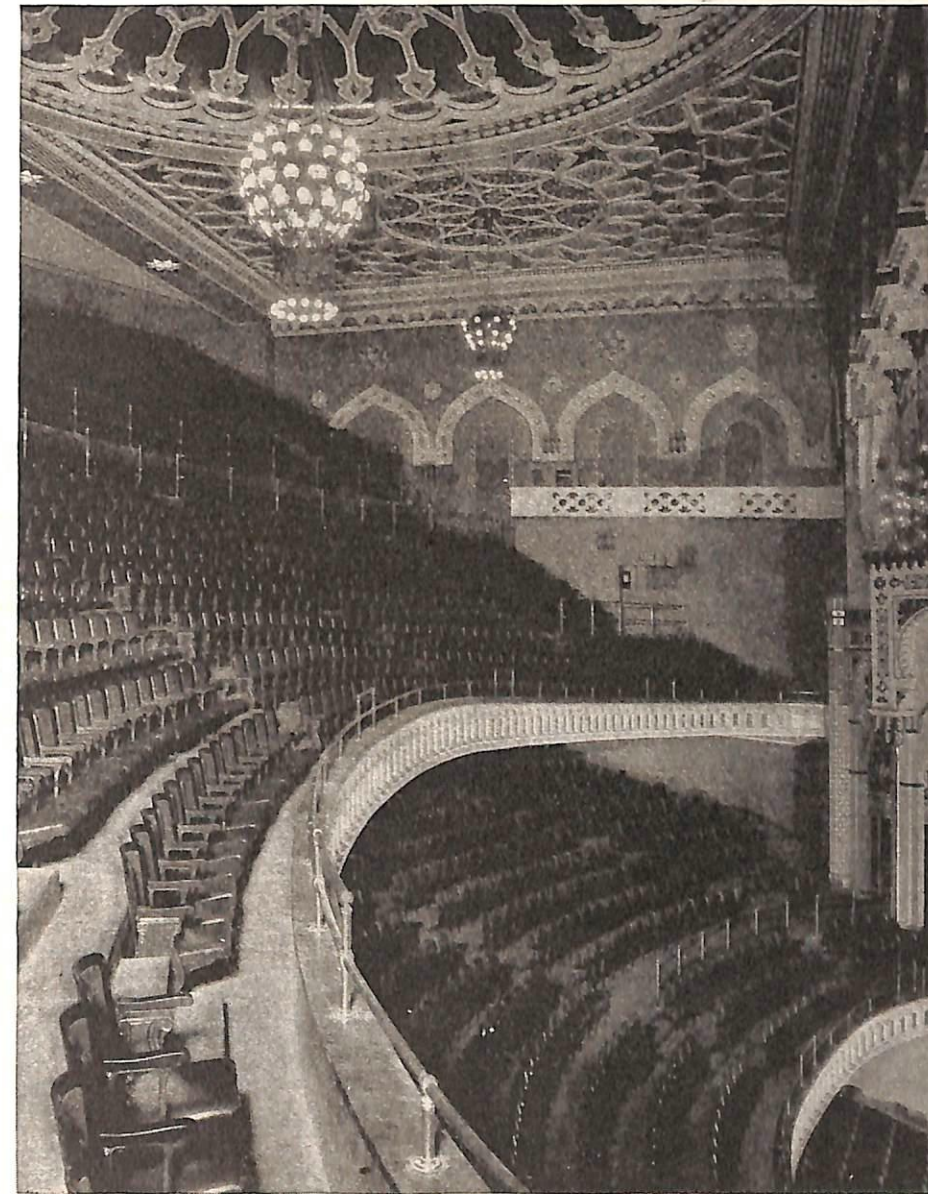
"Of course—the death of Peter Buchanan!" Peter clutched his friend's arm in the excitement of a sudden thought. "Doctor, why not have that this coming Saturday night? The night of the ball Beatrice asked me to! Then we'll have all Green Manors as witnesses to the death! Can you have your part all ready by Saturday night?"

"I'll make myself be ready."

"Good! Then this evening I go to New York for the rest of the week," Peter went on in his excitement. "While I'm gone Henry Delacroix's cottage is renovated—the walls and woodwork all washed down, the furniture all polished, so no finger-print of Peter Buchanan will remain. I'll come back Saturday afternoon."

"I'm hoping it all works out as smoothly as you think it will—but, Peter, I wouldn't be your friend and your balance wheel if I didn't keep on saying, and forever keep on saying, that your plan is crazy."

Made by
American Seating Company



Mecca Shrine Temple
New York City

NATION WIDE APPROVAL

AUDITORIUM Chairs and Lodge Furnishings of the American Seating Company have won enthusiastic approval wherever they have been installed. Following are but a few American installations in Lodge Hall and Auditorium.

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- MASONIC TEMPLE, Santa Barbara, Cal.
- SCOTTISH RITE CATHEDRAL
Denver, Colo.
- MASONIC TEMPLE, New Haven, Conn.
- MASONIC TEMPLE, Savannah, Ga.
- WOODLAWN MASONIC TEMPLE, Chicago
- LOGAN SQUARE MASONIC TEMPLE
Chicago
- MONT CLAIRE MASONIC TEMPLE
Chicago
- SQUARE MASONIC TEMPLE, Chicago
- AINAD SHRINE TEMPLE
East St. Louis, Ill.
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- SCOTTISH RITE CATHEDRAL, Joplin, Mo.
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Kansas City, Mo.
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- MASONIC TEMPLE, St. Louis, Mo.
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- MASONIC TEMPLE, Butte, Mont.
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- MASONIC TEMPLE, Patterson, N. J.
- RIDGEWOOD MASONIC TEMPLE
Brooklyn, N. Y.
- MASONIC TEMPLE, Jamestown, N. Y.
- MECCA SHRINE TEMPLE, New York City
- MASONIC TEMPLE, Akron, Ohio
- MASONIC TEMPLE, Cleveland, Ohio
- MASONIC TEMPLE, Columbus, Ohio
- MASONIC TEMPLE, Fremont, Ohio
- MASONIC TEMPLE
Oklahoma City, Okla.
- MASONIC TEMPLE, Clinton, So. Car.
- SCOTTISH RITE CATHEDRAL
Nashville, Tenn.
- MASONIC TEMPLE, Madison, Wisc.
- EXCELSIOR MASONIC TEMPLE
Milwaukee, Wisc.
- MASONIC TEMPLE, Racine, Wisc.

MYSTERY HOUSE [Continued from page 64]

free and growing so swiftly. That was not altogether nonsense which you talked this afternoon about our all being mystery houses. To me, Peter, the greatest mystery in this affair is what in the end you are going to become, who you are going to turn out to be."

LATE Saturday afternoon Mr. Henry Delacroix returned from New York to the cottage Dr. Grayson had taken for him beside Mystery House. The cottage, whose service was supplied from Dr. Grayson's hospital staff, was ashine from its thorough renovation, and Mr. Delacroix was careful to keep on his traveling gloves.

"Your part all ready for tonight?" Peter inquired of Dr. Grayson, who was awaiting him.

"All set. And you?"

"Everything's ready. How about your vacation?"

"It starts today. I don't go back to my office for a month."

"You'll be at the Country Club dance tonight?" Peter asked anxiously.

"Of course—with all the rest of Green Manors. And Jackson, our district attorney, will be along as my guest."

"Thanks for that touch, doctor. It will help out our act."

It was a Mr. Delacroix that was male elegance's last word who called at Sound Crest that evening at ten o'clock for Beatrice. At country club dances dinner jackets were the easy summer custom even of the smartest men; but Peter had to continue to wear gloves for a few hours longer, so since white gloves were the only possibility, he had to dress up to the formal standard of his gloves—white tie, high hat, spike tailed coat.

There was no sign of Arnoldo Dodge when Beatrice, a vision of dark enigmatic loveliness in peach-colored chiffon, moved like a cool princess into the great living-room and gave him her hand—which he, like a courtier, bent and touched with his lips.

"Your husband is still too lame to dance, Mrs. Dodge?"

"Yes, poor man."

"And unfortunate man. I imagine that he must be an extremely fine dancer. So I pity you for what is before you, since I can offer you only the clumsiness and rustiness of foot induced by life on South American rubber plantations."

"We shall soon see," she smiled challengingly.

Twenty minutes later Peter was venturing upon the floor with her, more apologies in his mouth. His whole being at that moment seemed to him a whirling, choking chaos of suspense sprung from widely different causes; suspense over the outcome of that event which he and Dr. Grayson had timed for a few hours later; suspense over this test upon a larger scale of his new identity; suspense over whether his new youth was going to conduct itself as veracious youth; and, more immediately, suspense over how he was going to emerge from the experience of his first attempt to dance with the lady who had once been his wife—which was also his first attempt to dance in public.

But his long months of rigorous training toward lightness and flexibility and grace, and his secret daily dancing sessions with Dr. Grayson's daughter, now showed their worth. Furthermore, this hard schooling had behind it a very sensitive, if hitherto little exercised, sense of rhythm.

"Why, you are the last person who should apologize for his dancing!" Beatrice exclaimed before they had swung once around

the room. "You are a better dancer than any other man here tonight!"

"You are extremely kind toward dancing that has lain so long in moth-balls," he smiled back at her. "Since you don't find my dancing impossible, I'm hoping you'll dance with me again."

"As often as you ask me. I'm woman enough, therefore selfish enough, to want the best of everything for myself."

Peter was dizzily exultant at her words. Praise from Beatrice was praise indeed, since from the first days of their courtship he had, with a fat man's diffidence, stood aside and admired her with eager eyes which pronounced her the best of ballroom dancers. Her praise was magic food for that part of him and of his great plan which called for youth and romance.

During the course of the evening Peter danced with Beatrice half a dozen times. With Maida he danced almost as often, despite dark looks from Larry Kane. Maida added to and thrilled Peter's sense of swiftly swelling youth; he was in love with her.

But for all his excitement and suspense over this great adventure of his new-born and untried youth, all the while Peter was waiting in taut suspense for the alarm which would lead him into that evening's more important drama. Toward two o'clock, in an intermission in the dancing, two distant shots were heard in the clubhouse. At the time no serious attention was given these by the dancers, but a little later someone out on the porch cried out that a great glare had sprung up in the east. Within another minute all the dancers were tumbling into cars and heading toward the glow, Peter and Beatrice well back in the frantic procession.

"It's Mystery House!" cried Peter as they came in sight of the blaze.

The flames, leaping madly to the sky, instantly told to all a story of incendiarism. The wooden house must have been literally drenched with oil or gasoline to go as it was going; the wild blaze would plainly do its deadly worst before the Green Manors volunteer fire corps with its inadequate country equipment could arrive.

For a moment Peter stood a dazed and appalled unit in the ring that was forming about Mystery House. Then he let out a gasping cry of horror.

"My God—Peter Buchanan's in there—helpless!" And with that he plunged wildly toward the house.

PETER evaded all hands stretched out to check his mad purpose. He had been carrying Beatrice's evening cloak, and this he now pressed against his face with one white-gloved hand as, with right hand held groping forward, he plunged into the open doorway of that fiery furnace. The flames beat him staggering back. Dr. Grayson caught him and dragged him resisting out of danger. He was a sorry looking sight. Beatrice's cloak, now a scorched rag, had saved his face.

"You fool!" Dr. Grayson shouted sternly. "If Peter Buchanan's in that house he's beyond all help you or any other man can give him! Look at your hands—I'll bet they're so burned you'll not use them for months!"

A shout arose from another quarter of the circling crowd, and almost at once there were borne into the presence of those representatives of the law, District Attorney Jackson and Coroner Grayson, two bound and gagged figures. These proved to be the paralytic's male nurse and Jennings, the little hunchback secretary. It was Jennings who, gag and bonds removed, gave the more complete account of what had taken place.

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

The two had been surprised and overcome by the swift raid of three masked men. At the time Jennings had been reading aloud to his sleepless employer. The three men had sworn in fierce exultant vengeance at Buchanan and had put two bullets into him. But the main purpose of their raid was not murder, but to secure the steel cabinet in the bedroom—the "scandal chest"—and this they had carried out before firing the house. They had come well equipped with combustibles for this work of arson. They had started the fire by some time device, for they and the scandal chest had been gone in their car for at least an hour before the flames broke out.

"The very thing I've been afraid of since Buchanan came here!" exclaimed Dr. Grayson. "That damned scandal chest the cause of it all! There's millions in that cabinet for blackmailers!"

The Green Manors fire department was now playing inadequate streams upon the blaze. There was nothing for the crowd to do but look on and wait. Toward five o'clock, when morning was beginning to sift down like gray ashes, the blackened wreck had cooled sufficiently for an investigating party, headed by Grayson, Jackson and Peter, to enter the ruins. News of the tragedy had been promptly telephoned New York, and by this time a score of reporters were upon the scene.

In what had been the sick man's bedroom Jackson and Grayson found a charred and gruesome object.

"Undoubtedly all that remains of Peter Buchanan, burned almost to a cinder," solemnly announced Dr. Grayson, who had planted that inanimate object there the night before.

"This means another Mystery House murder mystery on my hands!" Jackson exclaimed groaningly. "Dr. Grayson, since Buchanan was your friend, I hope you will personally take charge of the coroner's end of this case, and not leave it to your deputies."

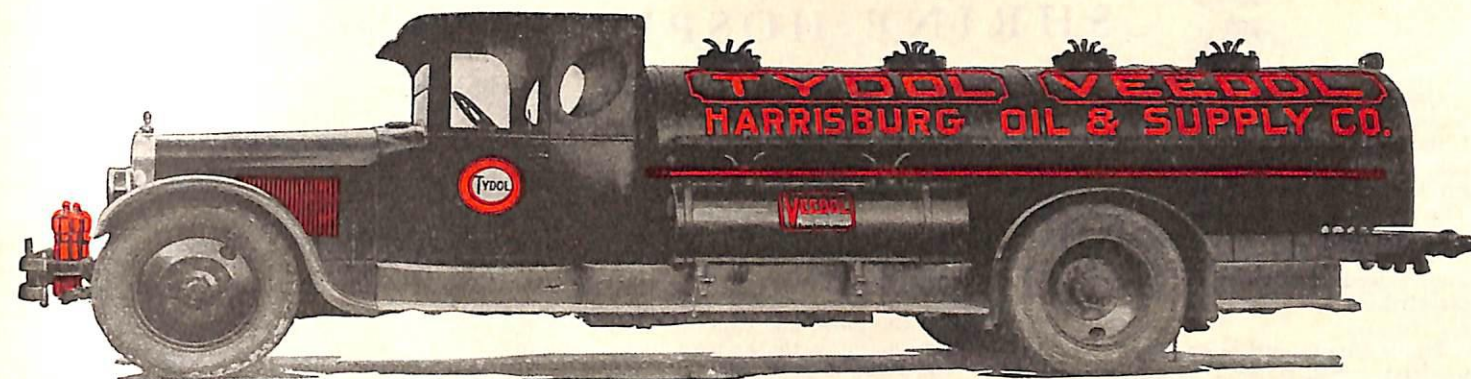
"I'll certainly do that much for my dead friend!" declared Dr. Grayson.

"And don't leave me out of your count, Mr. Jackson!" Peter spoke up, almost hysterically fierce and vengeful. "Peter Buchanan was my best friend. This minute I authorize you to offer in my name a reward of twenty thousand dollars for the arrest of the murderers of Peter Buchanan! And I shall at once put the best of private detectives on the case—I dedicate my life and all I have to running down the murderers of my friend!"

The reporters were missing not a detail; this was grand copy, a man standing on the still smoking funeral pyre of a friend, and swearing to devote his life to avenging that friend.

"Jackson," said Dr. Grayson, "suppose you have Peter Buchanan's body removed to Waldron. See that it's otherwise not touched; leave all the official examination to me. I'll be over to Waldron during the course of the day. Just now I've got to give Delacroix here a thorough going over; I'm hoping his hands are not entirely burned off."

As Peter, Jackson and Dr. Grayson were moving through the crowd, followed by the eager reporters, Peter saw that Beatrice was among those who still lingered and that Arnoldo had appeared upon the scene and was now beside her. Beatrice seemed interested in the proceedings but otherwise strangely composed for one who had been gazing upon the funeral pyre of her former husband. Peter was seized by a swift revulsion against this unfeeling figure that only a few short hours before had so inflamed and thrilled his [Continued on page 70]



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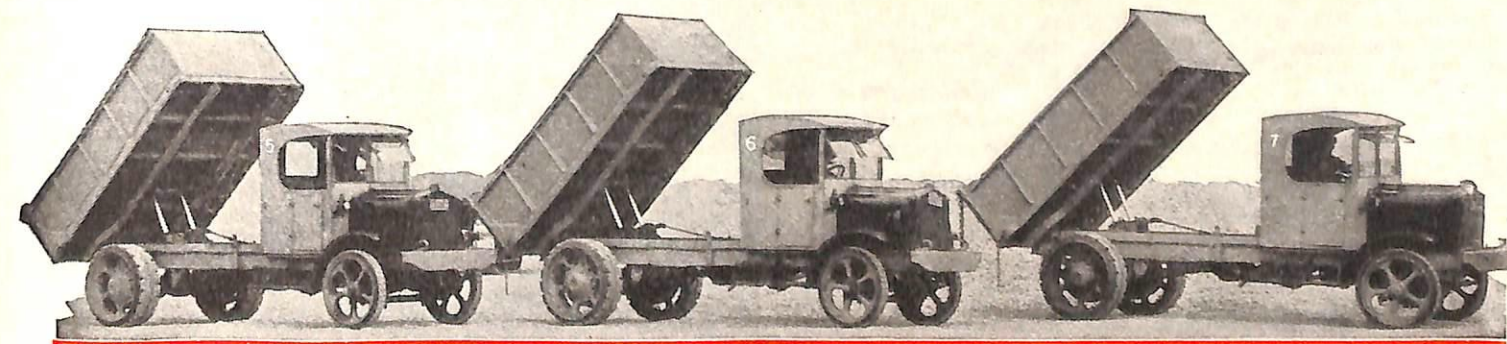
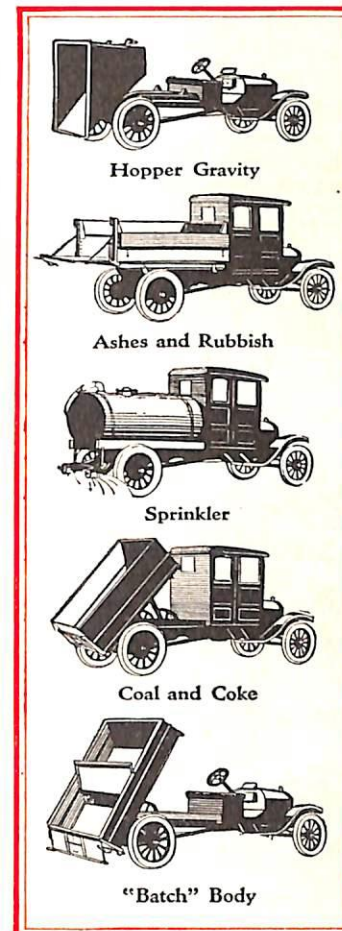
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SHRINE HOSPITAL Notes



One of the recent contributions to the work of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children was that of Louis C. Eiten, of Clinton, Iowa, who was given \$1,650 for the furtherance of the activities of the hospitals. The contributions came through Kaaba Temple, Davenport, Iowa, of which Mr. Eiten is a member. The donation has been acknowledged and will be used as the donor directed.

Noble Chauncey Colton, Aad, Duluth, has a friend named Harry Dixon, who is a K. T., but not a Shriner. Sir Knight Dixon has some bonds in keeping for an old woodsman, who uses the coupons for benevolent purposes. This year, he endorsed \$20 of these coupons over to Mr. Dixon, with the request that they be given to the Shriners Hospital at Twin Cities.

The average stay of patients at the Salt Lake City Unit, has been low, only 23 days, but two out of more than 200 patients have been there two years. Betty and Jim, as they are known to all, are looking forward to early release, but birthdays, Christmas and other special occasions have made their long wait more agreeable.

Miss Margery Lee, a graduate of Vancouver, B. C., general hospital, has assumed the duties of superintendent of the Spokane unit. She took the place of Miss Grace Bratton, promoted to assistant director of nurses.

One of the children cared for by Arabia, Houston, is Josie Pagurney, 12, who is going to have a pair of artificial feet. She was the accidental victim of a scythe, wielded by her father in mowing grain.

The budget for Damascus, Rochester, N. Y., contains an item of \$9,904 for the hospitals for 1927. The Batavia Shrine Club, which is in the Damascus district undertook a generous part of the raising of this fund.

Long ago the grownup able-bodied men used to go out to see the elephant, but crippled children of the San Francisco Unit had several big pachyderms brought to them when a circus came to town.

Grays Harbor members of the Daughters of the Nile helped the Spokane Convalescent Home for Crippled Children recently while playing cards.

They believe in entertaining the little patients at the Spokane Unit. Vanishing eggs and other tricks were given by a magician from one of the local theaters recently.

The little patients at the Spokane Unit are being entertained with the music of an organ, presented by the Wahpayton group of Camp Fire Girls.

Arabia, Houston, Tex., devoted the proceeds of its annual ball to the crippled children's fund. During the past year the Arabia clinic treated 157 boys and girls.

Lansing, Mich., Shrine Club has voted to send a crippled boy and crippled girl from that city to the nearest Shrine hospital.

Ziyara has begun efforts to have a Unit of the hospitals for Crippled Children established at its home, Utica, N. Y.

More than 300 handicapped children are on the waiting list for the New England Unit at Springfield, Mass., constantly, it was announced recently. The potential waiting list, provided there were larger accommodations, is estimated at 1,000. The average stay of a child at Springfield has been 65.8 days. The average cost per patient is \$4.15 a day.

A vocational and educational building has been added to the hospital unit at Springfield, Mass. George M. Hendee, chairman of the board of governors of the hospital, presided at the dedication ceremony, in which Clarence M. Dunbar, James Watt and other leaders in the hospital enterprise participated.

Michael T. Clark is a staunch member of the Knights of Columbus and when he saw in a recent copy of The Shrine Magazine what was being done for the crippled child, without regard to creed, race or color, he decided that there was something that he could and would aid. His check for \$5 came into the secretary's office.

Contribution to the support of the Shrine Hospitals for Crippled Children is one of the regular endeavors of the Men's Bible Class of Wesley Methodist Church, Springfield, Mass.

Ladies Oriental Shrine of North America, Kheedawee Court No. 6 of Cleveland, O., sent its check for \$250 to the hospitals.

Noble Louis A. Pomeroy, Tripoli, Milwaukee, living at Amherst, Wisconsin, sent in \$100 to the general fund of the hospitals.

Oshkosh, Wisconsin, auxiliary netted \$280 for its treasury through card parties.



(Left) The San Francisco Unit has its Boy Scouts. The photograph was taken at the time Robert Stafs (in chair) leader of the troop received the certificate of the new troop.



(Right) These children were all at one time or another patients at St. Louis Unit. When this picture was taken they were under the care of Hadi Temple, Evansville.

James J. Davis, secretary of labor, and a Shriner, summed up the magnitude and benefit of the Shrine's work for crippled children in an article in the New York Herald Tribune in part as follows:

"I remember visiting also a hospital maintained by another fraternal organization where there was a little girl whose parents had been told that she never could walk. The child, then 8 or 10 years old, had grown up in that conviction and was resigned to her fate. Her entire short life had been spent in bed or, at its best, in a wheel chair. She had gone to the hospital for an operation pluckily, but still not daring to hope.

"When I was at the institution the operation had been performed successfully and the child, recovered from the shock, was about to put her feet on the floor and her weight upon them for the first time in her life. I never shall forget that radiant little face as she found that her legs supported her and that she really could take a few tottering steps before clutching at a chair for assistance.

"It is largely due to such activities on the part of fraternities, I believe, that the half-million neglected children of the country gradually are decreasing in numbers. It is from this stagnant, slowly shrinking reservoir statistics show, that 80 per cent of the next generation's criminals will seep. We fraternalists believe, quite apart from the humanitarianism in our program of relief, that it is infinitely better to spend millions to check this flow of potential criminality at the source, than to be compelled later to put the money into penal institutions."

The Erwin, Tenn., Shrine club recently adopted resolutions lauding the work of Dr. Robert Patterson, Knoxville, in restoring little children to physical normality.

[Continued on page 92]



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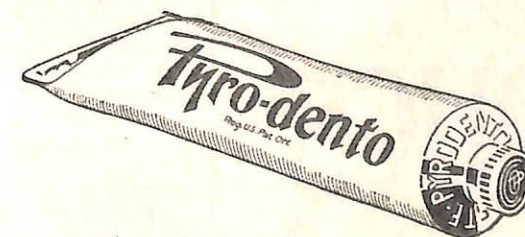


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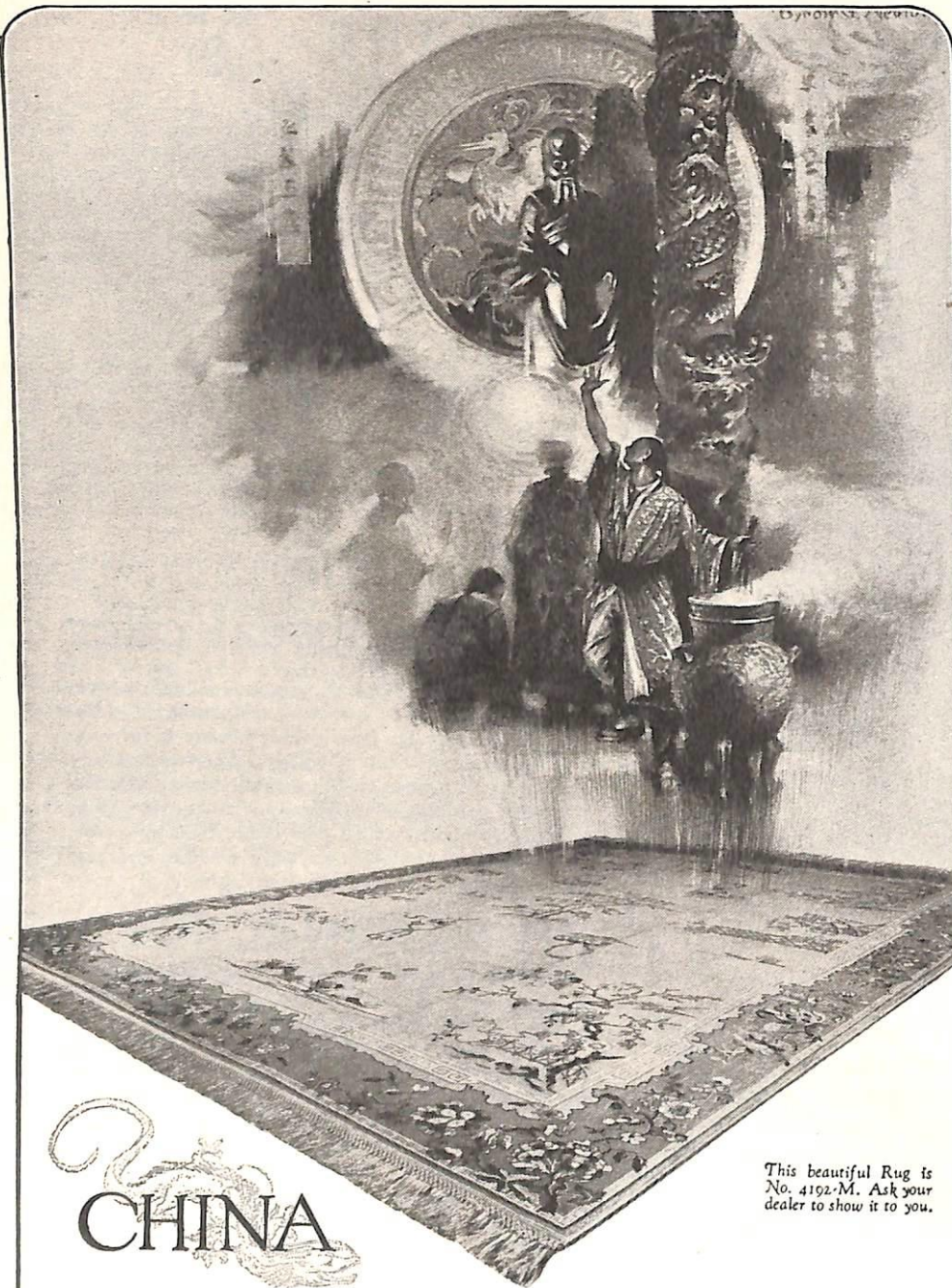
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MYSTERY HOUSE

[Continued from page 66]

vanity and his sense of recaptured youth. He paused directly in front of her.

"I'm very sorry for your great loss, Mrs. Dodge," he said, ironical despite himself.

"My great loss? You are forgetting Peter Buchanan was no longer mine to lose."

"Pardon me," he corrected—"I am referring to the loss of your cloak."

"I shall always consider a cloak well lost, if its loss means also the saving of your face."

There seemed an odd quality in that remark; it seemed a retort that was a bit too smooth, too apt. Peter regarded her with quick suspicion, but decided that there was nothing more to her sentence than her facility for easy and balanced phrases. So he gave her a slight bow, Arnoldo a nod, and started on his way.

Abruptly Peter whirled about. It had flashed upon him that the still smouldering house, the crowd of Green Manors folk, the reporters, constituted an ideal setting for a scene he had been planning to stage at some later time.

He pointed a shaking, blackened hand accusingly at Arnoldo Dodge.

"Mr. Jackson," he cried with the fierce intensity of a man whose control has been swept away by events too much for him, "I demand that you arrest Mr. Dodge for the murder of Peter Buchanan!"

THERE was a moment of amazed silence at this charge. Then Arnoldo Dodge thundered savagely:

"What are you talking about, you fool?"

"Yes, Delacroix, you can't make charges like that without evidence," Jackson put in.

"I've got the evidence!" cried the seemingly hysterical Peter. "That lame foot of Dodge is no better than a fake! It was not too lame for him to put through tonight's affair—and he cleverly picked the safest of all nights, when he knew everybody would be at the Country Club ball!"

"Jackson, can't you stop this fool's mouth?" demanded Dodge.

"Jackson can't and no man can!" Peter stepped closer, his words poured out more fiercely. "Listen, Dodge—listen, everybody! Dodge, you had every motive in the world for the crime! I knew more about you and Peter Buchanan than you dream of—Peter confided everything to me. You hated Peter—you always hated him. In your hatred you used to call him Little Gargoyle—because he was so awkward and so ugly!"

"Even if I did, that proves nothing! Can't you shut him up, Jackson?"

But the excited Jackson made no attempt to stem Peter's tirade; there was no telling what disclosures this eruption might throw up.

"It proves your hate!" Peter raged on. "And you had reason to hate Peter Buchanan: he had once caught you, you, the admired Arnoldo Dodge, in a swindling operation. He let you off but was holding the documentary proof over your head—proof that would have smashed your reputation and sent you to jail! That proof I'll bet was in his scandal chest that was stolen tonight—and you wanted that proof!"

"That's all a damned lie!" cried Dodge, but there was now a glowering fury in the face he had tried to keep contemptuous.

"And that's not all of your motive, Dodge," Peter rushed on. "You're none too well off financially. You've been running things upon your daughter's fortune. What better way to recoup your personal fortune than by stealing and using the wealth of blackmail material in your brother's scandal chest!"

"Why, damn you—" Arnoldo struck savagely at him, but Peter blocked the blow

and before another could be struck both Peter and the furious Dodge were seized by Jackson and Grayson.

"Cut that out, both of you!" shouted Jackson.

But though his body was imprisoned, Peter's voice raged on. "And even that's not your strongest motive, Dodge! Peter Buchanan, paralytic that he was, could not change his old will; that will leaves everything to your wife, which means that it leaves everything to you. Add up all I've said, Jackson; there's motive enough for you!"

"Is that the whole of your evidence?" demanded Jackson.

"Yes—and it's plenty, too. Go on and arrest your man!"

"Not on any such evidence as that!" Jackson retorted sharply. "For all that's not evidence—it's just conjecture! Man, are you crazy, going off half-cocked like this in public?"

"You're not going to arrest him, then?" cried Peter.

"I certainly am not!"

"Then—then if anything ever happens to me," Peter gasped wildly, his quivering blackened hand again pointing at Arnoldo, "I accuse him! He'll want me out of the way because I have exposed his motives, and have sworn to run down the murderer of his brother!"

Dr. Grayson slipped an arm through Peter's. "Come along, Delacroix," Peter protested, and to the eyes of the stunned and staring crowd it was plain that Dr. Grayson fairly had to drag along by main force his unbalanced patient. This protesting attitude Peter maintained until they were in Dr. Grayson's home.

"How did I do my part, doctor?" Peter then breathed eagerly.

"You gave a grand show all the way through," said Dr. Grayson, cutting off the scorched white gloves preparatory to getting busy on the hands. "Though your attack on Arnoldo Dodge came as a big surprise to me. I wasn't expecting it for several days."

"It was a surprise to me, too. But his being there, with all that crowd and all those reporters—it was too good a chance to pass up."

BUT, Peter—it still strikes me as anything but an ethical measure, this publicly accusing a man of a murder we know he didn't commit."

"Of course it's not ethical!" cried Peter. "But this isn't a game of ethics; it's a game to solve a murder mystery. No ethical plan is going to make a guilty person tell on himself when he feels safe and is under perfect control. I harpooned deep under Arnoldo's skin—I exploded a bomb there—I started a rage that will help sweep away his control. If there is any secret guilt between him and Beatrice, then last night's tragedy and my accusation will almost certainly force them to talk about that old affair—and it will now be my job to try to overhear that talk!"

"And, listen, doctor," Peter rushed on in defense of his course—"Arnoldo's so clever he would have been certain to find out that I was after him, so it's better for me to have him accept a wrong reason for my being after him. Besides, I had to declare open war on him, and I saw that as the best way. He's got to come to hate me as much as Henry Delacroix as he ever hated me as Peter Buchanan, or the climax of my plan may be no good! I want him to know that this is a duel to the finish, a duel of wits."

"You know I'm hoping it all works out as you dream it," said Dr. Grayson. He finished off the second bandage with adhesive tape. "There you are, Peter—hands not really badly burned at all, but you wear those two mummied hands till further notice. A grand idea, your [Continued on page 72]



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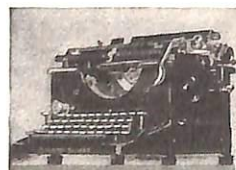
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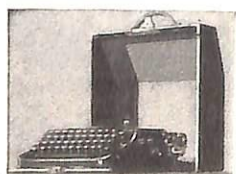
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MYSTERY HOUSE

[Continued from page 71]

getting publicly burned," chuckled Dr. Grayson; "plausible bandages are the best possible guard against your leaving Peter Buchanan's fingerprints scattered about after his official death."

That Sunday Dr. Grayson spent at Peter's renovated cottage as a buffer between his patient and the crazed horde of reporters who kept seeking to interview Mr. Delacroix upon the subject of the previous night's crime and his sensational denunciation of the dead man's brother. As for Peter, he spent the passing hours in excitedly wondering just how he was going to "listen in," on the guilty talk he had precipitated between Arnoldo and Beatrice.

For some time Peter had been seeing the library at Sound Crest as an essential element of his plan, and as a possible setting for much of his plan's unfolding drama. Though Arnoldo was not a bookish man, the library had long been his favorite retreat; here he withdrew for all business conferences, also for the solitary drinking to which he had become an addict. If there were private and guilty sessions between Arnoldo and Beatrice, then the library would be their inevitable scene.

Opening on to the library was a little study, and this study had its private entrance which gave upon a narrow path that wove its way through shrubbery that had been thickly planted. Still having all his keys to Sound Crest, Peter of course had the key to the sheltered door of this little study; and it had been in his mind to install a dictaphone in this portion of the house, with a relay of operatives from a detective bureau to take their turn at the listening post and swear to all that was overheard. But the impulse which had prompted that morning's denunciation had scrapped this part of his plan. There was going to be no chance here for mechanical ears. The old-fashioned listening device of the human ear had to be used, or the opportunity he had created had to be missed; but how, undetected, was he to place the human ear where it could function?

Peter had gone over and over this problem with Dr. Grayson; and toward the middle of the afternoon he was sitting in his living-room gazing out at the blackened ruins of Mystery House and going over the problem once again, when he became aware that Dr. Grayson was regarding him in keen meditation.

"Peter you are still thoroughly convinced, are you, that Beatrice is culpable—that she played some such rôle as you hinted at the other day in that talk with her about Hamlet and the Queen-Mother?"

"Yes. That's the very obvious explanation of Beatrice."

"I wouldn't be too sure, Peter."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I've been studying the mental, moral, nervous and psychic make-up of women for forty years, Peter," was the dry response, "and I've not yet found an obvious explanation for any woman. And of all the women I've ever studied, Beatrice is perhaps the least obvious."

"But a clever, brilliant, nervy, guilty woman would act just as Beatrice has acted and is acting," argued Peter.

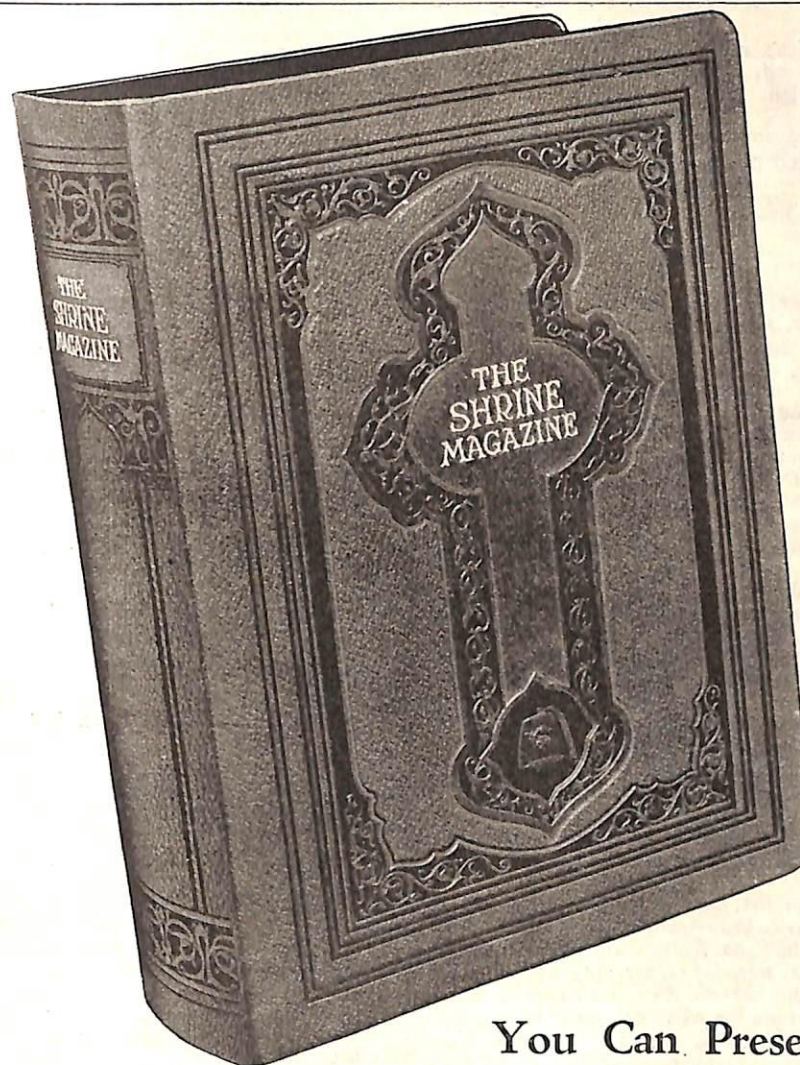
"Yes, a clever, brilliant, nervy woman would act just as Beatrice has acted," admitted Dr. Grayson.

Jennings, rendered homeless and jobless by the fire, had been taken over by Mr. Delacroix. At this moment he entered with a letter for Peter which he said had just been delivered by hand. Dr. Grayson opened the envelope for his disabled patient, and held the unfolded sheet before Peter's eyes. Peter glanced it through and gave an amazed ejaculation.

[Continued on page 74]

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MYSTERY HOUSE

[Continued from page 72]

"Beatrice's nerve!" he cried. "Just read that yourself, doctor! How's that for nerve, coming right after the scene of this morning?"

Dr. Grayson read the note he held.

"Dear Mr. Delacroix:

Will you not drop in and have tea with me this afternoon? There are some matters I would like to talk over with you. I shall expect you at half-past four.

Sincerely,

Beatrice Dodge."

"Beatrice most certainly has nerve," agreed Dr. Grayson. "Now what can have been her idea in sending you a note like that?"

"That's exactly what I'm going to try to find out!"

In another five minutes Peter was on his way to Sound Crest.

"Mrs. Dodge said you were to come to the library, sir," said the butler, answering Peter's ring.

That was certainly a strange coincidence, his being asked to the very room he had been thinking of all day! Peter followed the butler through the hall and spacious and gracious living-room, alive with memories of his mother and of an aching, yearning childhood, to the door of the old library within which in the long ago it had been his wont to seek refuge from the teasing of his then worshiped stepbrother.

In the doorway he was brought to an abrupt halt by what he saw within. In the center of the room stood Maida, staring at him with wide eyes of horror. She had been reading, and had sprung up at his entrance.

And then Peter understood what was behind Beatrice's invitation—or thought he did. She had not really wanted to see him. The guileful purpose of her note was to lead him into this present trap—into making him face out promptly what she must have surmised to be to him the most embarrassing and painful consequences arising from his charges against Maida's father.

"You—you promised—to help clear my mother's name," Maida panted accusingly—"and instead of clearing my mother—you've tried to cover my father's name with—with a disgrace that's almost worse!"

Peter was fairly caught, and for the moment his tongue was numb. To bring the father to justice ultimately, and yet hope to win the love of the daughter of the man he had exposed and brought to justice—from the very start Peter had seen this as the weak spot of that part of his great plan which involved his reborn youth and his hunger for untasted romance. And so he had clearly foreseen that nothing could so swiftly endanger all his fond dreams concerning Maida as this first open and aggressive step he had elected to pursue.

"And I know your charges are all false!" she quavered on. "Father could not possibly have done such a thing!"

He now entered and moved near to her. "Perhaps I was wrong about your father, Miss Dodge," he said, seeking by some lucky phrase to soften or divert her indignation. "I admit I was angry, and perhaps my anger led me too far. In my behalf I beg you to remember that I was swayed by my feelings for a murdered friend who had meant much to me. And if I did your father an injustice, and he is innocent, in the end he will suffer no real injury, and I will make all possible private and public amends."

Her body remained rigid; she slowly shook her head. "All those things together do not seem to me to be any justification or any excuse for such an injustice as you have done my father."

"Then you have no faith in me?"

"I did have faith in you—much faith.

You gave me a swift hope that you might really do something about my mother's memory. But that hope is now gone; for how can I have faith in you now?"

"Not even faith in my good intentions?"

"None."

It seemed to Peter that Maida's faith in him was an essential to his very living. He had to win that faith back, somehow—and win it swiftly. He perceived that any cold statement of the few facts then available, any appeal to her head, would not change her attitude. Instinct told him that his only chance was a very different approach; so he now played his boldest card. It had long been a part of his plan to tell her, in happy circumstances and at the dictate of his head.

"Miss Dodge," he said slowly, holding her eyes with his steady gaze, "you have the best reason for having faith in my good intentions toward you that a woman can have for having faith in a man."

"What can that be?" she asked.

"Because I love you."

She shrank away from him. "Oh—oh!" she panted. "I can't let you say that! How dare you say that—after what you've—"

"I've been in love with you for years!" "Oh, now I know that it can't be true," she cried, "for you've known me only for a few days!"

He saw the bad slip that he had made. "I may have known your physical self for only a few days, but I have had my dream of you for years, a dream of you that was almost like a physical presence. When Peter Buchanan was last in South America he showed me a snapshot of you; in that picture you were perhaps seventeen or eighteen. And he told me much about you. He told me that in looks and in soul you were almost the duplicate of your mother; it seems that he had once loved her. I have been in love with you since that time."

He saw that something in what he had said had reached her—perhaps the reference to her mother. He went on quickly, striving to improve and retain this small gain.

"I would not have spoken to you of love at such a time, Miss Dodge, had it not seemed the only way to make you believe that I am interested chiefly in your own happiness. And now I promise never to speak of love to you again until all mystery, all our differences, are cleared away."

"Then you must never speak again! Never!"

"Shall we not let the future decide that? Please believe in me, Miss Dodge," he persisted earnestly. "I accused your father, yes; I have promised to make amends if I am wrong. However mistaken I may have been, I have been animated solely by the desire to bring out the truth and nothing but the truth. The truth about Peter Buchanan. And, Miss Dodge, the truth about your mother."

At his last words she caught a sharp breath. "Then—then you are still interested in my mother—in that old mystery?"

"More so even than on that day out on the bluff when you and I talked together and promised to be partners. Won't you let that partnership continue—at least in so far as it affects your mother's name?"

She eyed him searchingly for a moment longer. "For mother—yes," she whispered.

"Thank you! And you will promptly bring me any information that comes to you which you think may bear on your mother's case?"

"Yes."

With that she slipped from the room. The outcome, with the re-establishment of working relationship, had been as happy as he had any right to expect. He did not see her

as being of any serious aid in solving the mystery, and certainly he did not expect her to upturn any information to bring him about her mother. This partnership he still regarded solely as a means for leading to an intimacy that might in time lead to something else.

Peter glanced sharply about. With satisfaction he noted that on its accustomed table as of old, where it could always be ready to Arnoldo's hand, there stood a decanter of whisky with syphon and glasses—the invariable decanter that figured so largely in the last phase of Peter's plan. He was about to follow Maida out, when Beatrice appeared in the doorway.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting too long, Mr. Delacroix," she said in her rich, velvety, low-pitched voice, crossing toward him.

Smiling her veiled smile, she offered him her hand, then noticed his bandages.

"Forgive me—I'd forgotten about your burns. I hope they are not terribly painful?"

"The worst discomfort is these clumsy bandages. You were more than kind to ask me to call, Mrs. Dodge—especially after what I said about your husband this morning."

"My dear man," she laughed softly, "why should I have hard feelings over what you said? I do not take your accusation any more seriously than you do yourself!"

That was a swift and keen thrust; of a truth Beatrice was a master at fencing with her wits! Instantly he was on his guard.

"Then you think I do not regard my accusation seriously?"

"Of course you do not! You know my husband is not guilty, and so do I. You have your purpose—I'm not going to give you my guess as to what your purpose is. But I sent for you to have a talk about something real, and not about your empty accusation. Won't you please sit down?"

When they were seated facing each other, she continued, still smiling her cool, lazy-lidded smile that to Peter seemed to be a veil for mockery and challenge:

"I hope you had a pleasant little visit with Maida?"

"Very pleasant, thank you."

"Of course you are aware that I arranged it?"

"Of course. Since I accused the father, your purpose was to make me pay the penalty by leading me into an embarrassing situation with the outraged daughter."

She laughed softly.

"How stupid a clever man can be! I am your friend, Mr. Delacroix, and my purposes were the usual ones of the kindly scheming match-maker."

"Would you mind explaining?"

"Is an explanation of the obvious necessary? All right—but it's very much like explaining a window-pane. I'm the step-mother of a marriageable daughter, who is only five or six years younger than I am. Therefore I want to marry her out of the house. Having a woman's eyes I saw that with you it was a case of love at first sight. I'll frankly say that as a son-in-law I prefer you to Larry Kane; I think that you will make Maida a more interesting husband, and will go farther in life—in more direct words, that you are a better catch."

"So since I was interested in the marriage, I saw the disaster that might follow your accusation of this morning unless the matter were promptly patched up. So I trapped the two of you together so that you would be compelled to talk. That's all. I had a glimpse of Maida and from her face I judged that you two had made up."

"We parted as friends."

"Then I congratulate myself on doing a good job. I am speaking in all sincerity when I say that if there is anything further I can do to help [Continued on page 76]

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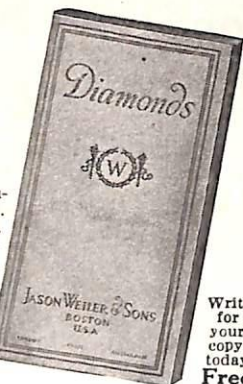
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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

MYSTERY HOUSE

[Continued from page 75]

bring about the marriage you can count on my doing it."

For a fleeting moment Peter had the impression that Beatrice was indeed speaking the truth. Then flashing suspicion suggested that she favored such a marriage, if truly she did favor it, for some secret and dubious end of her own.

"And now for my own personal reason for asking you to call," she went on. "It is about Peter Buchanan's will. As you stated this morning, it is common knowledge that his will leaves me his entire fortune."

"I do not deceive myself about that will. I realize perfectly that Peter would have disposed of his fortune otherwise, leaving me not a penny, had he been physically able to alter his old will. I do not wish to touch money my former husband wished me not to have. Therefore, under all the circumstances, I feel that I can not do otherwise than devote his fortune to the cause of bringing his murderers to justice. That is why I have sent for you."

Peter could not stare at her. This was the very last thing he had expected to hear

from Beatrice. He became alive with suspicion.

"But why send for me, Mrs. Dodge?" "Because I foresee that you are going to be the head of the action to avenge Peter—because I want to put Peter's fortune in your hands as soon as it is available. More especially because I wish to join with you, work with you, in whatever course you may take. After all, Peter was once my husband, you know."

"Join with me!" breathed Peter. This was yet more surprising and suspicious; what could be behind this proposal? "But your husband, Mrs. Dodge—how will he take this?"

"This is my personal affair; perhaps I may not even tell him. Are you going to let me work with you?"

At that moment her purposes suddenly became luminously clear to Peter. He saw that at its best her proposal was merely a gesture—a gesture that might somehow help her with the public. At its worst it was something else indeed: nothing less than a subtle scheme to be [Continued on page 91]

CATTY

[Continued from page 11]

The Prouts start off. The cop shoos the rest of the group along after them. But Kay doesn't go. Instead she asks:

"What are you going to do?" "I don't know," groans Sid.

"I do," she catches him up. "Listen!"

Three minutes later, Kay joins the Prouts, just as they're climbing into their owl-wagon limousine, with a one-footman hoist-power to help them. As usual the Big Boss's car parades in pomp up High street to give the dear public a treat. By and by it rolls massively into the mausoleum's grounds.

There on the front steps Massoud is squatting, licking his paws and with not an eye for the fat woman who spills out of the car and tries to kiss him.

Massoud don't hanker to be pawed over; so he shakes himself and wiggles out of her hold and climbs to a hammock-top and goes on licking. Mrs. Prout trots after him. But Huron stops her, mighty vehement.

"Let the critter alone!" he orders. "He's caused us seventy times more trouble this day than he's worth—him and you combined; mostly you. D'you understand what a jam you've got us into? That rumpus of yours at the show is all over town by now."

"But Huron—" she bumbles.

"Sid Lasser has boosted the town's name all over the Continent by this show he's put across," goes on Prout. "For the minute, he's the most popular young feller in the county. And now you've gone and made a martyr of him. You've given me a fine black eye. There's hundreds in this burg who will be crazy glad to use this story to damage me and to damage me bad."

"You're coming back to the show with me, on the jump. And there you're going to eat a peck of dirt by apologizing real humble and contrite to Sid. I'll apologize to him, too—the cringiest kind of apologies a man can make and yet keep on his own hind legs. I'm praying he'll be soft enough to accept our apologies and to let the matter drop. If he won't, we're up against a bigger dish of trouble than we can swallow. Come along!"

"I'll catch Massoud," volunteers Kay, to comfort the blubbering old dame, "and I'll see he doesn't stray again while you're gone."

Back to the show they hustle. It's still closed for the noon hour. Ham Fogle meets 'em at the door, looking as if Edgar Allan

Poe had written him. Prout asks, real respectful, if they can see Mr. Sidney Lasser for only a moment. Fogle says he'll find out. He comes right back and tells 'em Sid says he will be at their service at any time after two o'clock and that they will find him alongside the Persian cat's cage.

Huron knows what this means. He knows there are a hundred people, right now, telling about that scene to a thousand other people; and that there'll be a general rush to the Persian cat's cage, the minute the doors are open for the afternoon.

He's dead right about that. When he and his quaking wife fight their way to the cage at about quarter past two—having passed up the Civic League Luncheon—there's a perfect mob all around it. There stands Sid Lasser, quiet and smiling, with one arm across the top of the cage. In the middle of the cage sits the Persian cat.

As the Prouts come up, everybody draws back and leaves a little ring of space for them and for Sid, in front of the cage.

"Mr. Lasser," quavers Mrs. Prout, her husband prompting her out of the corner of his set mouth every time she misses a word of the speech he's taught her so careful during the past hour, "Mr. Lasser, I'm—I'm bitterly ashamed that I so far forgot myself this noon as to speak to you as I did. There was no possible justification for it. I was wrong and I have no excuse. I ask your forgiveness, even if I haven't any right to expect you to—to grant it."

She jerks out the words like they puckered her tongue. She's the color of a new-mown beet. Sid Lasser smiles and holds out both his hands to her.

"Please!" he beseeches her. "Please don't say any more about it. I can understand how much worried you must have been about your own cat; and how worry got the best of your nerves. Please forget all about the misunderstanding; just as I shall forget it. By the way, I hope you'll find your cat, safely. I—"

"The cat's found," says Huron, curt-like. "And Lasser, I don't mind saying you're a good deal of a white man to take it this way. You'll find I'm not ungrateful. That is a pledge, if you like, Sid. A public pledge. Thanks."

He grips Sid's hand and then he steers his wife toward the door.

"How in blue-and-pink blazes did you

work it, Sid?" asks Baldy Tod, just as dusk and the show's closing-time came to end the horror day.

Baldy has been away from the show since noon, having fled at first word of Mrs. Prout's claiming her cat. It's only just now he has dared to sneak back.

"How did I work it?" repeats Sid, too happy with life to be sore on Baldy. "Just this way: As soon as the hall was cleared I stuck the Persian cat in a basket and sneaked out the back way to where my motorcycle had been left. I rode up to the Prouts' in a time that no track-motorcyclist would dare to make unless he was suiciding. I went through the alleys. That means I went by short cuts. I got there and I stuck the cat through the iron bars of the front fence and I scatted him to the porch. He only ran as far as the steps; as she said—as I guessed—he would. I beat it around the corner and I got out of sight just as the Prouts' car came up the drive. It was touch-and-go. Then, a few minutes later, she—a friend of mine smuggled him out to me and I brought him back here the same way I took him. That's all."

"But how could you tell he'd stay quiet there till they came? He might 'a' bolted up a tree, or hid under the steps or something, so's they couldn't find him. He—"

"No, he mightn't," contradicts Sid. "Because I had slapped pretty near a pound of butter on to his paws. A cat'll always stop to lick butter off his paws. And—What's the racket, anyhow?" he breaks off, running out of his office into the hall.

The show is over. The folks has all gone. And Ham Fogle has hit on a way to let the cats go home, too. He and a couple of the boys has started shaking the cages out, over the alleyway, just below.

But as soon as the cats get down there, they forget to start right off for home. They ease their show-day nerves by piling into the industriousest wholesale catfight you ever dreamt of.

Just then, what has to happen, as the last cat is dumped out of the window? Some dog-fancier, who has brought four brace of fox-hounds to the show, opens one of the downstairs doors and drives out his eight hounds, all chained in couples, toward a man that's waiting to take them to the station. The dogs get sight of that milling mound of fighting cats.

The mound melts and the race starts. Straight up High street whizzes those four hundred runaway cats, with four coupled brace of fox-hounds yelling at their heels.

Massoud is a good ten lengths ahead of the field, bound straight for home and catapulting along like a fizzily spitting gray meteor.

In the middle of the race, Sid Lasser is called to the telephone. Kay is ringing up to ask when he thinks he can trundle Massoud home. Not that it makes any difference, except it gives Kay an excuse to talk to her sweetheart. Mrs. Prout has gone to bed with a sick headache, and Huron has gone to the Country Club.

"Do you think you can get Massoud here before dinner-time?" she asks. "If you can, you can stay to dinner, too, dear. Because we'll be alone here, all evening, just you and I. How soon do you think he can be here?"

"Well," calculates Sid, who is grand on figures, "it's a measured two miles from Guild Hall to the corner of the Prout grounds. At the pace Massoud was hitting last time I saw him, I think you have every reason to expect he will arrive home about seventeen-and-a-fifth seconds ago. And I'll be there as fast as my cycle can carry me. But you can't expect a common motorcycle to make anywhere near the time Massoud was making. It isn't in reason. Hasn't it been one gosh-gorgeous day, though? I wouldn't have missed it for a million dollars."

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PAUPER TO MILLIONAIRE AND BACK AGAIN [Continued from page 21]

the wreckage to make a foundation on which to build anew.

It was then I learned new facts about human nature. The men I depended on for cooperation disappointed me in the main, while others who had not been too friendly showed a fine spirit of helpfulness when I laid my case before them. Back and forth, up and down Manhattan Island I tramped, swallowing rebuffs and thinly veiled insults, and always trying to make business logic bridge over unfriendliness.

Finally I succeeded in having a committee of three appointed by the stockholders in an effort to salvage the Morosco theaters in New York and Los Angeles with some plays and other rights. Thus equipped we would have tools with which to strive and I was certain then, as I still am certain, that success would come to us.

However, we met an insurmountable obstacle in the person of one creditor whose \$400,000 holdings blocked us.

Again I started the weary tramp, tramp, tramp and after many weeks of effort I effected a meeting of stockholders at the Hotel McAlpin, representing several hundreds of thousands of dollars. The same big creditor, who had agreed to "string along" with the majority, balked anew for reasons best known to himself. He calmly told us that his big claim would wipe out any reorganization we sought to put over—and that plan had to be abandoned.

Actually all that we needed was the consent of this biggest stockholder because that would have given us \$200,000 in the treasury of the Morosco Holding Company, enabled us to pay off every creditor at the rate of fifteen cents on the dollar (possibly more), get control of the Morosco theaters in New York and Los Angeles, put in production plays and musical comedies held by the organization, get rid of the receiver and rehabilitate the corporation. All of the creditors would have gotten something including the biggest stockholder and in time probably every cent which they had invested.

Naturally I and the men who had such faith in me were bitterly disappointed but Fate still held a pleasant surprise for me. Some of the stockholders of the old company got together and said:

"Let us forget the Morosco Holding Company, at least for the time being, and put this chap Oliver Morosco over so he can be doing something for himself—and maybe for us."

The result is that I am going back to Los Angeles, under favorable auspices to begin again where I started—"Morosco Enterprises, Incorporated."

Friends—after all—are the sweetest flowers along the pathway of Life, and it is to my friends who have made my comeback possible that I bow in these closing lines. The rest is in the lap of the gods—Mizpah!

PHILADELPHIA'S NEW HOSPITAL

[Continued from page 37]

These Shriners Hospitals, you see, really are different from any others. And it's a little hard to find words to express that difference and more than a little hard, even after expressing it, to explain it.

In one sense it's comparatively easy. A tremendous amount of intelligent planning and constructive thought went into the project before a single shovelful of earth was ever turned. Starting just with good will, with a wish to do a fine work for helpless children, the Order drew at once upon its great reserve of men with extraordinary business ability. From the business side they started with an enormous advantage over most similar or related benevolent enterprises.

So there was evolved the plan of standardized units, with proper allowances for local conditions; of uniform bookkeeping methods; of centralized handling of buying, to some extent, and insurance. It was certain, from the start, that the Shrine was going to come much nearer to getting a dollar's worth of hospital for every dollar spent, than is at all usual in such cases.

The men who did this planning were big men. They were men so big, so successful, in their own fields, that they didn't at all mind admitting that there were things they didn't know. But, like all really big men, what they did know was where to find out what they themselves didn't happen to know. The plan was to help crippled children. So the trustees sought out the biggest men in orthopedic surgery, and in every detail of building and equipment, and, most important of all, they have been guided by these experts.

The result was inevitable. For the first time, probably, hospitals have been erected and equipped without regard for anything but perfect adaptability to the work they were meant to do.

But that wouldn't have been enough. That

could have been achieved, and still you wouldn't have what you have actually got. And I think, in fact, I am sure, that the secret of the uniform miracle of hospitals in which technical and lay direction goes on without friction lies in the character of the membership of the Order.

Shriners are individuals—but they do, after all, have certain things in common. The qualities in a man that incline him to seek membership in the Order and that qualify him for that membership are the very ones that make him, potentially, an ideal governor of one of the hospital units.

Good fellowship, good will, tolerance, breadth of vision. These all count. Intelligence, practical common sense, energy. So do these. If a man hasn't the first set of qualities he neither wants to belong to the Shrine nor finds himself welcome. If he hasn't the second he isn't at all likely to attain the success in life that is, after all, a prerequisite to the attaining of the prerequisites of membership. And there you are.

In Philadelphia Mayor Kendrick is chairman of the local board. His associates are Charles L. Martin, president of the Kensington Trust Company, who is treasurer; Robert R. Bringham, who is secretary; Charles H. Grakelov, Mayor Kendrick's Director of Public Welfare, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks; Walter Scholes, Henry Dolfinger and William Abrahams. All are busy and prominent and eminently successful men. And all are at Miss Taylor's call whenever there is need.

The chief surgeon is Dr. De Forest Porter Willard, a great and famous orthopedic surgeon, and son of a pioneer in the art. His assistant is Dr. C. Howard Moore, and the resident surgeon is Dr. James E. Wyant.

As yet, of course, there has not been time for the Philadelphia Unit to get really into its stride. Nor is it, as a matter of fact, as

far along as, with reasonable good fortune, it would have been, because it hasn't had even ordinary good luck.

A hospital may be turned over, complete, to its nurses and surgeons as this one was, with its hundred beds in place, its wards all ready. But it has to come gradually up to full activity.

Especially is that true in work as highly specialized as that of orthopedic surgery. Nurses have to be trained; the ordinary graduate nurse is by no means ready to step into an orthopedic hospital and begin functioning at full efficiency.

They hoped, over in Philadelphia, to be in full operation with every bed occupied, this June—a year after the opening. That hope, very cruelly, has been denied fulfillment. For in spite of all imaginable precautions, in spite of the most jealous care, communicable disease has broken out. A very curious and obscure form of scarlet fever has been prevalent in America for a year or more. It has baffled doctors in diagnosis everywhere; it has given health officers more concern and trouble than anything since the influenza of 1918 and 1919.

They have had this sort of scarlet fever in Philadelphia, and, through carelessness for which the hospital authorities were in no way responsible, carelessness far away, children admitted from places a long way off—the territory of the Philadelphia Unit extends as far south as Tennessee—brought in a malignant form of whooping cough.

In all these hospitals newly admitted children are isolated. That is done precisely to obviate, so far as it can be done, the introduction of such diseases, terribly contagious, or infectious, or both. But two children had this sort of whooping cough when they came, and the most rigorous isolation was not, as it turned out, enough—the mischief was done in the brief moments of transit to the isolation cubicles.

Quarantine was still in effect when I visited the hospital; it will not have been lifted very long when you read what I am writing. The situation has never been allowed to become really bad; comparatively few of the fifty-seven children in the wards are actually affected.

But the presence of scarlet fever and whooping cough has slowed up the treatment of many of the children and delayed the completion of their corrective work. Free movement in and out of the wards, a vastly important part of the work, has been restricted; nurses have had to be assigned to medical, instead of orthopedic work.

Morale, though, hasn't been affected in the least. I can testify to that, for I never saw a happier and more cheerful lot of kids.

You ought to make a point of seeing them—you who are reading this. Some one of the hospitals or mobile units must be within a reasonable drive of where you live. And if you have never been to one of the hospitals a great experience awaits you.

These youngsters, many of them, have to be cruelly and repeatedly hurt. Orthopedic surgery isn't a matter of a swift operation under the merciful cover of an anesthetic. There has to be painful manipulation. Often there are days, weeks, months of lying in unnatural attitudes, with racking pulling of little bodies and heavy pressure of great weights.

Miss Taylor kept talking about Joe, just as Mayor Kendrick, earlier in the day, had talked about him. Joe Zurzola was born with club feet and a ghastly thing called a spinal bifida. I don't know exactly what a spinal bifida is. Usually it's fatal almost with birth. In Joe's case they operated at once, and saved his life, such as it promised to be. Usually idiocy results, even if the operation is successful.

But I had a long talk with Joe, and if he's an idiot I'm a Hottentot. Joe was all excited because he was going to be six years

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PHILADELPHIA'S NEW HOSPITAL

(Continued from page 79)

old in a day or two, and he had found out, somehow, that he was to have a birthday cake full of candles.

Joe's feet are fine, now; perfectly straight. He can walk, to some extent—and he never took a step in all his short life before he came to the hospital, which he did last summer. One result of the spinal bifida was that his hip bones protruded; that, thanks to correction and scientific bracing, is scarcely noticeable at all now. Joe is never going to be very tall; he can't be. But he isn't, when he finally goes home, going to be noticeably deformed.

I think you may hear his name, before you're done. Joe likes music, and he has a marvelous ear. He's very stern about the radio. He has no sort of use for jazz. He wants to learn to play the violin, and there's no reason why he shouldn't.

Joe's father is a barber. He's poor; if he weren't, Joe, of course, couldn't be in the hospital. But he, the father, is enormously grateful for what's been done for Joe, whom he adores. And he comes, whenever he can, and cuts the hair of the other children.

It's generally true that the Shriners hospitals aren't institutional in their aspect. In Philadelphia there are no two dresses for the girls alike, for instance. They are gay, colorful, cheerful garments; there is nothing like a uniform. The dishes from which the children eat are marvelous; they are gay, too, with pictures from Mother Goose. And there is an amusing cloth for every tray.

Short as the time has been the Philadelphia hospital has accomplished a lot. There's

Philomena di Marcantonio, for instance. She came in with a particularly bad tubercular hip, quite unable to walk. She, like Frank Riley, walked out under her own power, so to speak. But there's just a little more than that to her story.

Her mother was tremendously impressed by the care that was taken of Philomena, quite aside from the orthopedic work. And Miss Taylor says that now, when Philomena comes back for inspection and examination, as she does periodically, she is always as neat as a new pin—that her mother is caring for her just as well as they did in the hospital. She asks Philomena what the nurses used to do—and then does it herself. Which is not the way it used to be at all.

That, unfortunately, though, is exceptional. Too often these children are simply an annoyance to their parents. They're glad to get rid of them when they go to the hospital; they are resentful and irate when they are returned. After care is one of the great and vexing problems of all this orthopedic work. It isn't possible and it isn't fair to keep them in the hospitals after correction has passed a certain point; the space is needed for more urgent cases. Yet, too often, a return home means cessation, at best, of improvement; at worst, a retrogression.

LuLu Temple, Philadelphia, is working now to raise money to build the W. Freeland Kendrick Home for Convalescent Children, adjoining the hospital; that, when the money—\$300,000 is needed—is raised, will be a work second only to that of the hospital itself.

LOVE IS LIKE THAT

(Continued from page 26)

elation was gone when they bumped against the end of the wharf, returning to shore. Neal and Gordon Carey were collecting their catch, and of necessity she stood beside Diana on the pier, waiting for them. She had nothing to say to Diana, nothing to hear from her, and she started abruptly when the girl spoke.

"Neal Hunter's in love with you, isn't he?" The question was so totally unexpected that the shock of it sent a blush upward over Kathy's face. "Why, I suppose he likes me," she evaded.

"I like him," Diana said simply. "I should think you and he would get along well." Kathy moved irritably. She didn't want to exchange confidences with Di Pierce.

"How long are you going to stay in Foxport?"

"I don't know. My mother died last month, you know."

The pink and white face softened. "I'd heard. I'm so sorry Kathy! I—I wish you'd come to see me. We used to be such friends," Di said.

Such friends! Kathy was still struggling for an answer, some means of turning this unwelcome conversation into less personal channels, when the men joined them.

"Movies tonight?" Gordon Carey asked. Kathy smiled at him.

"I can't," said Diana. "At least not until late. Wilma Stone is coming down on the nine-thirty train."

"It's a Chaplin picture," he said, looking at Kathy. "Shall I call for you folks, Neal? Di and Wilma can join us later."

Kathy smiled again, and continued to smile, enigmatically, as a kitten purrs to itself, until they reached the farmhouse. Then she waved gaily to Diana and Gordon, and turned to face Neal, who had carried their fish into the kitchen.

"Shall we clean 'em and make chowder or throw 'em to the pigs?" she demanded, and took a dance-step toward him, laughing.

"As you say." That veil of impersonality had descended upon him again.

"Neal!" She put her hand on his arm, and he looked down at her diffidently. How could he, when they loved one another so? Her eyes were very soft. "Neal—won't you kiss me?"

Neal Hunter moved away from her. "I don't understand you, Kathy," he said, in a strained sort of voice. "You—hurt people."

Her eyes hardened. How silly of him! "I wondered if you were getting annoyed because I talked so much with Gordon Carey!" she said. "Really, Neal—"

"Did you wonder that?" he interrupted, smiling humorlessly, and she had a desperate, frightened sensation. "I don't believe you, Kathy."

She went swiftly to his side. "Please, dear, don't let's quarrel. I love you so!"

She reached up and touched his face with her hand. "Honestly, Neal, I wasn't trying to hurt Diana! Not really. I couldn't help it if—"

She paused, but he waited unhelpfully for her to continue. "Oh, Neal!"

"I—I guess I want to be alone," he said, slowly. "I'll get something to eat later. I'm sorry, Kathy."

He went to his room where his painting things were kept; she listened to his footsteps and a moment later she saw him moving with long strides across the meadow.

What a difficult, moody person he was—and how much she loved him!

She was sulkily silent through the mid-day dinner, bored by the company of her father and aunt.

She looked about her at the gloomy, green and brown dining-room, with distaste.

Neal came back as Aunt Min was laying supper upon the table, and Kathy's depression increased steadily.

Gordon Carey's arrival came like a sudden burst of sunshine into a dreary world. She was glad when Neal refused to accompany them, and when she stepped out of Gordon's roadster before the moving-picture theater and all Saturday night Foxport, she turned upon him a smile of dazzling intimacy.

In the darkness of the hall, he leaned toward her. "Let's duck out of here and go somewhere and dance!"

She glanced down at her frock, thought of Neal and Diana. Why shouldn't she go? "All right," she whispered.

It was late when she returned, late when she dressed and came down into the kitchen. Neal was talking with Aunt Min.

"Going to work on my picture today, Neal?"

He hesitated. "I think I'll do a bit more on this new landscape, if you don't mind."

She shrugged. "Why should I mind?"

But she did mind; she minded terribly. What was the matter with Neal? She looked at him coolly, beautifully concealing any suggestion of her inner thoughts. If he wanted to be nasty, he could see that she could take care of herself! When he was through sulking, he could come to her and apologize.

THE brain beneath her red hair was so filled with scattered impressions and so empty of any actual understanding of Neal, himself, that when he did seek her out, she waited, half smiling, for his apology. For more than a week now, he had sulked—and for more than a week, she had been miserable. But now, at last, they would make up, and once again he would hold her in his arms and kiss her.

She was sitting on the front steps of the house, reading a magazine, when he approached her; she put it down and looked up at him.

"Well, Neal?"

It wasn't his painter's look that shone in his gray eyes as he contemplated her; it wasn't that far-away, puzzled expression. And it wasn't that other, that lover's look . . .

"I'm going away, Kathy."

"Going away!" She started to her feet at once. "Why—where, Neal?"

He looked past her, toward the ocean. "I don't know—Europe, perhaps."

"Europe!" For an instant she thought that her heart had ceased beating; her breast felt stifled, choked for air. "But, Neal, you can't go!" He was silent, and she stood, arms dangling limp at her sides, staring at him. "Neal? You don't love me?"

"I do love you, Kathy. But—there's no use in discussing it. Maybe I'm just crazy."

She touched his hand, now, curling her fingers about it, like a child's. "But dear, if you love me—I love you so! I'm sorry for anything I've done."

He shook his head. "It's not that. You—you don't love me, Kathy. Not the way I mean. Love— isn't like that."

"Like what?" Fear was cold within her, now. He couldn't leave her! Not really! "Love isn't like what?"

"I don't know. I'm probably a sentimentalist or something!" His mouth curled bitterly. "I tell you I've got to go, Kathy!"

"You can't go!"

"I'm sorry." The finality in his voice chilled her completely, and she dropped back to the steps and sat looking up at him. "I'm sorry," he repeated, and walked away, across the gardens to where her father was working.

Still she didn't believe it. It couldn't be true. He couldn't be going! And he was gone . . .

(Continued on page 83)



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FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

K NOW your onions!

That is the war cry of the Broadway wisecrackers. Because they do not live up to it, Gotham contains more marks for spurious investments than any city in the world. The wisecrackers do not even take the first step toward acquaintance with their vegetables which is to inquire: "What's the yield?"

The farmer who sows and cultivates his field ever so carefully cannot answer that question. The weather and other interpositions of Providence make that impossible. The investor, however, who sows his dollars carefully can estimate his yield almost down to the last decimal point when it comes to seasoned bonds. Thus the legitimate cultivator of investment yield can reduce the element of risk to a minimum.

Just as yield dominates the kind of crop that shall be cultivated, so does yield in investments determine the kind of securities that are most advantageous at the moment. Calculation of the yield from any investment is a somewhat complicated proposition. It depends on the cost of the security, the rate of interest it bears and the life it has to run before it is redeemed at face value. Those to whom logarithms and abstruse calculations are a burden, can easily secure a table showing comparative yields already worked out for them.

For example—if an investor buys a 5 percent bond at 90 and it has 10 years to run it will yield approximately 6½ percent a year. If he pays 102 for the same bond it will yield 4¾ percent a year. If the interest rate of this bond were 6 percent it would yield 5.7 percent a year if bought at 102, but if it had 50 years to run instead of 10 it would yield 5¾ percent annually.

Lower Yields

The era of tremendous prosperity through which this country has passed in the last two years and which still continues unabated, has produced a volume of money seeking investment such as has never been known before in history. In consequence, the yields on various seasoned bonds and preferred stocks has lessened steadily.

Practically all groups of securities which are referred to as of the "investment" type have reached new price peaks in 1927. For example, the yield on 60 high grade bonds has dropped to 4.51 percent. High grade preferred stocks disclose a similar trend with a decline to 5.57 percent. The current yield on 60 unseasoned industrials is only 6.68 percent and the general average of the industrial security group may conservatively be placed at 5½ percent.

This is due solely to what is known as "investment demand." The inhabitants of this country have huge sums which they do not need to use to meet current necessities

of living or business. If they do not place it in sound, secure investment holdings, they must leave it on deposit with the banks. By doing so they automatically cut the returns from such sums to percentages ranging from 2 to 4, according to the amounts involved and the geographical section in which they are placed.

Situation Healthy

This is not a dangerous situation. It is thoroughly healthy. It simply means that the country as a whole is getting a slightly lower rate on a larger volume of funds instead of a slightly higher rate on a smaller total available for investments.

Today, the yields on sound, legitimate bonds are higher by far than they were 25 years ago. A table compiled by a New York investment house which has been in business for half a century shows that net returns in 1901 from sound state, municipal and county bonds ranged from 2.55 to 3.70 percent.

There is small doubt that the investors of the day, and they comprise some 25 percent of the total population, are inclined to accept a slightly smaller return than they have been recorded in some other years. On the other hand, they are strengthened in the belief that leading corporations will be enabled to continue bond interest and dividend payments without interruption regardless of minor fluctuations in business and commerce.

Investment Styles

All the above facts have tended in some degree to affect the "style" of present day investments. According to a careful survey of one of the great midwestern investment houses, monthly absorption of new investment issues has shown an increase of over 25 percent so far this year as compared with the similar period of 1926, and sales to investors are running close to or above \$600,000,000 a month. The total for the first quarter of 1927 amounted to \$2,068,734,750.

It is worthy of notice that public utility issues held first place in this tremendous volume of financing with a total of \$513,398,000 as compared with \$349,227,000 in the first three months of 1926. Industrial securities came next with \$463,243,000. Then in order were ranged the tax exempt securities, the foreign issues, the railroad investments and real estate bonds.

In the minds of domestic investors, these figures inevitably direct attention to the public utility industrial and railroad issues since tax exempt, foreign and real estate issues have an appeal to individual needs rather than to capital for investment as a whole. It is not hard to account for the popularity of public utility securities.

Customer Ownership

If the Broadway wisecracker "knows his onions," the wise investor knows his kilowatts. The investment in most cases lies right at his door. He is both owner and customer and has first hand knowledge of conditions, service and probable profits. Demand for service from the public utility companies has shown an astonishing growth and there is nothing along the road which promises to check this progress.

Costs of operation are being reduced constantly. The trend for widespread amalgamations may have passed its peak but companies are ironing out differences in voltages and frequencies which will enable them to assure full service with a minimum of equipment and expense through interchange of power one with the other in the so-called power pools.

Customer ownership is acting as an effective check on expenses. Here is one case in point amidst thousands. The local manager of the Illinois Power and Light Company was called on the telephone recently.

"I am an Illinois Power stockholder," the caller informed him. "And here is something you ought to know. You have had a line crew outside my house since 8 o'clock this morning and they have not done a tap except shoot crap." Ten minutes later, that crap game was over forever.

The situation outlined above seems to justify the confidence evidenced by investors. In addition to the seasoned bonds, there are many high grade industrial preferred stock issues and other forms of investment which, due to adequate market seasoning and growth of earning power, have a right to rank as conservative and safe investments and to be bought and sold on an investment rather than a speculative basis. This does not indicate that these securities will not fluctuate nor does it apply to all preferred stocks.

Going It Blind

The investor who "goes it blind" in these days admits by that very fact that he has more confidence in his luck than in his judgment. For every one whose luck justifies him, there are a hundred thousand whose money sweetens someone else's stack.

On the 4th of July, 1903, John Stratton, carpenter, took a day off from the hammer and the saw and tramped over the hills above Cripple Creek, Colo. As he looked out over the mighty range, the festive spirit of the day seized him. He took off his hat and gave three cheers for the 4th of July. Then John Stratton shut his eyes, turned around three times and threw his hat as far as he could hurl it. That is how he located the Independence mine which brought millions to him and more millions to those who followed him. Stratton found his gold mine by throwing his hat. It worked once. But you may not have that kind of a hat. He did not have his money long enough to get familiar with it. Before he could call a dollar bill by a less formal name than Mr. Williams, he was broke flat as soup on a plate.

Service for Investors

Accurate, reliable, unprejudiced information is the basis of all successful investment. The Shrine Magazine is prepared to furnish its readers with information of that sort on investment securities. Send your inquiries with self-addressed, stamped envelope to Jonathan C. Royle, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

LOVE IS LIKE THAT [Continued from page 81]

She had never expected to confide in anyone, least of all in Aunt Min. Aunt Min, with her curious, spinster's eyes, her inquisitive nose, Aunt Min who was old and unlovely. . . . But this month had done things to Kathy; the aghast loneliness of it had battered down all her resistance against life. Alone, always—but loneliness was a different sort of thing.

She had made herself vulnerable to this on the day when she conceded Neal Hunter's reality. She had admitted then that she was not alone in her world; Neal, too, stood there, in its enchanted mystery beside her. And when he was gone, it was as though a whole planet were depopulated!

Foxport had lost all the charm he had given it, but she remained there because his going had taken from all existence that charm she had once felt. Foxport or New York. . . it didn't matter, now. She was frightened, shy, at the thought of returning to the city to look for work. Here, at the farm, were things and people with which, at least, she was familiar; she clung to them in desperation, trying to wring pity from all this against which she had rebelled.

Late June, and there had come no word from him. She found herself contemplating her father with a new tenderness. He, too, had loved and lost. He, too! It occurred to her, amazingly, that his unspoken loneliness might be greater even than hers. She had known Neal Hunter for two months, but he, her father, for twenty-five years had had his love, had lived with her, day in and day out. And now she was gone completely, gone, not out of his life, but away and beyond all life. She watched him with a new perception, and saw in his simplicity a thousand little signs of his solitude. How carelessly cruel of his loss she had been. If, somehow, she could show him now that she understood. . . .

She avoided being alone with a sort of desperation, tagging Aunt Min about the house.

"You haven't—heard from Neal, have you?" she asked, in a voice that was meant to be careless.

"Land sakes, no!" Aunt Min was hulling strawberries, briskly, and she peered at her niece over the rim of a tremendous crockery bowl. "What would he write to me for?"

Kathy, seated across the kitchen table, looked down at her hands. "I don't know." She was silent, and then, "Oh, Aunt Min, I can't bear it!" she cried.

The older woman set down the bowl and wiped her hands on her apron. "I know, dearie," she said, and Kathy, looking up quickly, saw that somehow, in some extraordinary fashion, she did know.

"Oh—Aunt Minnie!" Her shoulders shook, and her face burrowed against the gingham apron.

"There, dearie, you just cry! Don't try to talk!"

But Kathy suddenly wanted to talk, wanted to talk to Aunt Min! Words came in a rush, tumbling one after another, soggy with tears.

"He thinks I'm just hard and mean and awful! And I was! Always, Aunt Min! Not just to Di Pierce! To everyone! To you and Pa—and oh, Aunt Min, to my mother! She died thinking I was a heartless daughter!"

"Stuff!" said Aunt Min. "Stuff, Kathy! She died thinking nothing of the sort!"

"I was so mean to her! I hated home and—"

"All little girls are mean," said Aunt Min, sententiously. "Your mother knew that as well as the next one. But she knew you, too, Kathy. You were her baby."

All little girls are mean! Kathy, her fingers convulsively clutching the gingham

apron, thought of Di Pierce. Di had been a mean little girl, too—but Di had outgrown it. She had tried to be friendly, sympathetic. And she, Kathy, who was no longer a little girl, had continued in her meanness!

"This'll do you good!" said Aunt Min. "You go up to your room and lie down and sleep, now. I've got to go to the village. I'll be back soon."

Like a child, Kathy mounted the backstairs. Through her window, she saw the meadows, lush and green with the full beauty of summer, and beyond them, the sea. Was Neal Hunter somewhere across that blue stretch, seeing people and places there with kind eyes? She dropped down on her bed and slept, exhausted by her tears.

"Kathy!" She stirred, looked up sleepily at her aunt.

"I brought Diana Pierce back with me."

She sat up in bed and blinked at them.

"Hello, Kathy!" Diana sat down on the end of the bed, and smiled. "I thought you'd gone away—you promised to come and see me. Your aunt says you've been working like a Trojan!"

Kathy looked at her. "There's a lot—to do," she faltered.

"Don't I know it! Mother's putting up strawberry jam, and I've been helping her. I've hulled berries until—look!" She extended a slim hand, finger-tips and nails stained darkly.

"Look at mine!" said Kathy.

They smiled, like the children they had once been. Children—once. Looking at Diana, Kathy saw faint shadows about the clear blue eyes, a new droop to the young mouth.

"Why don't you come over for supper tonight? I've got some friends down over the week-end and we might dance or something."

Again Di Pierce was offering her friendship, and now Kathy reached out, gratefully.

"I'd love to."

Gordon Carey was sitting in the Gloucester hammock beside a very little blonde girl. He rose and came toward them.

"I thought you'd evaporated into thin air, Katherine Snow! You've been ill, haven't you? Your aunt—"

"I'm fine, now," said Kathy, giving him her hand and looking past him at the prettiness of his companion.

"This is Fay Kensington—Katherine Snow."

There were ten of them, at dinner. She watched Diana and Gordon Carey. Di was in love with him—and she wasn't happy! When, later in the evening, Gordon turned on the phonograph and swung Kathy to the floor, she chattered with him lightly—and when they finished their dance, she led him back, firmly, to Diana.

"Dance, Di?" He smiled at his hostess, and her blue eyes rested affectionately on his face. Kathy's heart was sad with sympathy and understanding.

"Please stay all night! You haven't, since we were kids!" Di said.

In the pale green and cream colored bedroom, Kathy perched at the foot of the bed, one of Diana's filmy nightgowns and a delicate chiffon negligée of Diana's wrapped about her.

"Your clothes are so sweet, Di!"

"Mother spoils me!" Diana, creaming her face at the dressing-table, turned about, and the lace sleeve of her green and silver robe shimmered in the shaded light.

And then, a few minutes later, with their faces creamed, as guiltless of powder as when they had been children, whispering together in the darkness, they talked.

"I'm engaged to [Continued on page 88]"

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The "Just So" of Salad Dressing

WHAT is a salad? may be a conundrum which the homemaker can answer in at least 365 different ways—a salad for every day. No green leaf is unworthy, no vegetable or fruit too lowly to be counted as a salad staple. As warmer weather approaches, the full value of vitamins can be secured in no form so pleasant as in the refreshing succulence and cooling crispness of colorful salads. Many ordinary foods, monotonous when served in the usual cooked and heated manner, become zestful and interesting when chilled and chaperoned by a piquant dressing.

There are four simple A-B-C's of salad service: the ingredients must always be clean, crisp, chilled, and colorful! If the salad is to serve as an accompaniment to heavier dishes, then it must remain simple and carry a simple dressing; but if it is used as a separate course or a complete meal, then it can be made more substantial and permit a richer dressing. Some homemakers may have a fondness for boiled dressing; but to the true salad-fan there are but two real dressings and their multiple variations: French dressing, the familiar oil-acid dressing made without beating; and mayonnaise, the oil-acid-egg dressing produced by considerable beating. If she has mastered both of these to perfection, then the homemaker has at her spoon's end as many dressings as there are fancy names to give them.

In mixing any dressing, only quality oil, vinegar and seasonings should be used, for harsh synthetic vinegars and stale spices will never produce the flavor and bouquet which is the dressing's chief charm and contribution to the salad. Pure olive oil cannot be excelled as a wholesome ingredient; but for those who do not care for it, a pleasing and less expensive mixture is obtained by using a proportion of 1/3 olive oil and 2/3 neutral vegetable oil. Different vinegars, such as malt, cider, wine, or tarragon, will entirely change the aroma of the dressing; in some cases, as used on shellfish or fruits, lemon juice is the preferable acid.

French dressing is so simple—but so sophisticated—that it is really difficult to make! The main ingredients are most easy to combine; it is the odd flavoring or crushed herb, the spoon of this, the dash of that, which gives the chic and individuality—possibly even the personality—to a French dressing. For example, if it is intended for meats, then it can be "jazzed" by adding a

hint of curry or a touch of dry mustard; if on vegetables, then nothing will give quite the elusive pungency of a clove of garlic; if to serve on fruit salads, then it may be made harmonious by a spoon of powdered sugar, honey, or fruit syrup.

This standard recipe may be followed with variations:

Standard French Dressing

Three tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice, 6 tablespoons oil, 1/2-1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4-1/4 teaspoon paprika or white pepper. Place salt, pepper (and other seasonings used) in bottom of small bowl; add vinegar or acid and stir well; add oil little by little, and stir all vigorously; chill; serve.

When host or hostess prepares this dressing at table, a pleasing novelty is to use a large cube of ice in the bowl and to blend the dressing over the ice, thus chilling while mixing.

Variations

- (1) Add 2 tablespoons catsup or chili sauce and 2 tablespoons minced pickles or green peppers or capers.
- (2) Add 2 tablespoons catsup and 2 tablespoons Roquefort, cream or other cheese, beating in small bits at a time.
- (3) Add 1/4 teaspoon curry powder and 1 tablespoon minced watercress.
- (4) Add 3 tablespoons thin honey and slowly beat in 1 cup stiffly whipped cream (for fruit salads).
- (5) Add 2 hard egg yolks mashed to a paste, and 1 1/2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce.

It is to the great Cardinal Richelieu himself that we are indebted for the dressing known as "mayonnaise," for the story goes that he first mixed it with his own hands before a dinner of his assembled guests. Mayonnaise is nothing but oil and egg, seasoned, and beaten until it is "stiff enough to stand alone." In spite of the fact that some housewives find mayonnaise difficult to make, it is really more easy than French dressing because less of its success depends on skill in seasoning. The first point is to have the oil, egg, acid and bowl cold. The second is to add the oil only a very small quantity at a time.

If these two cautions are followed, anyone can make delicious firm mayonnaise in less time than it takes to write this paragraph—that is in about five minutes!

Although several excellent special mixers have been developed for making mayonnaise, the housewife can get rapid and perfect results by using a common Dover egg-beater of the improved type. Here are the simple steps which will bring success:

[Continued on page 85]

THE "JUST SO" OF SALAD DRESSING

1—Break egg into bowl, add 1 tablespoon oil and beat vigorously.

2—Add another tablespoon oil and beat vigorously again.

3—Add 2-3 more tablespoons oil and continue beating.

4—Continue adding small quantities of oil and beating after each addition until dressing is as stiff as preferred.

5—Mix seasonings in a cup with the lemon juice, add to dressing, and blend in by more beating.

And here is this standard recipe which can likewise be modified to suit the food and flavor of the many salads that it may be served with:

Standard Mayonnaise Dressing

One fresh egg, 1 1/2 cups oil, 3-4 tablespoons lemon juice, 1/2-1 teaspoon salt, 1/4-1/4 teaspoon paprika or white pepper, 1 teaspoon powdered sugar.

VARIATIONS

(1) Russian Dressing

To 1 cup mayonnaise add 2 tablespoons catsup, 2 tablespoons minced green pepper, 1/4 cup minced pimientos.

(2) Thousand Island

To 1 cup mayonnaise add 2 tablespoons chili sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped pepper, 1 tablespoon minced onion.

(3) Tartare Sauce

(Fish and Shellfish)
To 1 cup mayonnaise add 1/4 cup minced sweet pickle, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 2 olives, chopped.

(4) Cucumber Sauce

To 1 cup mayonnaise add 1/3 cup whipped cream, 1 cup diced cucumber pulp, 2 teaspoons lemon juice.

(5) Marshmallow Sauce

(Fruit and Sweet Salad)
To 1 cup mayonnaise add 1/3 cup canned pineapple juice, 8 marshmallows, diced, or 2 tablespoons marshmallow cream.

An interesting novelty in serving summer salads for refreshment purposes is the use of frozen dressings. These may be used with many salad foundations but are especially appropriate for topping the fruit or sweet salad. The use of a frozen dressing often permits the salad course to be combined with the dessert course, thus lessening the anxieties of the hostess. Frozen dressings are generally a standard mayonnaise to which whipped cream has been added, the whole packed in a mold of ice and salt for at least an hour. The salad itself should be well chilled and the dressing added the last moment before serving.

Frozen Mayonnaise

One cup mayonnaise, 1 cup stiffly whipped cream, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon powdered sugar. Combine, pack in ice and salt for 1 hour.

Frozen Cheese Dressing

Half cup softened cream cheese, 1 cup cream, 1/2 cup mayonnaise, 1/4 teaspoon paprika, 1/4 teaspoon salt. Combine, pack in ice and salt for 1 hour. (Add 1/4 each minced nuts and chopped raisins when used on a fruit salad.)

Every homemaker will be glad of the novel and dainty accessories featured in the leaflet "What to Serve With Salads." Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

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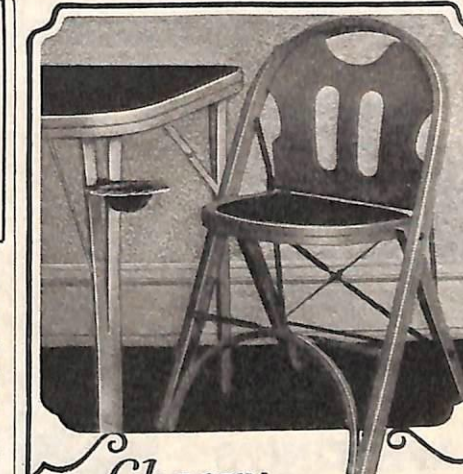
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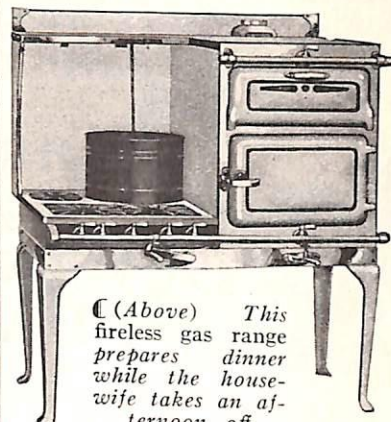
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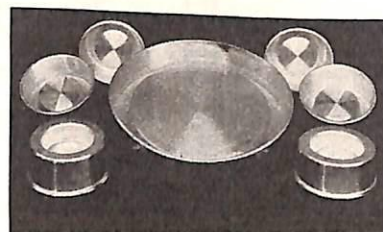
(Mrs. Frederick will be glad to tell you about her experiences with any of the devices on this page)



(Above) This freless gas range prepares dinner while the housewife takes an afternoon off.



(Upper right) A knife or cutting tool for every kitchen need with a rack to hold them.



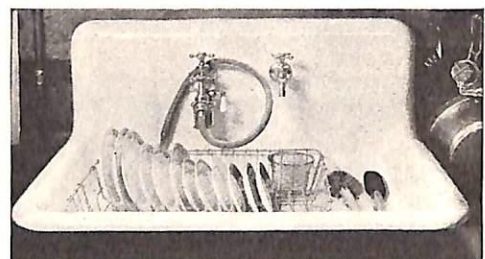
(Right) A cake pan (large or individual size) with hollow center for filling.



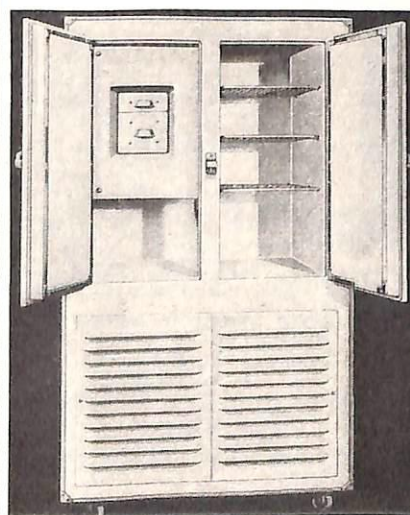
(Left) Paper baking cups that hold liquid while baking, and keep cakes fresh.



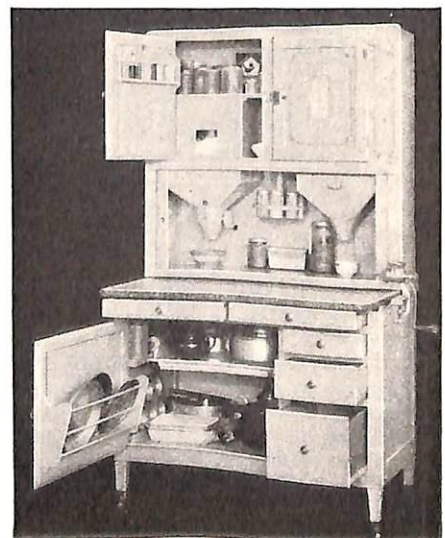
(Above) This stove cooks an entire meal by attaching its cord to electric socket.



(Above) Greasy dishes instantly cleansed and rinsed with sanitary spray without wetting hands.



(Below) An iceless refrigerator. Any refrigerator, old or new, may be made "iceless" by the installation of a frost coil and compressor outfit.



(Right) A kitchen cabinet that centralizes all kitchen work and puts within arm's reach all needed tools and utensils.



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Sightseeing in New England and on the Atlantic Coast

By Anne C. Granbeck

NOT even the people of New England and the Atlantic Coast have seen anything like the whole range of sights and places. There is so much to see!

There is concentrated in New England and along the Atlantic, down to Norfolk, just about two-thirds of all the traditional American historical shrines, and a variety which is immense in the way of scenery and touring and sightseeing facilities. It is one long series of playgrounds, resorts and spots of interest; river, sea, lake, mountain, bay and city.

For Westerners coming toward the East, it is an excellent idea to plan to come from one direction and go another. Thus a Westerner or Southwesterner may choose to see the East and get the feel of the Atlantic Ocean by arriving from the West via the southern route—going to Norfolk, Washington or Baltimore by rail, and then arranging to travel north by boat, by airplane or by motor bus.

There are excellent boats from Norfolk to Boston and Baltimore; from Baltimore to Providence, R. I., and Boston; from Old Point Comfort to New York; from Philadelphia to Boston; from New York to Providence, Boston and Portland, Maine. Longer water trips from Miami, Savannah and Jacksonville can be made to Philadelphia and New York. These coast trips are perfectly delightful—cool, cheap and fast—breaking the journey with variety and giving the inlander a real taste of the ocean.

For those who come East all the way by rail and wish to make longer sea journeys, there are the trips to Bermuda, Porto Rico and Cuba. For those who wish only very short water jaunts, there are Hudson River boat trips, day or night, Coney Island and Atlantic Highlands trips, and short trips out of Boston. Longer northern water trips East by way of the Atlantic Ocean or the St. Lawrence to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, or West by way of the Great Lakes and then on to your western destination.

Motor buses operate on regular schedules between Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington, while there are many other cities in various directions out of these cities, reached by motor buses. The buses are very comfortable, the fare reasonable. Some are personally conducted tours of several days, with sightseeing stop-overs.

Sightseeing buses in the large cities of the East are now a very highly organized business, offering most competent routes, hours and facilities. An amazing amount of ground may be covered in a comparatively few hours, and avoiding the inconveniences and bewilderments of trying to locate places yourself. Places you would not have thought to visit; facts you would not yourself have known are thus brought into your trip in perfect comfort and at very small expense. There are even, in New York, sightseeing yachts which circle New York harbors and rivers.

Boston and Philadelphia are notable chiefly for Revolutionary landmarks, and New York for its astonishing variety of entertainment and sightseeing. New York is virtually a great summer and vacation resort,

having superb advantages of variety. Here there are plenty of the best grade of theatrical entertainments, hotel facilities, roof gardens, music, unique restaurants, night clubs, museums, art galleries and great buildings and bridges. Several New York hotels have play rooms and play roofs—veritable fairylands—where children can be left to play under supervision.

In addition, the summer attractions are unusual. There is, of course, Coney Island, most famous of all seaside resorts, and there are many other beaches and seaside resorts within a short distance, ranging all the way from Coney to aristocratic Southampton, the new and smarter Newport of society. There is all of Long Island, "the playground of the rich," with the island where Captain Kidd hid his treasure at the end of it.

There is the beautiful string of New Jersey coast resorts, full of variety and sea charm, all the way down to Atlantic City, which holds the palm among all the resorts of the world for its beach, boardwalk, hotels and resort facilities.

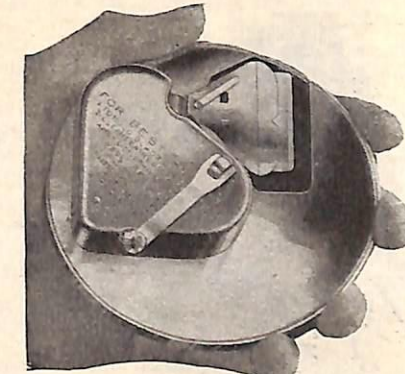
New England is a vast vacation ground, and is thickly spotted with historical landmarks, delightful early Colonial architecture and hills and lakes. It is a motorist's paradise, with its many miles of good roads, including the "Ideal Tour," probably the finest of automobile tours in the country, through the Berkshires and the White Mountains.

Washington, D. C., is far more interesting than in years past as a resort since the Lincoln Memorial and other new buildings, better hotels, Union Station, etc., have been built.

Westerners, with good reason, find the sea food of the eastern seaboard a vast delight.

It is a splendid idea for those living away from the Atlantic coast to take their vacations seeing the East. There is more to be seen and done than a vacation even of several months would allow for. Many people regularly each year come East for their vacations, preferring to settle at no fixed vacation place, and to enjoy the variety which the East affords. They may visit Washington for several days; spend a week in New York, take a two-day boat trip and end up with three days in Boston—all in one two-week vacation trip. They want variety, and the Atlantic coast offers it in overflowing measure, not only once, but continuously year after year.

Miss Anne C. Granbeck of the Travel Bureau will be glad to answer all questions on Travel here and abroad. She will do travel shopping, make reservations for rail and steamship tickets, hotel rooms, opera, concert, theater or lecture seats. Write, enclosing, stamped addressed envelope, Travel Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.



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LOVE IS LIKE THAT *[Continued from page 83]*

Gordon," Diana confided. "Mother won't let us announce it until autumn. He's—he's a strange person, Kathy."

Kathy nodded.

"I—care a lot," Di said, steadily. "More than he does. It's an awful thing to say, but I suppose that if I didn't have money—he hasn't much. Yet he is fond of me. . . ."

"Of course he is!" said Kathy. "Anyone can see that!"

"It's hard, sometimes. He's—oh, I suppose he's a flirt. But I'm getting used to that. He always comes back to me, Kathy. At first it hurt, but now I understand and I'm not really afraid."

"Di, dear!" Kathy's hand covered her friend's. "I haven't heard from Neal," she said, wistfully. "Not at all. Oh, life's so funny—" Her voice drifted off, faintly.

"Funny," repeated Diana, gently. "Sometimes it's rotten! But I guess it's nicer to love someone than not to!"

"I guess so. But you see, Di—" And for the second time that day, Kathy's pent up emotions released themselves in words.

SHE spent nearly the whole morning telling Aunt Min about the evening.

"Di has a whole bunch coming down over the Fourth of July, Aunt Min!" Her voice heightened with excitement. "Let's have a party here! Then you can see for yourself—" She paused, looking through the open door into the dark green and brown dining-room. Then her face lightened. "Do you suppose Pa would let me fix up the house a little?"

She searched him out in the barn.

"Pa!" Her fingers curled about his rough hand. "Pa, let me fix up the house? I can just see that dingy old dining-room with yellow walls and white paint! And if you'd let me paint the furniture—everyone does, these days! The Pierces—"

He laughed, because she was so like a younger Kathy he had known. "I don't see that a little paint would put us in the poor-house!" he agreed.

"Pa!" She kissed him, and laughed. "And we're going to have a million people, most, for supper, and you've got to carve!"

She heard him chuckle, as she tore down the slope, back to the house.

For days they planned and plotted, her head and Aunt Min's close together over sheets of paper. Sometimes Bert Snow came and laughed at them. "You women!" he would say, and would make fun of Kathy's careful lists and diagrams. It was good to have something to do; it put off the inevitable moments when she sat, silent, looking out over the sea at the horizon, wondering, hoping. Neal—oh, Neal!

Aunt Min was sewing in the doorway, while Kathy attacked the dining-room oak.

"Oh, it's going to be so pretty!" She sat back on her heels, surveying her handiwork. Flushed and hot, with a smear of paint on one cheek, her bare arms flecked with white spots. . . . "There's someone, Aunt Min—I saw a shadow go past the window."

Aunt Min went into the kitchen, and heedlessly, Kathy heard the screen-door slam—once—twice. She painted on. Then: "C'mon back, Aunt Min—I'm getting lonely with no one to talk to!"

She looked up and saw Neal Hunter standing in the doorway.

Perhaps it was the best thing to do under the circumstances. In any event, what Kathy did was swift and definite. She tipped over the paint. It ran, in a thick, white puddle, across the floor, and they watched it, aghast.

"Here! Here, Kathy!" Neal had darted into the kitchen, and he returned with a handful of the cleaning cloths.

Kathy mopped, dazedly.

"Don't, Neal—you'll get all dirty!"

"I don't care!" He laughed, kneeling close beside her. "That'll do. Come on out where we won't get paint all over everything!"

She followed him to the doorway and stood looking at him, incredulously. Neal—her Neal!

"I couldn't stay away. I've been—d'you know what I've been doing, Kathy? Finishing your portrait! I thought it must be more lovely than any living thing—but it's not so lovely as you!"

She looked at him silently.

"Kathy!" Paint-wet hands grasped hers. "Will you forgive me? Will you love me again? I was crazy! I thought—Katherine Snow, do you realize that I'm an old man? Twenty-seven years old! And you're a babe of nineteen! I was—oh, I was mad! Kathy, I've got my state-room for Europe. Next week! Will you come with me?"

Her lips parted. Europe! With Neal! She looked up the field, toward the barn.

"Oh, I'd love to! But dearest, I couldn't! I want to awfully. I've missed you so! But my father, and Aunt Min—Not this summer, Neal. I've got to stay here!"

"Oh, Kathy!" Gently, he took her into his arms. "Oh, my dearest one—my love! Kathy, what makes you so sweet and dear and generous? What makes you—"

She kissed him, stopping his words. "I'm not, Neal! But they're so alone and I love them so. They've been so good to me! And love—oh, my dearest—" She looked up, mistily, at her lover, returned to her. "Love is like that, Neal!"

AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE

[Continued from page 38]

sports have enabled them to lengthen life and increase health and happiness in proportion.

But these statistics and measurements take into consideration only the latter years of life. They have lengthened life on its old age end. The much-maligned youth of today has been lengthening life on its other end. The old-fashioned girl of fifty years ago was a blushing child at twenty and an old maid at twenty-five fit only for dress-making or school teaching. The old-fashioned boy of fifty years ago was an awkward child at twenty-one cultivating warts and blushing when spoken to.

Today youth begins earlier. Girls know more of life, of love, of business at eighteen than their mothers knew at twenty-five.

Boys in their twenties are successful business men and big executives. Youth of today has lengthened life on its happier, more virile end.

Failure to recognize this fact is a part of the cause of the horror raised hands at the "fresh" youngsters of today. Is it not just possible that this youth triumphant is criticized because the older generation is a bit jealous?

I am going to be honest; I am jealous of every one of them! I envy them the things which I have lost. Youth! I wish I had a chance to sick a lot of she-bears on the whole kit and kaboodle of them for I am jealous of every breath they breathe. Youth, that watches joy and shoots it as it flies!

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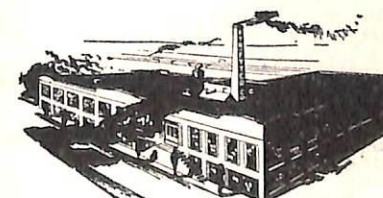
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THE HUSHED DAY

[Continued from page 33]

any mustard, didn't we?" he finished. For half an hour Miriam lay there sobbing; and then the convulsive movement of the diaphragm slowed down, ceased, and she slept. Dr. Belcher was trying to build up, from such vague clues as he had gathered, a working theory as to just what had caused the cataclysm which had overwhelmed the fated city of Norfield.

Primarily it must have been an atmospheric disaster. Abruptly, without warning, had come that engulfing flood of noxious gas which had descended on the sleeping town and left its people—sleeping the long sleep. All except himself and Miriam. The insulator, of course, had saved them.

What force could have loosed such a volume of carbon dioxide? So much could hardly have been stored by any artificial means. From somewhere beyond the world's airy envelope this deadly breath had come, from the ether. Astronomic. Karl Lundberg might be able to help.

Those unmoving cattle in the nearby pasture told Dr. Belcher that he had not as yet reached the limits of the disastrous influence. Could it have extended as far as Worcester? Unthinkable. At the first opportunity he must communicate with Lundberg, let him know that he was coming, prepare him for the conference. They ought to be starting. He went to Miriam and roused her, this time without pinching her nose. When she was thoroughly awake he told her of his plan to go straight to Cambridge, of his eagerness to talk with Professor Lundberg, the astronomer.

"Oh, yes!" said Miriam. "Cambridge, the Harvard Medical School is near there, isn't it?"

"Naturally. What of it?" She clasped her hands and was staring in the general direction of Cambridge. "Louis!" The name seemed to slip from her lips involuntarily.

"Eh?" Dr. Belcher's deep set eyes regarded her from under bushy brows. "What Louis?"

"Atwood," she supplemented. "He was an interne at the hospital. I—I know him—slightly. He went back to the Medical School for post-graduate work. He intends to specialize in—"

"No doubt, no doubt," broke in her husband. "But we must get on, to some place from which I can telephone Lundberg."

She jumped into the car and started the motor.

There had been more than a casual acquaintanceship between them. How much more? She herself could not say. But for nearly two years they had seen each other several times every day, and while at first she had merely thought of him as just another young medic—in the end she had come to like him better than any of the others.

That had really been the beginning. Later there had been meetings outside the grim walls—dinners together in restaurants, twice to the theater. But soon after this the opportunity for which he had been waiting had come to him. He had gone away and he had failed to write as she trusted he would. True, he had not promised. She understood full well that he had a long hard struggle before him. Then Dr. Belcher had appeared with his dazzling offer. And she had accepted.

But now, in this somber crisis, after a day of such soul harrowing experiences, how she longed for Louis.

They reached the old town of Eastover and were dashing down its mile long, elm arched street lined with stately Colonial homes. No sign of any living thing.

What a mad, desolate drive that was. With every newly [Continued on page 96]

MYSTERY HOUSE

[Continued from page 76]

in on all his plans, so that she might keep watch upon him, foil him, protect herself and Arnoldo.

But even knowing this he thrilled to the idea of having such a working alliance with his former wife. Working alliances with two women in this house!

"I shall be most honored to work with you," said Peter.

"And you'll tell me about your progress?" "Certainly." He intended to tell her nothing.

"Thanks so much for letting me join you! Now as to future meetings: if I have something for you, suppose I get word to you through Dr. Grayson, and you do likewise?"

"Dr. Grayson will be the best of intermediaries."

She stood up. "I'm not going to offer you tea after all. Arnoldo might be dropping in, and under the circumstances we'd better avoid your meeting my husband."

Yes, she was clever, Peter kept chuckling to himself as he went out—but not so clever as she thought.

AS HE was going down the terrace toward his car he saw Arnoldo approaching the house from the bluff. He was certain Arnoldo had not seen him. There flashed thrillingly upon him the inspiration that perhaps he had here, ready to his hand, the very opportunity over which he had worried all that morning.

"I'm going to walk back," he said rapidly to his rented chauffeur, and the next instant he was safely out of sight in the shrubbery on the library side of the house. A minute of cautious creeping along a deep-shadowed path—the cautious manipulating of a key by the flexibly bandaged hands—and Peter was in the little study off the library. He put an ear to the communicating door, and waited breathlessly.

He had been there no more than a minute when he heard someone enter the library: the hiss of a siphon told him this someone was Arnoldo, having his inevitable, almost automatic drink. When he spoke his voice was heavy with fury.

"Beatrice, Jenkins has just told me that that Delacroix has been calling on you. How did that happen?"

"It happened because I wrote Mr. Delacroix a note inviting him to come," was her cool reply.

"You invited him to come! What for?" "Because I need to use Mr. Delacroix in my business."

"But what for? What is the idea of your doing that?"

"You poor fool! If you lack brain and if you lack nerve, then someone else has got to use brain and nerve for you! You poor blithering nervous fool!"

It was a new voice with which she spat out these last words, and that voice sent a shiver through Peter. All the languorous velvet was out of it; it was hard, ruthless, stinging with contempt.

His skin creeping, hardly breathing, Peter leaned against the thin door waiting for the hidden truth that should come tumbling from the angry unlocked lips of this pair. Luck had helped him—helped him greatly; but this pair were now reacting almost exactly as his patient plan had willed they should react.

(To be continued)

Peter Buchanan, after hearing some startling things at the listening post, is lured into a pitfall by his enemies. Read the July instalment of "Mystery House."

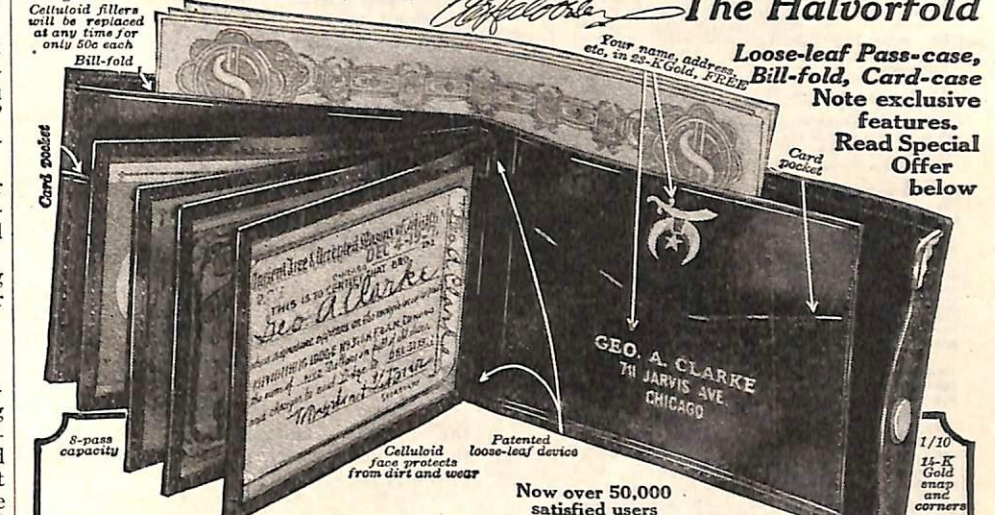
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SHRINE HOSPITAL Notes

One of the fastest runners in the Barrows Street School at Springfield, Mass., is John Perosino, 12, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Perosino of that city. Incidentally he is one of the youths who was cured of his deformity in the Springfield Unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children. When John walked his left heel never touched the ground and he had to bear the weight of his sturdy body on his little toe. A group of Shriners became interested, John became a patient at the hospital and now the "miracle," as Mrs. Perosino calls it, has happened.

Potentate Webb, Arabia, Houston, visited the Palestine Shrine Club, asking their aid in making this year's Crippled Children's purse larger than ever before. As a result, the club put on a dance, netting \$203.97; even the cloak room employees—Negroes—contributing their receipts, \$7.93.

The Cowlitz County (Wash.) Shrine club will give an entertainment soon to raise funds for hospitalization work among the poor children of the county.

Salaam Temple has undertaken to pay for the medical examination of every child in the crippled children's classes in the schools of Paterson, N. J.

The ladies connected with the Kenosha Shrine Club have organized a unit of women's auxiliary, functioning in a very enthusiastic manner.

Saturday night is "movie" night at the St. Louis Unit.



These two little maids, patients of Spokane Unit, are going to be nurses when they grow up.



The Winnipeg Mobile Unit has developed an embryo Potentate in one of the patients—James J. Bonner—who has organized the "Shriners Hospital Club of Obedience." Jimmy was elected president and there are already four other sworn members. The rules call for the following: Obey and help the nurses, be kind and polite, do not swear, lie or steal, obey the captain, treat a fellow member as a brother, punishment to be decided by the captain if rules are broken. One boy disobeyed rule No. 2 and was suspended until he apologized to the nurse-offended and another was given a four-day suspension and restored after due apology and promise of betterment.

Michalenna Todara, 9, has returned to her home in Blackfoot, Idaho, after spending four months in the Blackfoot Shrine Club's Ward in the Salt Lake City Unit, cured of a hip dislocation. She is one of a widow's eight children, to whose affliction the attention of the Shrine Club was directed.

Frank Grant, past potentate of Al Kader Temple, Portland, Ore., assisted the Elks of Seattle, Wash., in their campaign to build a children's convalescent home at Lake Ballinger, being the principal speaker at a meeting in promotion of the subject. Noble Grant told what the Shrine has done and is doing for crippled children.

More than 1,000 children have gone out from the St. Louis Unit in the three years of its existence, pronounced cured of deformities. Many others, though not capable of complete cure, have been greatly benefited. One of the latter class was a little girl who had gone about on her hands and knees since infancy. She was improved sufficiently to be able to use crutches and stand upon her feet, though the condition of atrophied muscles would not permit anything more to be done.

St. James, Minn., boasts a population of only 2900, but it has a Shrine Club that is on tip toes all the time and a woman's auxiliary that does herculean work for the Twin Cities hospital. The Shrine Club numbers only 26 and the auxiliary 27, but they manage every year to work in a red letter day for the little tykes of their city, distributing half a ton of candy and being hosts at the picture show. Business is entirely suspended in the city when the riot begins.

(See photograph below.)

WHY KILL THE UMPIRE?

[Continued from page 29]

acquaintance said to Evans: "I think I got it, but I am not sure."

What really happened was that Evans discussed with the other umpires where they could get a good dinner. The three of them kept it up for five minutes out of a pure sense of mischief.

For the rest of the game the players didn't "stall" for a moment. The mystery had them guessing.

One night in Philadelphia I was walking along the street with Cy Rigler, one of the most celebrated umpires, and Mr. Bausewine, lieutenant of police and himself a former National League umpire.

It was almost eleven o'clock and just ahead of us we saw two or three ballplayers hurrying to their hotel so as to be checking in before that hour. The eleven o'clock in bed rule is a very rigid one with the New York Giants.

"Say," laughed Mr. Rigler, "and still some folks think we have a harder time than the ballplayers!"

Umpires really do have much more opportunity for social enjoyment than the modern ballplayers. In the old days it was different, but modern rules of training are very strict. On the Giants, for example, the players are not permitted to dine outside of their own hotel without special permission. Moreover, their meal checks are scanned very closely to see that they are keeping a reasonable diet. They must be in bed at eleven o'clock and must be up for breakfast before nine.

The umpire, on the other hand, goes where he pleases to dine and uses his own judgment as to how late he will stay out at night. The only thing exacted of him is to be at the game on time and in condition to do good work.

According to baseball custom umpires never travel on the same train with ballplayers and are not permitted to stop at the same hotel. You might think this a rather lonely life but in every city they have scores of friends, always anxious to entertain them.

Though the umpire has ample opportunity for enjoying himself in a wholesome manner he has to be extremely careful of his associates. He cannot afford to be seen in some places where a ballplayer could go with the utmost freedom.

Some years ago one of the major league umpires wandered into a public gambling house and was observed by some prejudiced fan as he stood watching the play at the roulette wheel.

The incident was reported to headquarters and the unfortunate umpire was suspended on a charge of having associated with gamblers.

It is doubtful if there is any class of men with such an intense pride in their profession as umpires. They get an actual thrill out of rendering close decisions correctly. Among them favoritism or partisanship is practically unknown. They school themselves as far as human impulses will permit not to bear grudges. They fully realize that to be weak in that direction would eventually mean their downfall.

It may not have occurred to some fans that in all the history of professional baseball, covering a full half a century, there have been scandals among the owners and infrequent charges of dishonesty against the players but there is not an instance in all that time of an umpire having been officially accused of being crooked.

The umpire, despite the gibes and jests, is the one institution in baseball at which the finger of shame has never been pointed.

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THE HUSHED DAY [Continued from page 90]

reached town new hopes that were only born to die wretchedly.

"You don't think it could possibly be in—in Cambridge, too?" she asked.

Dr. Belcher shook his head. "Hardly probable. And yet—" He shrugged his shoulders.

"Surely, some must have escaped," she declared almost fiercely.

"We shall see," said her husband. "Anyway, I must go to Lundberg's house. It's out Brattle street past the Longfellow home."

And Cambridge was as the other places. To one small hope, however, Miriam clung.

The Medical School, she believed, was across the Charles River. Perhaps the water had been a barrier. Mechanically she followed directions, found Brattle street, swung into the driveway beside a great white house.

"He has a private observatory in the rear," said Dr. Belcher. "He may have been there last night. The comet, you know. Wait here."

Was it minutes he was gone, or hours? Miriam could not say. Relaxed in the seat, her eyes shut, she tried to put from her mind all thoughts save one: that the river must have been a barrier. And beyond the river was Louis. Yes. Oh, yes, yes, yes!

When Dr. Belcher did return she noted that he had lost some of the absurd strut which usually marked his gait, that his shoulders were sagged, as though under a burden.

"I found Lundberg at his telescope," he said. "It had caught him at his post, but not unaware. He had foreseen, but he had not deserted. Taking notes to the last. I have them here." He exhibited some sheets of paper, then went on: "Rather a pity. He had a fine mind, Lundberg; a truly scientific mind."

What his half-muttered words meant Miriam did not bother to guess. The small hope to which she clung was slipping away from her. Despair clutched at her heart.

"And now?" she demanded wildly.

With an effort Dr. Belcher roused himself. "We might as well spend the night at the shore—somewhere down on the Scituate bluffs where we can hear the surf, at least."

Half way over Harvard bridge he signaled her to stop. He had been reading Professor Lundberg's notes and now he looked up from them. There was almost a softer light in his greenish gray eyes, a trace of tenderness in his tone as he spoke. "You might as well know, Miriam. It has been cataclysmic."

The long word failed to convey anything to her. She shook her head, a little impatiently.

"The solution is here, in Lundberg's notes," he went on. "I should never have guessed. It was the comet."

"The comet?" she echoed vaguely.

"Kistler's. Not the nucleus, probably; perhaps not even the tail itself. But one of the lateral streamers. Sideswiped us. In 1838 it missed us by a million miles. This time it didn't. Lundberg was watching. He had estimated the divergence of the parabola—not exactly, but closely enough to guess the possible results. And he had caught the content of the coma in the spectrum—analyzed it. More than 75 percent carbon dioxide! Do you understand?"

"Poisonous gas?"

He nodded. "Sweeping the world." This brought from her a gasp. "The world!"

"The earth, to be exact. Tangled in it, overwhelmed by it. As completely as if we had all been penned in a mine. So the catastrophe must have been universal. To be sure, if there had been more insulators, a few would have escaped besides us."

She stared at him, her eyes set, her body rigid.

"You—you mean—" her voice trailed off huskily.

"We are the sole survivors, Miriam; you and I."

When the full import of his words had reached her she still sat staring at him, but now with horror in her eyes.

"Then we—" she paused for breath—"we are the last people on earth?"

He nodded, solemnly.

Quietly, calmly, with no more haste than if she were stepping out to enter her home, Miriam opened the door of the car, climbed the stone parapet of the bridge, and for an instant stood poised, silhouetted against the afternoon sky.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed Dr. Belcher, thoroughly startled. "Look out! You might—"

But she had leaped, was gone.

MIRIAM felt a sudden splash of cold water on her face and chest. Cold, cold water. Ugh! With the reluctance of one who wakes from a drugged sleep she forced her eyes to open. And she saw Hilda and the cook standing in the glass cage beside her bed. Hilda had a silver ice water pitcher in her hand. She was very much excited.

"Sorry, Mees Belcher, but you bane sleep so long we was afraid. Ten o'clock—after. So we coom in, and Maggie tells me throw water. On Dr. Belcher, too. Yes he bane wake oop now. You don't get mad, do you?"

Dr. Belcher was annoyed. He sputtered and tried to wipe his face with the soaked sheet. But in a moment or so he calmed down and waved for Hilda and the cook to depart.

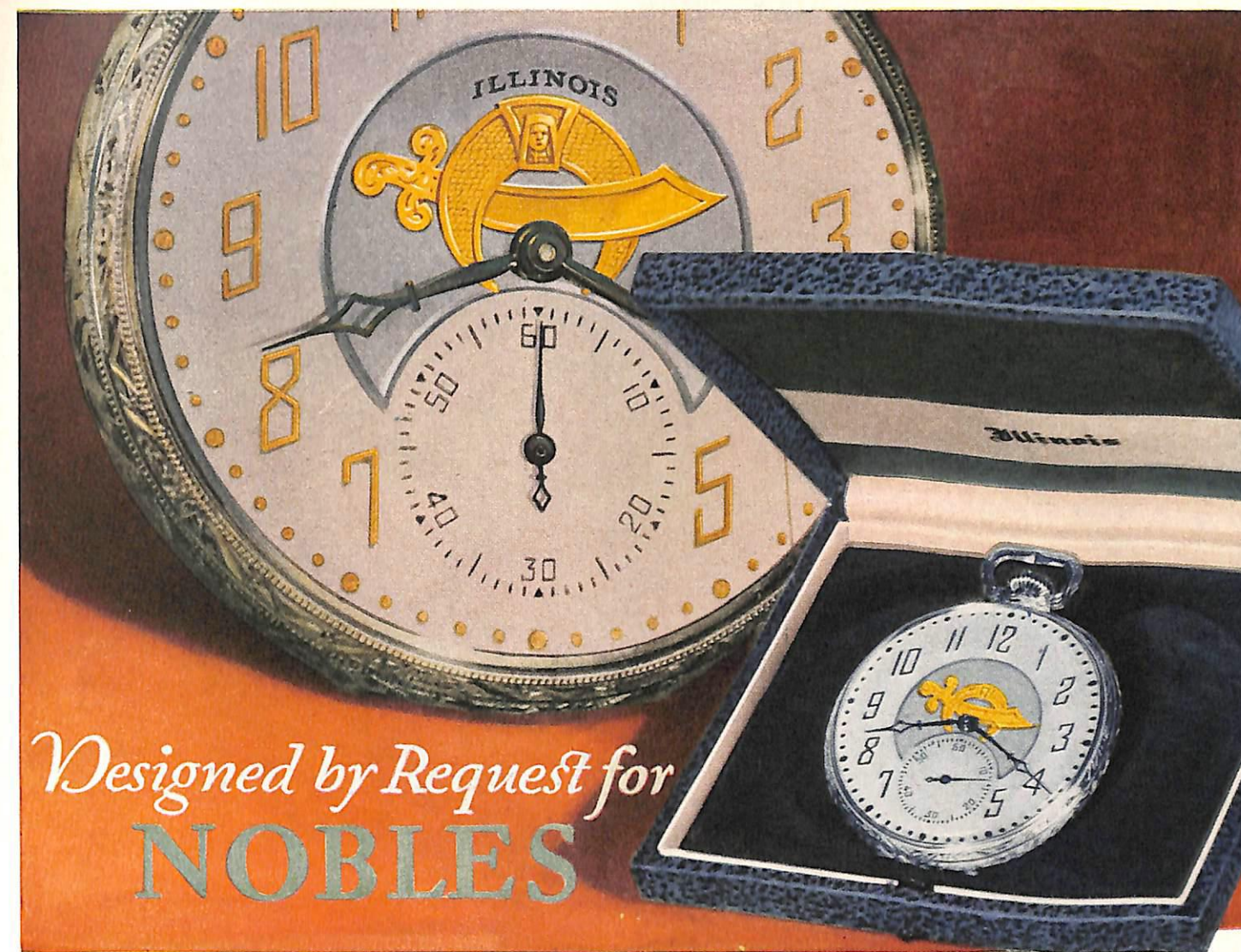
"They've left the air-lock open, the stupid!" he complained. "But perhaps it is just as well. I feel somewhat giddy. Let me see. Oh, yes! I was experimenting with the mixture. Afraid I didn't get it quite right. Must try that again."

Miriam watched him with an odd look in her eyes. Again? Oh, he would, would he? But she said nothing. The mood passed.

After a late breakfast, when Dr. Belcher had retired to his laboratory, Miriam stepped out into the warm sunshine on the East lawn. She sniffed the clean sweet air gratefully. No pungent trace. Good, wholesome, life-giving air. Walking toward the garage she saw old Tom waiting patiently at the kitchen door. She patted him, called to the cook to give him a saucer of cream. In the next yard two children were playing. She waved to them cheerily. Then she got out the car and for half an hour drove about through the busy, traffic burdened streets. Houses were open, people coming and going. At all who looked her way Miriam smiled. How good it was to see them moving about, alive!

Returning, she climbed to the top floor of her home, intent on talking to Dr. Belcher. But at the door of the laboratory she hesitated. He had warned her never to interrupt him at his work unless for some matter of vital importance. At the end of the hallway was a window which looked out over the city. She went to it, raised the sash, gazed out, listened to the swelling roar. Life, life—everywhere! How good to know that it was so. Off toward the South she stared, saw smoke rising from factory chimneys. In all those towns and villages there was life, too. In Cambridge—beyond. Louis was alive. Ah, well! She sighed.

Then, turning, she went to the laboratory door, knocked boldly, stepped in, and surprised Dr. Belcher by kissing him on his bald pate.



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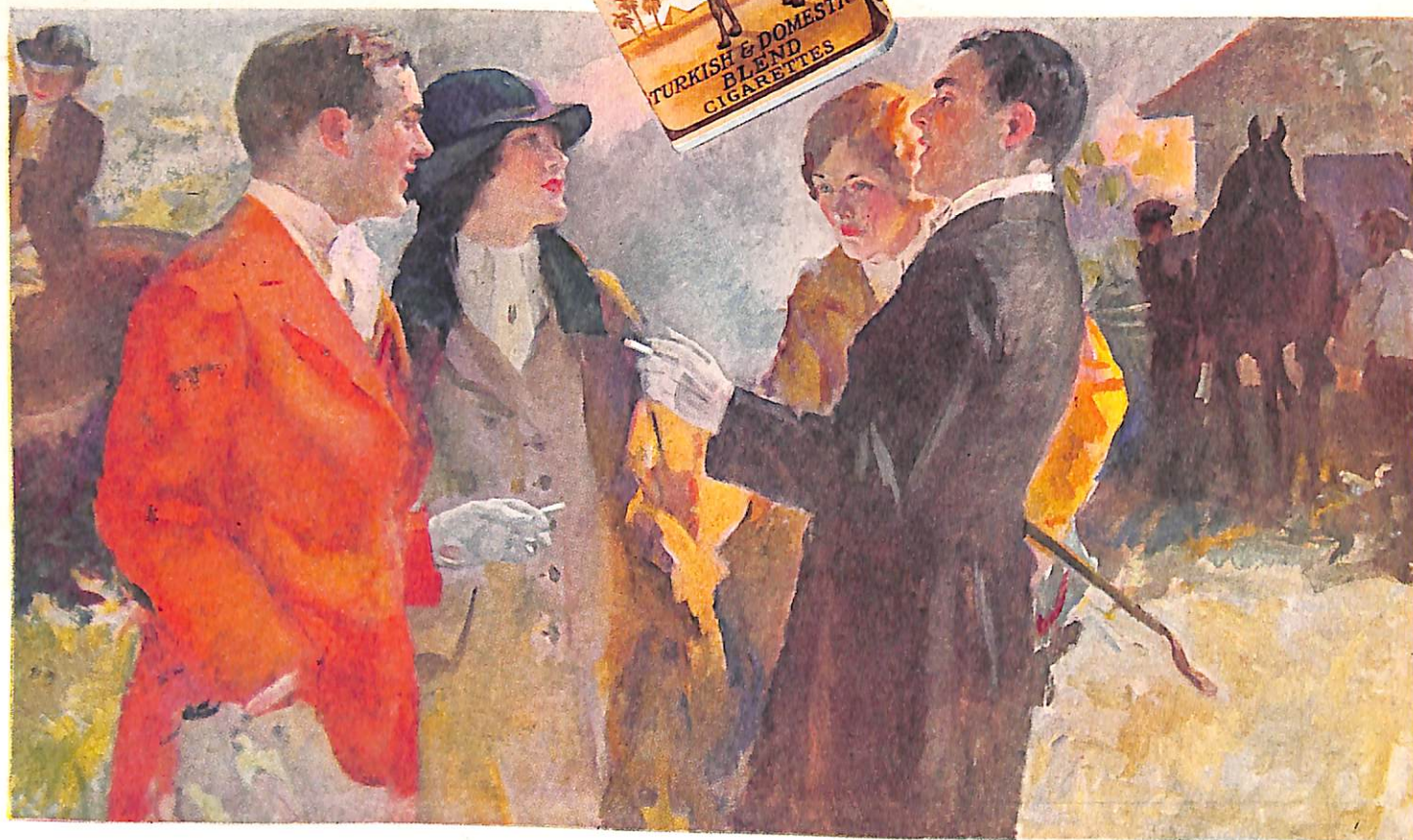
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